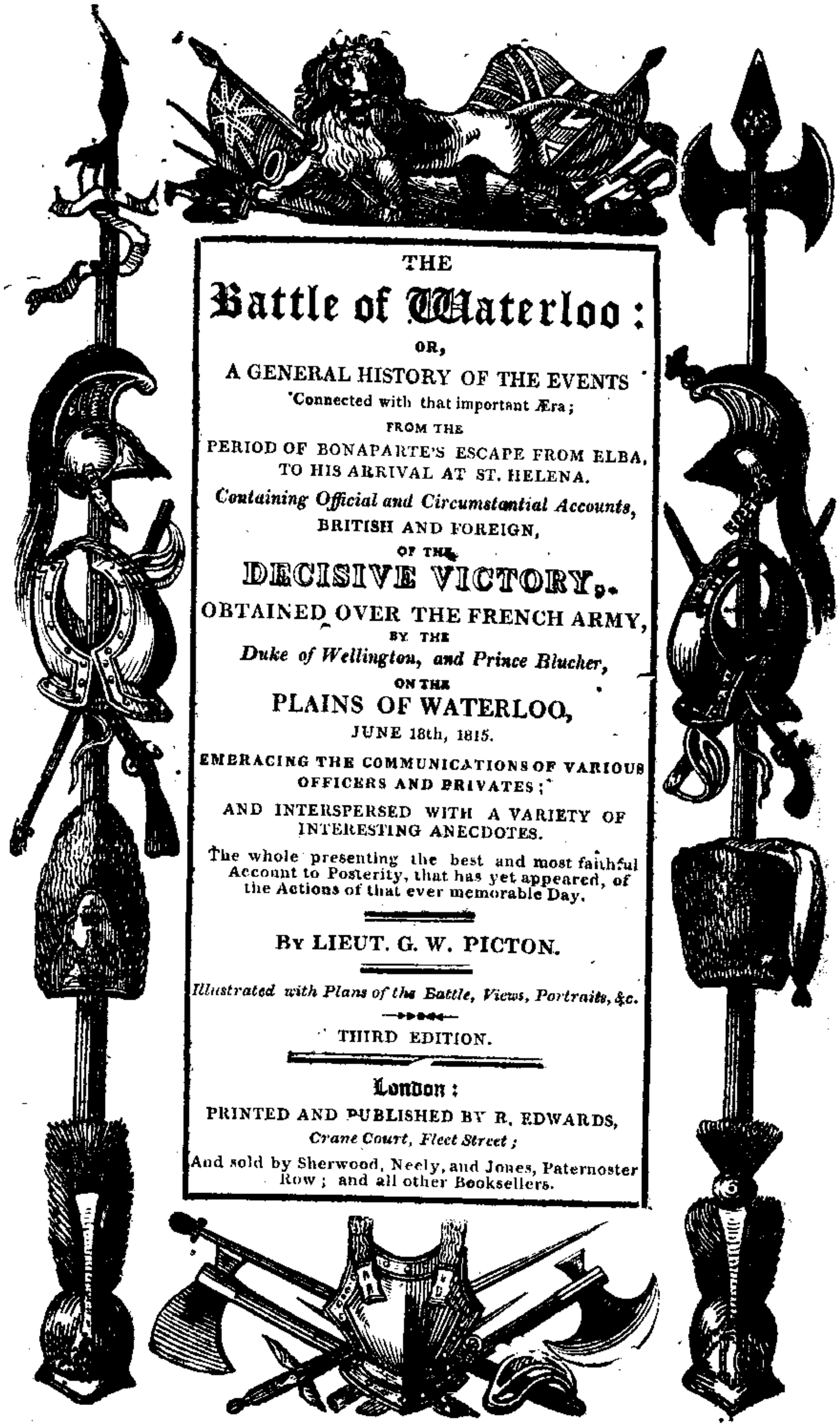

THE

Battle of Waterloo:

OR,

A GENERAL HISTORY OF THE EVENTS

Connected with that important Æra;

FROM THE

PERIOD OF BONAPARTE'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA,
TO HIS ARRIVAL AT ST. HELENA.

Containing Official and Circumstantial Accounts,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN,

OF THE

DECISIVE VICTORY,

OBTAINED OVER THE FRENCH ARMY,

BY THE

Duke of Wellington, and Prince Blucher,

ON THE

PLAINS OF WATERLOO,

JUNE 18th, 1815.

EMBRACING THE COMMUNICATIONS OF VARIOUS OFFICERS AND PRIVATES;

AND INTERSPERSED WITH A VARIETY OF INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

The whole presenting the best and most faithful Account to Posterity, that has yet appeared, of the Actions of that ever memorable Day.

By LIEUT. G. W. PICTON.

Illustrated with Plans of the Battle, Views, Portraits, &c.

THIRD EDITION.

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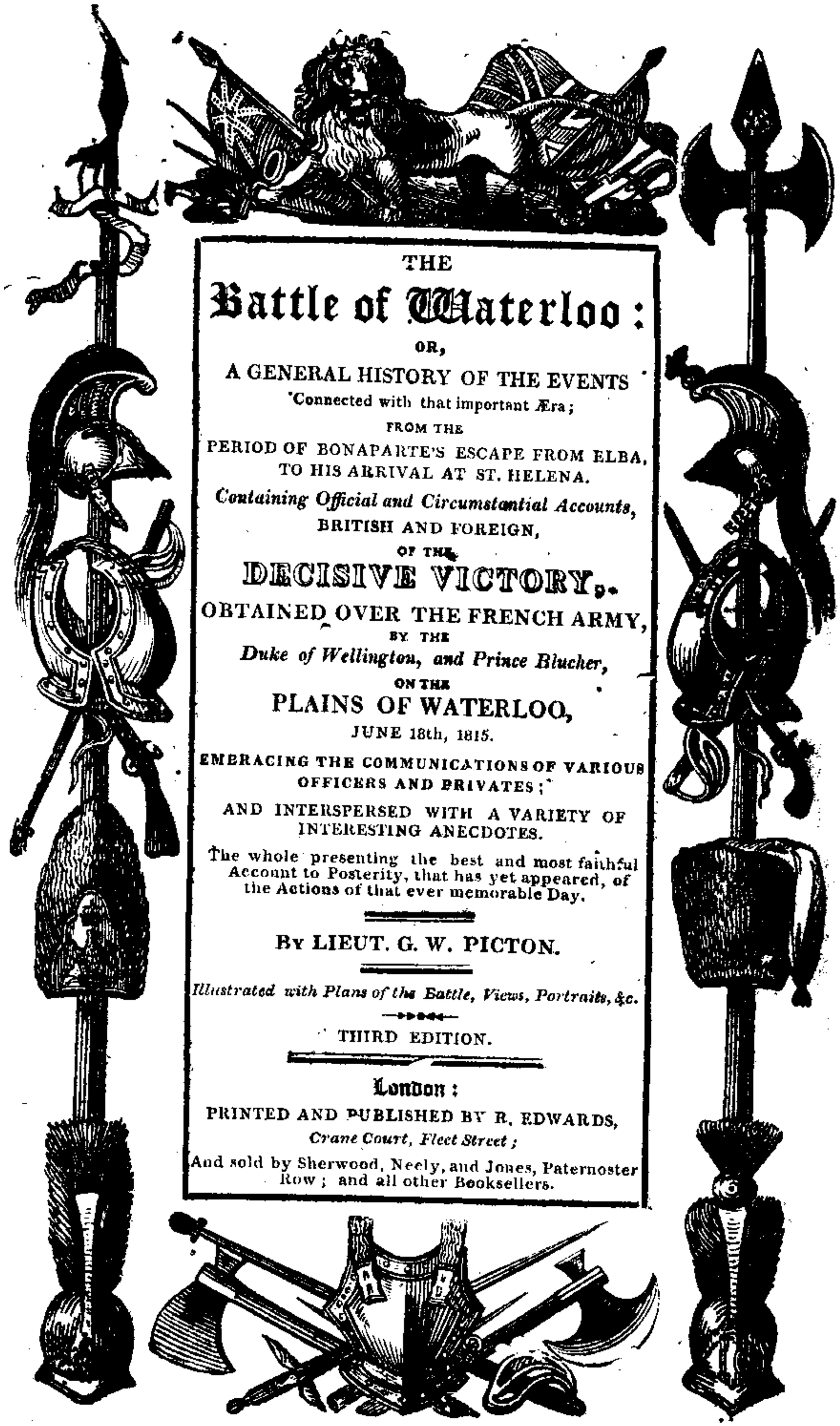

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THE annals of history present to our view no event of greater importance than the BATTLE OF WATERLOO;—a proud day for Englishmen—the remembrance of which will be as durable as time itself. The beneficial results of this splendid victory to all Europe, can scarcely be calculated. The effect of these events is so grand—their succession to each other so rapid—and at the same time, so towering in the scale of importance, that it would be impertinent to extend our remarks upon a subject that so greatly outstrips the power and speculation of individuals.

The *grand result* of the triumph of WATERLOO will be, to show to the world and to posterity, that England's sons are invincible in battle, and that they are capable of the mightiest exertions of every kind. It is ENGLAND *alone*, that has held out without interval or faltering. It is *our country* alone, that has entirely escaped degradation in these times of common misfortune: she *alone* has assisted all, and exalted herself, without assistance. Englishmen may well *glory* in the Battle of Waterloo; which, we trust, has for ever set bounds to the mad ambition of France and her rulers, and has restored to this fine, but distracted country, her own proper limits; at the same time that it will effectually prevent her from again disturbing the common peace and happiness of Europe.

In the present work, which is now offered to the attention of the public, no exertions will be spared to produce a memorial of the noble deeds of our gallant countrymen, which may be transmitted to posterity, as a record worthy of being consulted by the future historian of England; which the young and the old may alike read with exultation and delight; and which the brave WATERLOO-MEN, who partook of all the toils, the dangers, and the glories of this memorable day, may turn to, as the

The circumstantial Narrative of the *Battle of Waterloo*, will be compiled from a variety of official documents, and will contain all the information that can be procured from persons who were present at this great battle; or who have since *visited the spot;* together with a variety of particulars gleaned from recent foreign and English works; as well as some which have been hitherto *unpublished.* A rich collection of *personal anecdotes* and notices of particular acts of *heroism* or *humanity*, will follow the narrative of the battle.

In a word, this work will contain '*every thing about Waterloo,*' that can either interest, or inform the reader. The following subjects in addition to those already noticed, will be included in this publication:—

An Account of Bonaparte's Flight from Elba to the Tuileries, with his immense military preparations—Commencement of the Campaign in the Netherlands—Taking of Charleroi—Battles of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo—Total Rout of the French Army—Humanity shown to the wounded by the Inhabitants of Brussels, Antwerp, &c. &c.—La Coste's Narrative—Numerous interesting Letters from Officers of rank and others—A Walk over the Field of Waterloo, a short time after the Battle—The English, French, Prussian, Spanish, and other official Accounts—A geographical Description of Brussels, Waterloo, Nivelles, and every other place worthy of notice in this memorable Campaign—Biographical Sketches of the principal Heroes of Waterloo, who distinguished themselves in the British, Allied, or French Armies—A complete List of the Officers, killed and wounded, with the total loss of each Regiment—A full Account of the Waterloo Honours and Privileges—Titles of the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c.—Sketch of the military and political Events which took place after the Battle—Return of Bonaparte to Paris—His Abdication and Submission to a British Captain—Sketches of his Conversation, while on board the Bellerophon, off Plymouth—Journal of his Voyage to St. Helena, with a geographical Description of that Island, &c. &c.

The whole work will form a complete HISTORY of the never-to-be-forgotten CAMPAIGN OF THE NETHERLANDS, in 1815; and will be illustrated by a plan of the military operations of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June; by a separate plan of the great Battle; an accurate representation of *La Belle Alliance;* the village of *Waterloo;* several other interesting *Views;* and *Portraits* of the great Generals engaged in the Campaign.

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THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

EUROPE, exhausted by twenty-three years of incessant and ensanguined warfare, had scarcely begun to taste the blessings of peace, when an event took place, which again unsheathed the sword of war, and threatened to involve the world in one common ruin.

By a transition, the suddenness of which is unparalleled in the history of any age or country, since the creation of the world, the nations of Europe passed from a state of profound peace, to the verge of another war—from ease to difficulty—from security to danger. The course of events had been scarcely important enough to excite any curiosity;—and every one thought he had lived to behold the final unravelling of that intricate plot, which had so long saddened and perplexed the awful drama of Providence. Apparently, little else remained to be

done than to arrange the possessions and limits of the different European powers, in such a manner as to give them almost the certainty of a long and permanent peace. On a sudden, as if by magic, all was changed. Napoleon Bonaparte darted from the rock of Elba to the Tuileries, and was contemplated as a comet which had just appeared above the horizon; whose progress was almost too swift to be followed by the eye or the pen; and which shook from its horrid hair, civil war, pestilence, and every other evil upon devoted France. The progress of Bonaparte from Cannes (where he landed) to Paris, was little else than a military triumph: the eagle flew from steeple to steeple, from Grenoble to Notre Dame. Of this extraordinary 'March to Paris,' the following is a concise, but accurate, detail.

On the 26th of February, 1815, Bonaparte took his departure from Porto Ferrajo, at nine o'clock in the evening, in extremely calm, fine weather, which lasted till the 1st of March, the time of his landing in France. For this measure, he had been silently making preparations for several months; having prohibited all strangers from landing in Elba, on account of the misrepresentations published by travellers concerning him. At the same time, he laid a strict embargo on all vessels then in the ports of the island; and having completed all his arrangements, he assembled his guards, to whom he announced his intentions, and inquired if they would follow him. These men, whose attachment to the person of Napoleon, as their general, had led them to participate in his exile at Elba, unanimously expressed their readiness to accompany him; and to the number of eleven hundred, were

immediately embarked with five pieces of cannon, on board of five vessels. They set sail the 26th of February, and having escaped all the French and English ships that were cruizing in the Mediterranean, the expedition appeared on the 1st of March in the bay of Juan, near Cannes, a town between Frejus and Antibes, in the department of the Var. Here the troops and cannon were landed without opposition; a small detachment entered Cannes, and ordered the mayor to provide rations;—while another proceeding to Antibes, and pretending to be deserters from Elba, were admitted into the town, and disarmed. An officer next arrived, and summoned the place to surrender in the name of Bonaparte; but the governor, Baron Corsin, ordered him to be instantly secured.

Immediately on his landing, Napoleon, having assumed the title of Lieutenant-General, in the name of his son, issued proclamations to the inhabitants of the South of France, which were widely dispersed in the course of his subsequent progress. In these addresses, he justified his appeal to arms, on the ground, that the treaty made with him by the allies had been violated. He also declared the same sentiments of tenderness and humanity which had induced him to lay aside his imperial authority, at the time when the allies were in possession of Paris, and masters of France, had now operated on him to forego the enjoyment of tranquillity, and forsake the rock of Elba, in order to arouse the country to a due sense of its inglorious sufferings, and to avenge its wrongs. He promised to restore to France the boundary of the Rhine,—to confirm to the people the constitutional charter which they had

adopted—to reform all the errors of which the reigning powers had been guilty—and to restore the national honour which they had tarnished.

With that rapidity by which the motions of Bonaparte had always been characterized, he ordered his little army to advance on the day after his landing: and passing the town of Grasse without attempting to enter it, on the 4th of March they bivouacked at Digne. In the course of the two following days he proceeded by Sisteron and Gap, across the mountains, towards Grenoble, probably knowing that the garrison of that place was favourably disposed to his cause. The event proved, that he was not mistaken: for though the governor, General Marchand, was himself a man of honour, and retained his fidelity to his legitimate sovereign, the men under his command attached a different idea to the word *fidelity*. A regiment of the line, commanded by the late unfortunate Colonel Labedoyere, (who had refused to listen to the expostulations of the governor,) marched from Chamberry, and joined Bonaparte on the road between Vizille and Grenoble; and as soon as he presented himself at the gates of the latter place, the garrison received him with enthusiastic shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" in which the populace also joined. On the 8th of March, Bonaparte became master of this great southern military depot, with all its stores, and added upwards of six thousand men to his little army.

It was not until the 5th of March that intelligence was received at Paris of the landing of Napoleon. Louis XVIII. immediately issued a proclamation announcing the event, declaring him to be a traitor

that he might be punished according to the law. The same punishment was denounced against the military, and all other persons of whatever rank, who should accompany, follow, or, in any way, assist Bonaparte in his invasion of France, unless they submitted within eight days. By another ordinance, the two chambers of the legislature, which had been prorogued on the 31st of December, 1814, to the 1st of May following, were immediately convoked; the national guards were called out; and such other measures were adopted as the public safety appeared to require. Monsieur, the King's brother, and the Duke of Orleans, accompanied by Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, were despatched to Lyons, in order to assemble troops, and put that city into a state of defence; and, at the same time, all the other marshals and generals, who were employed in the departments, received orders to proceed to their respective commands, and immediately departed.

Monsieur was received with enthusiasm at Lyons, which city was garrisoned with about two thousand regular troops, who were decidedly favourable to Napoleon:* its great population, indeed, seemed to offer every means of retarding his progress, although it might not, perhaps, be able to prevent him ultimately from advancing. On examination, however, the place was ascertained to be so deficient in

* The hostile disposition of the army was so well known, that when on the first account of Bonaparte's advance, one of our ministers was asked, whether the French government would not hasten to send troops against him, he replied, 'Yes, I am *afraid* they will.'

military stores, that only three thousand muskets, for the most part unfit for service, could be found to arm the inhabitants; it was, therefore, deemed advisable to fall back with the troops, and the second city of France was abandoned without a struggle.

In the mean time, Napoleon was proceeding by forced marches from Grenoble to Lyons: on the approach of the first dragoons that preceded him, the disaffection, which had been lurking among the troops of Monsieur, broke forth. The remonstrances of Marshal Macdonald were in vain: and on the 10th of March, Bonaparte, with scarcely an attendant, made his entry into the city, amidst the mingled acclamations of the soldiery and the populace. Monsieur and the Duke of Orleans retreated to Clermont in Auvergne; and, on the 12th, they returned to Paris.

The forces of Bonaparte were so harassed by fatigue, that he was compelled to remain at Lyons for two days, to recruit their exhausted strength. He availed himself of this short season of repose, to take the necessary steps to secure his future power and authority. Having re-assumed the title of *Emperor*, he began to issue his imperial decrees against the royal family of France; and, as far as his power yet extended, annulled all that had been done during his exile in Elba. It would appear, indeed, from the various decrees promulgated during his residence at Lyons, that he felt himself secure of ultimate success. The principal of these enjoined the dissolution of the chambers of legislation; the proscription of the royal family of

tion of all property restored to the ancient families; and the suppression of all feudal titles and honorary distinctions, (excepting the order of the Legion of Honour) as it existed previously to the return of Louis XVIII. to France. He also announced his determination to convene the members of the electoral colleges of the departments of the empire, in the course of the month of May following, in an extraordinary assembly of the *Field of May*; in order to take the necessary measures for correcting and modifying the constitution, according to the interest and will of the nation; and, at the same time, to be present at the coronation of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and his son.

In the mean time, the King was not inactive. Marshal Soult, the minister of war, against whom the public voice was raised, having resigned his office, his majesty conferred the porte-feuille of the war department on the Duke de Feltre, who had held that charge under Napoleon, up to the time of the restoration; and this determination of the King was fully justified by the fidelity of the duke.

No other course could now be adopted but that of retrograding the troops; as, in advancing towards the enemy, they furnished him almost every where with auxiliaries. It was determined, therefore, to form a corps d'armée before Paris, by collecting together as great a number as possible of the national guards and volunteers: of this army, the Duke de Berri was appointed general, on the 11th, and Marshal Macdonald, on his arrival, was charged with the command of it under that prince. But

moveable columns of the national guards, could not arrive at their destination, or be carried into execution for some days, while every moment brought with it fresh danger. Bonaparte having quitted Lyons on the 12th, advanced with a rapidity of which he felt all the advantage: the persons who had long clandestinely corresponded and concerted measures with him, had pursued those measures too successfully for any obstacle materially to impede his course. Hence it was that Grenoble had furnished him with every material of war, and that its garrison had, with singular alacrity, joined his standard: and to this cause also is to be ascribed the defenceless state of Lyons. Several regiments that were unavoidably near the line of his march, joined him; some even took several towns in Burgundy; and two of them advanced to Auxerre.

Preparations continued to be made for the defence of Paris, but with little hope of ultimate success, from the more than doubtful fidelity of the Guard: and the intelligence received there on the 17th of March, of Marshal Ney's defection,* rendered the reliance to be placed on these preparations the less certain. When taking leave of his sovereign on the 11th, he quitted the royal presence, with an assurance, that "if we should subdue the enemy of the King and of France, he would bring him prisoner in an iron cage." So early, however, as the 13th he issued a proclamation at Lons le Saulnier, ad-

* Marshal Ney was convicted of treason on the 6th of December 1815, and was shot, on the following morning, by a detachment of

dressed to the officers and soldiers under his command, in which he declared that the cause of the Bourbons was for ever lost. "The lawful dynasty," said he, "which the French nation has adopted, is about to ascend the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon alone, our sovereign, that the right belongs, of reigning over our fine country. Soldiers! I have often led you to victory; I will now lead you to join that immortal phalanx, which the Emperor Napoleon is conducting to Paris, and which will be there in a few days: and there our hopes and happiness will be for ever realized." Conformably to these calculations, he marched to Auxerre, where he joined Napoleon, who arrived at that place on the 17th, having previously traversed Macon, Tournus, and Autun.

The greatest terror now spread through the departments nearest the capital. The town of Sens, which was expected to have stopped the progress of Napoleon, declared itself incapable of making any resistance: the troops in Paris were all disaffected, and the only course which the King could pursue, was, to retire with the household troops, on whose fidelity alone he could rely. Having sent the Duke de Bourbon to the Western Departments, and transmitted to the Duke d'Angoulême, the powers necessary for arming the Southern Departments, his Majesty quitted Paris at midnight, on the 19th of March; and proceeded by way of Albeville to Lille, with the intention of fixing his headquarters there; but the defection of the garrison of that fortress compelled the King to relinquish this design: and, by the persuasion of Marshal Mortier, the governor, he proceeded to Ostend, and thence

to Ghent, which city he ultimately made his residence. To the honour of the Marshal it ought to be recorded, that, notwithstanding an order had been transmitted to him, unknown to Louis XVIII, to arrest him and all the princes—he disregarded the mandate of Napoleon, and thus saved the life of his sovereign.

Bonaparte entered Fontainblean at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March: there he learnt that the Bourbons had quitted Paris, and that the capital was free. With his accustomed superstition for particular days, he remembered also that this was the birth-day of his son; he therefore departed immediately for Paris, and arrived at the palace of the Tuileries, in the evening of the same day. Thus, in the short space of twenty days, was the exile of Elba again seated on the throne, whence for so many years he had hurled defiance to the nations of Europe.* On the following day, the 21st of March, the troops being all ranged in square battalions, in the Place de Carousel, he made the following address to them.

"SOLDIERS!

"I arrived in France with six hundred men, because I calculated upon the love of the people, and on the remembrance of

* The military, who were initiated in the secret of Bonaparte's intended return in the spring, had applied to him the appellation of *Le Père Violette*, (Father Violet.) The lively violet, as soon as it was in blossom, and rings of a violet colour with the motto, *il reviendra au printemps*, (he will return in the spring) had been worn by his partisans. On the morning after his return to Paris, the triumphant violet appeared in the button-hole of almost every coat, or adorning almost every hat.

the veteran soldiers. I was not deceived in my expectations. SOLDIERS! the throne of the Bourbons was illegitimate, because it was built by the hand of strangers; because it was proscribed by the vote of the nation, declared in all our national assemblies; because, in short, it offered a guarantee only to the interests of a few men, whose arrogant pretensions were opposed to our rights. SOLDIERS! the Imperial throne can only secure the rights of the people; and, above all, the first of our interests, our glory.

"SOLDIERS! We are now to march to hunt from our territory those Princes, auxiliaries to strangers: the nation will not only second us in our protestations, but will follow our impulse. The French people and I calculate upon you. *We* will not *interfere* with the affairs of foreign *nations;* but woe to those who shall interfere with ours."

At this moment, General Cambronne and the officer of the guard of the battalion of the Isle of Elba, appeared with the ancient eagles of the guard. The Emperor then said to the soldiers:—

"These are the officers of the battalion, that have accompanied me in my misfortunes; every man is my friend; they are all dear to my heart. Every time I beheld them, they brought before my eyes the different regiments of the army; for among these six hundred noble fellows, are men from every regiment: they have recalled to my memory those glorious days of which even the memory is so dear, for they are all covered with honourable scars, gained in memorable battles! In loving them, it was you, soldiers, the whole French army, that I loved! They bring you back your eagles! Let them serve as a rallying point. In giving them to the guard, I give them to the whole army. Treason, and unhappy events, have covered them with a melancholy veil; but thanks to the French people, and to you, they now re-appear, glittering in their glory! Swear that they shall be present wherever the interest of the country may require them; that traitors, and those who would invade our country, shall never be able to endure their sight.

The first care of Napoleon after his return, was to provide himself with ministers. Caulaincourt was nominated minister for foreign affairs; Carnot was appointed minister of the interior; Davoust, minister of war; Fouché, minister of police; Maret, secretary of state; and Cambaceres, minister of justice. Addresses poured in from all quarters of France, congratulating the Emperor on his return to that throne to which the wishes of the whole nation had called him; and his appearance in Paris was hailed with the loudest acclamations.

The return of Napoleon was not beheld with indifference by the allied Sovereigns, whose armies were yet hovering on the confines of France. No sooner was his entrance into that country with an armed force known at Vienna, than the British, Russian, Austrian, Prussian, French, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese plenipotentiaries, then assembled in congress, on the 13th of March, united in a declaration in the name of their respective Sovereigns. In this important state paper, they announced that Bonaparte, having violated that convention which had established him in the Isle of Elba, had destroyed the only legal tie, on which his existence depended; and that, by appearing again in France with projects of confusion and disorder, he had deprived himself of the protection of the law, and had manifested to the universe, that there could be neither peace nor truce with him. The powers consequently declared, that Napoleon Bonaparte had placed himself without the pale of civil and social relations; and that, as an enemy and disturber of the public tranquillity of

the world, he had rendered himself liable to public vengeance.

The allied Sovereigns at the same time declared, that, firmly resolved to maintain entire the treaty of Paris of the 30th of May, 1814, and the dispositions sanctioned by that treaty, (as well as those on which they had already determined, or should hereafter determine,) to complete and consolidate it, they would unite all their means, and all their efforts, in order that the general peace might not be again disturbed; and further, to guarantee it against every attempt which should threaten to replunge the world into the disorders and miseries of revolution. The declaration concluded by stating, that, although they were entirely persuaded that all France, rallying around its legitimate Sovereign, would immediately frustrate this last attempt of a criminal and impotent delirium;—all the Sovereigns of Europe, animated by the same sentiments, and guided by the same principles, declared, that if contrary to all calculations, there should result from this event any real danger, they would be ready to give to the King of France and the French nation, or to any other government that should be attacked, as soon as they should be called upon, all the assistance requisite to restore public tranquillity, and to make common cause against all who should undertake to compromise it. This declaration was followed by a treaty between the Sovereigns of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, concluded at Vienna on the 25th of March; in which they mutually pledged themselves not to lay

the object of the war should be accomplished; and Bonaparte completely deprived of the power of renewing his attempts to obtain the supreme power in France. Napoleon, meanwhile, was not indolent; and no measures were omitted, which could in any way conciliate the people. A report was circulated in every quarter, that he had secured the concurrence of Austria, and had concluded a truce for twenty years with the other powers. It was further added, that the authenticity of this statement would be speedily proved by the arrival of Maria Louisa and her son. The confidence with which their return to France was then publicly announced, was founded on a plot that had been concerted for removing them from the Austrian dominions, but which was frustrated by the detection of the agents to whom it had been committed. Day after day elapsed, without the arrival of the archduchess.

These measures were accompanied by various proclamations and decrees, calculated to secure his power; among the most prominent of these, were the decrees for *suppressing the censorship of the press*, and for THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE in France and her colonies: a third granted an amnesty to all those functionaries, both naval and military, who had assisted in his dethronement; with the exception of Prince Talleyrand, Marshal Marmont, the Count de Lynch, and some other persons attached to Louis XVIII. By a fourth decree, dated the 25th of March, (not promulgated until some time afterwards,) it was enacted that the laws of the national

and put in force against such members of that family as should be found on the French territory: and all persons were banished to the distance of thirty leagues from Paris, who had either exercised any ministerial functions, or had formed part of the military or civil household of Louis XVIII. or the princes.

Although the capital had been given up without resistance, the royalists were still in arms in La Vendée and Bretagne. At Bourdeaux, the Duchess d'Angouleme made some heroic, but ineffectual efforts to arrest the progress of revolt, in which she was seconded by M. Lainé, president of the chamber of deputies, and M. Lynch, mayor of that city; but the troops were not to be persuaded to oppose their former master. Accordingly, she embarked with a few faithful adherents on board a British frigate, on the 1st of April; and, on the following day, General Clausel took possession of the city for Bonaparte.

The Duke d'Angouleme at the same time, attempting to kindle the flame of loyalty in the southern departments, collected a small force, composed partly of troops of the line, and partly of national guards and volunteers. Deserted by the former, his Royal Highness was obliged to capitulate to General Grauchy, who had been ordered to march against him from Lyons; his personal safety was secured, and he was to be permitted to embark at Cette. In consequence of this event, Marseilles, the last city that adhered to the cause of the Bourbons, hoisted the tri-coloured flag; and

parte, was announced at Paris, on the 16th, by the discharge of 101 guns.

The spirit of the royalists, however, remained unbroken; though the superior military force of Napoleon had frustrated all their efforts to oppose him: and their courage and their hopes were further strengthened by the proclamations issued by the King from Ghent, as well as by the accounts of the preparations making by the allied armies. Meanwhile the government left no means untried to excite the enthusiasm of France in favour of Bonaparte: and they endeavoured to persuade the nation that the hostilities, announced by the declaration and subsequent proceedings of the Allies, were only the work of a faction headed by the Bourbons. No public notice whatever had been taken of that important document for a whole month; it was, however, read on the 29th of March, in a council of Napoleon's ministers, and referred to a committee, who made a report on the subject on the 2nd of April following. The council of state, finding it impossible to keep the public any longer ignorant of the real state of affairs, unequivocally asserted the declaration of the 13th of March, to be a forgery, executed by the agents of the Count de Lille, (Louis XVIII.) and a stimulus to assassination. In the report made by the council, which may be considered as Bonaparte's manifesto, in justification of his return to France, a recapitulation was made of the various points in which the allied powers and the Bourbons had violated the convention, made with him after his exile to the island of Elba; and eight distinct cases of infraction, in re-

The principal of these were, the forcible separation of his wife and child from him; the plots against his life, instigated (as he affirmed) and encouraged by the French government; the non-fulfilment of the articles, stipulating that Parma and Placentia should be given to Maria Louisa, and a suitable establishment to Eugene Beauharnois; the sequestration of the property of his family: the refusal of the late government of France to pay his pension; and the resolution taken by congress, to remove him from Elba to St. Helena. A comparison was then drawn of the state of France under the administration of the Bourbons, and of the free government which was soon to take place under the benign protection of the laws, and of Napoleon. France, the declaration continued, had been treated by the Bourbons as a conquered country, in the imposition of a charter by the royal authority alone; in the dismemberment and degradation of the army; in the restoration of feudal distinctions; the spoliation of the possessors of national property; the abolition of the liberties of the Gallican church; and the suppression of the concordat; the revived intolerance of an exclusive form of worship; and the domination of the *noblesse* over a people accustomed to equality.

This declaration was followed by a report of the new minister for foreign affairs, relative to the armaments of the European powers, which concluded with calling the attention of Bonaparte and his council to such measures of defence, as the really perilous state of France required. To this document were annexed several important papers, in-

cluding the letter written by him to the Sovereigns of Europe; who, regardless of his applications to them individually, had arrested his messengers, and refused to enter into any communication with him. In this letter, he declared that the re-establishment of the imperial throne was necessary for the happiness of the French; and assured them that the invariable principles of his future policy, should be the most absolute respect for the independence of other nations. No confidence, however, was placed in these solemn professions, and the allied powers continued their military preparations for a formidable campaign.

Napoleon, meanwhile, was not backward in preparing to meet the powerful opposition that menaced him; and first, in order to conciliate the confidence of the French people, whose eyes were now opened to their real danger, he professedly imitated our glorious constitution, the envy and desire of Europe, in the new constitution which he announced his intention of giving to France.

In the early periods of French history, it was the practice for the sovereigns to convoke the feudal chieftains in a solemn council, in the *Champ de Mars*, whence these meetings derived their name: in imitation of which, Napoleon had issued a decree from Lyons, convoking the assembly of the *Field of May* for the settlement of the constitution. Various circumstances had caused this meeting to be repeatedly postponed, and these delays had given rise to many conjectures, more or less favourable to the cause of Bonaparte. At length

festival, which, it was industriously announced, would probably equal the famous federation of the year 1790.

On June 1st, the grand assembly of the *Field of May* took place in the *Champ de Mars.* The Emperor's throne was erected in the front of the military school, and in the centre of a vast semi-circular inclosure, two thirds of which formed, on the right and left, grand amphitheatres, in which 15,000 persons were seated: the other third, in front of the throne, was open. An altar was erected in the middle; and further on was placed another throne, which overlooked the whole *Champ de Mars.* The Emperor having arrived, took his seat on the throne. Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Tours, assisted by Cardinal Bayanne, and four other bishops. This service concluded, the members of the central deputation of the electoral colleges, about 500 in number, advanced to the foot of the throne: one of the members of the deputation, elector and representative of the department of the Marne and Loire, pronounced with a loud voice the following address, in the name of the French people:

"SIRE,

"The French people had decreed the crown to you; you deposed it without their consent; its suffrages have just imposed upon you the duty of resuming it.

"A new contract is formed between the nation and your Majesty.

"Collected from all points of the empire, around the tables of the law, on which we are about to inscribe the wish of the people, that wish which is the only legitimate source of power, it is impossible for us not to utter the voice of France, of which we

are the immediate organs, not to say in the presence of Europe, to the august Chief of the nation, what we expect from him, and what he is to expect from it.

"What is the object of the league of allied kings with that warlike preparation, by which they alarm Europe, and afflict humanity!

"By what act, what violation, have we provoked their vengeance, or given cause for their aggression?

"Have we, since peace was concluded, endeavoured to give them laws? We merely wish to make and to follow those which are adapted to our manners.

"We will not have the Chief whom our enemies would give us, and we will have him, whom they wish us not to have.

"They dare to proscribe you personally; you, Sire, who, so often master of their capitals, generously consolidated their tottering thrones. This hatred of our enemies adds to our love for you. Were they to proscribe the most obscure of our citizens, it would be our duty to defend him with the same energy. He would be like you, under the ægis of French law and power.

"They menace us with invasion! And yet contracted within frontiers which nature has not imposed upon us, and which long before your reign, victory and even peace had extended, we have not from respect to treaties which you had not signed, but which you had offered to observe, sought to pass that narrow boundary.

"Do they ask for guarantees? They have them all in our institutions, and in the will of the French people, henceforth united to yours.

"Do they not dread to remind us of times, of a state of things lately so different, but which may still be reproduced?

"It would not be the first time that we have conquered all Europe armed against us.

"Because France wishes to be France, must she be degraded, torn, dismembered? and must the fate of Poland be reserved for us?

"It is in vain to conceal insidious designs under the sole pretence of separating you from us, in order to give us masters with whom we have nothing in common. Their presence destroyed

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all the illusions attached to their name. They could not believe our oaths, neither could we their promises. Tithes, feudal rights, privileges, every thing that was odious to us, was too evidently the fond object of their thought, when one of them, to console the impatience of the present, assured his confidants, that *he would answer them for the future.*

"Every thing shall be attempted, every thing executed, to repel so ignominious a yoke. We declare it to nations: may their chiefs hear us! If they accept your offers of peace, the French people will look to your vigorous, liberal, and paternal administration for grounds of consolation for the sacrifices made to obtain peace: but if we are left no choice, but between war and disgrace, the whole country will rise for war. The nation is prepared to relieve you from the too moderate offers, you have, perhaps, made, in order to save Europe from a new convulsion. Every Frenchman is a soldier. Victory will follow your Eagles, and our enemies who rely on our divisions, will soon regret having provoked us."

The Arch-Chancellor then proclaimed the result of the votes, showing, that the additional act to the Constitution of the Empire had been accepted almost unanimously. The Chief of the Heralds at arms then cried out,

"In the name of his Majesty I declare, that the *acte additionel* to the constitution of the Empire, has been accepted by the French people."

Napoleon then addressed the assembly in the following speech:

"Gentlemen, Deputies of the army and navy at the *Champ de Mai:*

"Emperor, Consul, Soldier, I derive all from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, in the field of battle, in council, on the throne, and in exile, France has been the sole and constant object of my thoughts and actions.

"Like the King of Athens, I sacrificed myself for my people, in hopes of realizing the promise given to preserve to France her national integrity, her honours, her rights.

"Indignation at seeing those sacred rights, acquired by twenty years of victory, disavowed and lost for ever: the cry of French honour, and the wishes of the nation replaced me upon that throne which is dear to me, because it is the palladium of the independence, the honour, and the rights of the people.

"Frenchmen! In traversing amidst the public joy, the different provinces of the empire, to reach my capital, I had reason to rely on a lasting peace. Nations are bound by treaties, concluded by their government, whatever they may be.

"My thoughts were then all occupied with the means of re-establishing our liberty, by a Constitution conformable to the will and interests of the people. I convoked the Champ de Mai.

"I soon learned, that the Princes who have disregarded all principles, who have trampled on the sentiments and dearest interests of many nations, wish to make war against us. They meditate the increasing the kingdom of the Netherlands, by giving it as barriers, all our northern frontier places, and the conciliation of the differences which still exist among them, by dividing Lorraine and Alsace.

"It was necessary to provide for war.

"But before personally encountering the hazards of battles my first care has been to constitute the nation without delay. The people have accepted the act which I have presented to them.

"Frenchmen! when we shall have repelled these unjust aggressions, and Europe shall be convinced of what is due to the rights and independence of twenty-eight millions of people, a solemn law, drawn up in the form required by the Constitutional Act, shall combine together the different dispositions of our constitutions now dispersed.

"Frenchmen! You are about to return to your departments; inform the citizens of the grandeur of our circumstances; that with union, energy, and perseverance, we shall return victorious from this contest of a great people against their oppressors, that future generations will severely scrutinize our conduct, and

tell them that foreign kings whom I have raised to the throne, or who owe to me the preservation of their crowns, who all, during my prosperity, sought my alliance, and the protection of the French people, now direct their blows against my person. Did I not perceive, that it is the country they wish to injure, I would place at their mercy this existence, against which they show themselves so much incensed. But tell the citizens, that while the French people preserve towards me, the sentiments of love of which they have given me so many proofs, the rage of our enemies will be inefficient.

"Frenchmen! My wish is that of the people, my rights are theirs, my honour, my glory, my happiness, can be no other, than the honour, the glory, and the happiness of France."

The Archbishop of Bourges then approached the throne, and on his knees presented the Holy Gospel to the Emperor, who took the oath in the following terms.

"I swear to observe, and cause to be observed, the Constitution of the Empire."

The Prime Chancellor then advancing to the foot of the throne, first pronounced the oath of obedience to the Constitution, and fidelity to the Emperor. The assembly with one unanimous voice, repeated, "We swear." The members of the deputation remained seated on the steps of the throne, and *Te Deum* was chaunted; and the Presidents of the Electoral Colleges advanced to receive the Eagles for the national guards of their departments. The Emperor having laid aside his Imperial robe, then came forward, and spoke as follows:

"Soldiers of the national guard of the Empire, soldiers of the land and sea forces, I entrust to you the Imperial Eagle with the national colours; you will swear to defend it at the expence

throne. You swear that it shall always be your rallying sign! You swear it!"

The assembly resounded with cries of "We swear." Bonaparte then surrounded by the Eagles of all the armed corps, thus spoke:

"Soldiers of the national guard of Paris, soldiers of the Imperial guard, I intrust to you the Imperial Eagle with the national colours. You swear to die, if necessary, in its defence against the enemies of the country and the throne. You swear never to acknowledge any other rallying sign. You, soldiers of the national guard, swear never to permit foreigners again to stain the capital of the great nation. To your courage I shall intrust it. And you, soldiers of the Imperial guard, swear to surpass yourselves in the campaign which is about to open, and to die rather than permit foreigners to dictate laws to your country."

No part of Napoleon's political life, marked as it has always been by the most rapid and extraordinary promptitude in military preparation, affords such a display of activity, as the brief interval which occurred between his resuming the imperial sceptre and resigning it, it is to be presumed, for ever. Although the conciliating the Liberalists, and paralysing the Royalists, occupied some time; and although it was necessary to sacrifice several days to show, and the national love of spectacle, he was never an instant diverted from his purpose. While he seemed to be fully occupied with the political discussions of the various parties,—with shows, and processions, and reviews of different corps of young men, his more serious preparations for the death-struggle which he expected to encounter, were as gigantic in their character, as incessant in their progress.

to assume arms, and to move forward corps of national guards, to relieve in garrison the troops of the line now called into more active service. Cannon, muskets, arms of every description, were forged and issued from the manufactories and arsenals with incredible celerity. The old corps were recruited from the conscripts of 1814; retired veterans were again called forth to their banners; new levies were instituted, under the various names of free-corps, federés, and volunteers; the martial spirit of France was again roused to hope and energy; and the whole kingdom seemed transformed at once into an immense camp, of which Napoleon was the leader and soul. One large army defiled towards Belgium, where the neighbourhood of the English and Prussian troops excited alarm; other armies were assembled in Alsace,—in Lorraine, in Franche Compté, at the foot of the Alps, and on the verge of the Pyrenees. It only remained to be discovered on which side the storm was to burst.

There is little doubt, that Bonaparte, reckoning upon the success of Murat, or hoping at least that he would make a permanent diversion, had destined the north of Italy for the first scene of active and personal warfare. A threat in that quarter would have been sufficient to divert from the main struggle the whole force of Austria, already sensible, from sad experience, how vulnerable she was through her Italian frontier. Many of the Russian troops would probably have been detached to her assistance, and while a triple barrier of fortresses and garrisons of the first order, with a strong covering army, was opposed on the frontier of Flanders to

the English and Prussian armies, Bonaparte himself might have taken the field on the theatre of his original triumphs, and have removed the war from the French territory, with the certainty, in case of success, that his army would be recruited among the Cisalpine veterans of Eugene Beauharnois. But Austria, on this pressing alarm, exerted herself with an activity unknown to her annals; and the troops which she rapidly hurried forward to meet Murat, exhibited, in the very first conflicts, the military superiority of the northern warriors.—"These barbarians," said the Neapolitans, after the skirmish at Rimini, "fight as if they had two lives; what chance have we against them, who pretend only to one?" And to save that single title to existence, Murat's army fled with such celerity, and so little resistance, that the campaign was ended almost as soon as begun, and with it terminated the reign of King Joachim over the delicious kingdom of Naples. No king, in a fairy tale, ever obtained a crown so easily, or lost it in a manner so simple, and at the same time so speedy. His discomfiture was attended by the most disadvantageous consequences to Bonaparte, who thus appeared hermetically sealed within the realm of France, by hostile armies advancing on all hands, and compelled to await the conflict upon his own ground.

But he neither lost courage, nor slackened his preparations on account of his relative's disaster. The French grand army, already in the highest order, was still farther augmented in number and equipments. It became now obvious, that Flanders, or the adjoining French frontier, must be the

fixed at Laon; a very strong position, where some preparations were made for forming an army of reserve, in case of a disaster. The first corps occupied Valenciennes, and the second Maubeuge; communicating by their right wing with the armies assembled in the Ardennes and on the Moselle, and resting their left upon the strong fortifications of Lille. Here they waited the numerous reinforcements of every kind which Bonaparte poured towards their position.

The deficiency of artillery was chiefly apprehended. The Allies had, in 1814, carried off most of the French field-trains. But, by incredible exertions, the loss was more than supplied; for besides the usual train attached to separate corps, each division of the army had a park of reserve; and the imperial guard, in particular, had a superb train of guns, consisting almost entirely of new pieces. The army in all possessed more than three hundred guns; a quantity of artillery which has been thought rather beyond the proportion of its numbers.

Cavalry was another species of force in which Bonaparte was supposed to be peculiarly weak. But the very reverse proved to be the case. The care of Louis XVIII. had re-mounted several of the regiments which had suffered in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; and the exertions of Napoleon and his officers completed their equipment, as well as the levy of others; so that a finer body of cavalry never took the field. They were upwards of twenty thousand in number; of whom the lancers were distinguished by their address, activity, and fero-

have been nine regiments, by the excellence of their appointments, and the superior power of their horses.

This last corps was composed of soldiers selected for their bravery and experience, and gave the most decisive proofs of both in the dreadful battle of Waterloo. Their cuirasses consisted of a breast-plate and back, joined together by clasps, like the ancient plate-armour. Those of the soldiers were of iron, those of the officers of brass, inlaid with steel. They are proof against a musket-ball, unless it comes in a perfectly straight direction. To these arms was added a helmet, with cheek pieces, and their weapons of offence were a long broadsword and pistols. They carried no carbines. The horses of the cuirassiers, although upon trial, they proved inferior to those of our heavy cavalry, were probably better than those of any other corps in Europe. They were selected with great care, and many of the carriage and saddle-horses, which Bonaparte had pressed for the equipment of the army, were assigned to mount these formidable regiments.

Of the infantry of the French, it was impossible to speak too highly, in point of bravery and discipline in the field. The *elite* of the army consisted of the imperial guards, who were at least 20,000 strong. These chosen cohorts had submitted with the most sullen reluctance to the change of sovereigns in 1814: and no indulgence nor flattery, which the members of the Bourbon family could bestow upon them, had availed to eradicate their affection to their former master, which often displayed itself at times, and in a manner peculiarly offensive to

manders. The other corps of infantry, all of whom participated in the same confidence in themselves and their general, might amount, including the artillery, to 110,000 men, which, with the guards and cavalry, formed a gross total of 150,000 soldiers, completely armed and equipped, and supplied, even to profusion, with every kind of ammunition.

It was not on the part of France alone, that the most active preparations were made for the approaching conflict. During the months of April and May, and the early part of June, the dreadful note of military preparation continued to sound on every side: the prize which was now to be contested was of no ordinary worth; and the chieftains who commanded the allied armies, were men of no vulgar fame in the annals of Europe. The allied armies, five in number, were now advancing simultaneously in every direction. The fruitless diversion in Italy by Murat, had scarcely interrupted the advance of the Austrians from that country: a second Austrian army, meantime, drew towards the Upper Rhine; on the Lower Rhine the Russians and Bavarians were to enter; the Prussians assembled in Flanders to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington (whom the King of the Netherlands had instituted field-marshal of the United States;) and the Spaniards prepared to cross the Pyrenees. The contingents of Denmark, and the minor German States, as soon as they could be organized, were to join themselves to such parts of the combined forces, as should require their support. Among all these various nations, ENGLAND stood foremost in the immensity of her preparations, and in the boundless

sacrifices of money, which she made to accomplish the great object of dethroning Bonaparte.

It was evidently the design of Napoleon, to surprise the Allies, by a sudden approach: hence it was, that all the movements of his forces were conducted with a rapidity almost bordering on precipitation. Threatened as he was, on every side, his only hope of averting the impending storm, was to strike a blow that should intimidate the Allies, and dissolve their coalition: on former occasions, he had found this policy successful; and in the present instance, he had avowed his intention of opening the campaign on the Meuse and Sambre, and of breaking the centre of the Allies. Thus to make his plans public, was in the spirit of his military policy: if the enemy did not believe him, he took them unprepared; if they gave credit to his declaration, the confidence which it implied, would be likely to depress them as much as it encouraged his own troops. Wellington and Blucher, however, were neither to be deceived nor intimidated: they would willingly have been the assailants, but the Allies were to move simultaneously on all points; Bonaparte had necessarily the advance in the preparations, and he had the advantage of choosing both the time and place of attacking them. The allied generals, therefore, could not venture to weaken one part of the long line which they occupied, in order to strengthen another; and thus were certain, that, wherever the attack might be made, it would be with a vast superiority of numbers.

The Prussian army extended from the Meuse to the Moselle, and may be estimated at one hundred thousand men; it consisted of four corps, under

General Ziethen, Borstel, Bulow, and Thielmann; Prince Blucher commanding in chief, with Count Gneisenau for his quarter-master-general. The soldiers were in the highest spirits possible; never, indeed, were the enthusiasm and antipathy of the Prussians against the French wound up to a higher pitch than on the present occasion. As in 1813, the universities and academical institutions were again deserted; and every youth, capable of wielding a sword, or handling a musket, had hastened to the army, to participate in the satisfaction of avenging the sufferings of his country.

The Duke of Wellington had under his immediate command, a motley army, of which the British part did not exceed 33,000; the German Legion, which may justly be reckoned equal to our best troops, amounted to 7,000; and 10,000 were Brunswickers, men of tried valour and courage. These were the only troops in whom he could implicitly confide; the remainder of his army consisted of 20,000 Hanoverians, raw levies that had been trained by British officers, with great care, during the two preceding months; and of about 10,000 Dutch and Belgian troops, who were not so well to be relied on. Of the whole force which may thus be estimated at about 80,000 men, half were good troops, and half were tolerable: it was divided into two corps d'armée, whose entire line extended from the Meuse to the sea; the first corps, under the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, comprised the first, third, and fifth divisions, which were respectively led in by Generals Cook (of the Guards) Alten, and Picton. The second corps,

of the second, fourth, and sixth divisions, the two former of which were under the orders of Sir H. Clinton and General Hinuber; and the latter was nominally under Sir L. Cole, which had not yet joined the army. The cavalry consisted of eight brigades under the command in chief of the Earl of Uxbridge.

According to these estimates, the allied armies in Flanders amounted to about 180,000 men, to whom Napoleon opposed about 150,000, but the numerical superiority of the Allies, was more than compensated by the composition of the French army, which consisted wholly of veteran troops, of one nation, and by the advantage which they possessed of choosing their point of attack.

The marches and combination of the various corps d'armée, composing the French forces, were marked in a distinguished manner by that high, military talent, which planned Bonaparte's most fortunate campaigns. In the same day, and almost at the same hour, three large armies; that from Laon, headed by the Emperor himself; that of Ardennes, commanded by the notorious Vandamme; and that of the Moselle, under the orders of General Girard, having broken up from their different cantonments, attained, by a simultaneous movement, an united alignement upon the extreme frontiers of Belgium. The good order and combination with which the grand and complicated movements of these large armies were executed, was much admired among the French officers, and received as the happy augury of future success.

On the night of the 11th of June, Bonaparte or-

ing taken the most jealous precautions for concealing, as long as possible, his movements. For though he expressed great joy at the prospect of meeting the Duke of Wellington, saying, *Je vais me frotter contre Wellington,*" (I am going to have a brush with Wellington) he took all imaginable precaution to conceal from Wellington that he was coming. In the course of that evening, he employed himself in writing orders to his ministers; copies of which were taken in the porte-feuille: one or two of these we will extract, together with some notes from his journal.

" *To Count Lavalette, Postmaster-General.*

June 11.

" Monsieur Count Lavalette, as I have said in my speech to-day, that I shall set out to-night, I desire you will take care that no post-horses are furnished on the road I shall take; and that *great circumspection* is used towards those for whom post-horses are furnished on the neighbouring roads; and that no courier or estafette is sent forward."

To the Minister of Marine.

June 11.

" I suppose you have interrupted all communication by sea, and that no person or packet-boat is permitted to pass any more, under any pretext whatsoever."

" *To the Minister at War.*

June 11.

" Send for Marshal Massena; if he wishes to repair to Metz, he shall be governor of it, and shall have the superior command of the third and fourth divisions."

" *To the same.*

June 11.

" Let Ney be called. If he wishes to be at the first battle, he must repair on the 13th to Avesnes, where my head-quarters

"*June* 12*th*.—Set off from Paris, and slept at Laon.

"*June* 13*th*.—Slept at Avesnes.

"*Avesnes, June* 13*th*.—To the Major-General.—Give orders for the equipages of the pontoons to repair this evening behind Solre, on the road to Beaumont.

"*June* 13*th*.—To the same. Since General Vandamme is arrived at Beaumont, I do not think it proper to make him return to Philippeville,, which would fatigue his troops; I prefer letting this General encamp in the first line, a league and a half from Beaumont; I shall review his troops to-morrow. The sixth corps will then be placed a quarter of a league behind. In this case, the army of the Moselle will join to-morrow near Philippeville; the detachment of cuirassiers, coming from Alsace, will make this change in the general order.

"*June* 13*th*.—To General Drouet—Give orders for the division composed of the Chasseurs and Red Lancers to repair this evening in advance of Solre. Let all the divisions of Chasseurs likewise repair to Solre; all the grenadiers at Avesnes, the grenadiers on horseback, and the dragoons in advance of Avesnes; each corps will have its artillery with it; the reserve artillery in advance of Avesnes."

On the 14th, Bonaparte was with his soldiers. The whole of the French army had joined, and formed in line on the extreme frontier; and Napoleon issued the following address, which was read at the head of every regiment.

"GENERAL ORDER. *Avesnes, June* 14, 1815.

"Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous! We believed in the protestations and in the oaths of Princes whom we left on the throne: Now, however, coalesced among themselves, they would destroy the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have commenced the most unjust of aggressions. Let us march, then, to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men?

"Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against three, and at Montmirail one against six!

"Let those among you who have been prisoners of the English, detail to you the hulks, and the frightful miseries which they suffered!

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are compelled to lend their arms to the cause of Princes, the enemies of justice and the rights of all nations; they know that this coalition is insatiable! After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, six millions of Belgians, it must devour the states of the second rank of Germany.

"The madmen! a moment of prosperity blinds them. The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their power. If they enter France, they will there find their tomb.

"Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with steadiness, victory will be ours;—the rights, the honour, the happiness of the country will be re-conquered!

"To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is arrived to conquer or perish.

"(Signed) NAPOLEON."

This proclamation was received by the soldiers with transports of joy and loud acclamation; in which the chief officers also participated, who were enraptured with the precision of their routes, and, as they said, recognised the presence of the great man, in the result of all those combined movements, by which all the masses of the army, after incumbering each other's march, seemed all at once to rise from the ground, and find themselves recruited in line, by the effect of magic.

Knowing that every thing depended on preventing the forces of the Duke of Wellington, from effecting a junction with the Prussians, under Prince Blucher Bonaparte directed his first attacks against the latter. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were at Fleurus, Hannut, Cincy, and Namur; the situation of which places rendered it possible to unite the whole army at any one of these points in twenty-four hours. No time was lost. On the 15th, Napoleon advanced by Thuin, upon the two banks of the Sambre, against Charleroi. The French General Reille commenced the attack, by driving in the Prussian posts upon the Sambre, at three o'clock in the morning, and pursued them as far as Marchienne-au-pont. The cavalry of this corps had an opportunity of charging several squares of infantry repeatedly, which they drove in, and took several hundred prisoners. While the Prussians were hastening to re-cross the Sambre, the light cavalry of the French centre followed the movement of the second corps on the road to Charleroi; and furiously charging the Prussians on the left bank, drove them across the river. While the approach to the bridge was defended by numerous riflemen, the Prussians were employed in rendering it impassable, that they might retard the march of the French, and afford themselves time to evacuate that town: but being very vigorously pressed, they could not entirely destroy the bridge; and the injury it had sustained from the Prussians, was instantly repaired by the sappers and miners of the guard, who finished their labour about noon, and

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EXPLANATION

OF THE

PLAN OF THE MILITARY OPERATIONS,

And of the Battles fought on the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, 1815, translated from the "*Relation fidele de la derniere Campagne de Buonaparte,*" where the plan is given.

Fifteenth of June,—The French attack the Prussians upon the Sambre; towards Thuin, A; repulse them, and pass the Sambre to Charleroi, B, and to Marchienne-au-Pont, C; take Charleroi, B. The Prussians retreat with precipitation through Gosselies, D, upon Fleurus, E; they concentrate at Sombref, F; occupy the villages of Ligny, 1, St. Amand, 2, and Bry, 3, the front of their position. The English Army re-united at Nivelles, G. The French attack a brigade of the Belgic Army at Frasnes, H, and oblige them to retreat upon Quatre Bras, I.

Sixteenth,—the Belgians recover their lost ground; but Lord Wellington causes his army to retrograde in the morning to take their position at Quatre Bras, I. Battle of Ligny. The left of the French is in advance to Frasnes, H; and towards Quatre Bras, I; the centre at Ligny, 1; and the right towards Sombref, F. The English and the Prussians are attacked at the same time. Marshal Blucher overcome, retreats upon Tilly, J, and marches all the night to arrive at Wavre, K, where they concentrate.

Seventeenth,—General Thielmann retreats to Sombref, F, upon Gembloux, L, where he joins the fourth Prussian corps, a part of which marches towards Mont Saint Guibert, M. The French follow up their success; one part of the army pursues the Prussians, the other marches against Lord Wellington, who retreats to Quatre Bras, I, upon Genappe, N, and from thence to Waterloo, O, where he takes up his position, supported by the forest of Soignies, and the cavalry on the road to Brussels and Nivelles, G; his right extends to Merke-Braine, P, and his left towards Ter-la-haye, Q, communicating with Wavre, K, by Ohain, R. The ravines, and the farms of Hougoumont, S, and of La Haye Sainte, T, cover the wings of the English army, whose centre rests on the plains of Mont St. Jean, U. The bivouacks were established near the observatory, V.

Eighteenth,—the French attack the English position, and commence the fire at Hougoumont, S, by which they get possession of La Haye Sainte, T. The centre of the English army, occupying in force the heights of Mont Saint Jean, U, is vigorously attacked. Planchenoit, W, and the farm of La Belle Alliance, X, are occupied by the French; it was towards this point, that Bulow directed himself, at the same time that Marshal Blucher bore down upon Ohain, R, to act in a junction. Æ is the place where the Prince of Orange was wounded. The Prussians march by Saint Lambert, Y, and Frischemont, Z, from whence they debouch towards Smouhen, on the right of the French, to decide the battle.

N. B. The Plan accompanying this Explanation to be placed opposite page 37.

The second French corps having, in the mean time, effected its passage at Marchienne-au-pont, advanced on Gosselies, a large town on the Brussels road, with the intention of cutting off the retreat of the column, that had been driven out of Charleroi to that point. The Prussians, surprised at the suddenness of the attack, and pursued by the French light troops, retired in good order to Fleurus, in the immediate vicinity of which town, General Ziethen had concentrated the first Prussian corps. He was very warmly attacked by the French, who allowed him no time to take up any new positions. General Ziethen, however, succeeded in maintaining his position near that place. Bonaparte made his head quarters at Charleroi, having left his third corps on the road to Namur, and the second at Gosselies, while the rest of the army occupied the neighbouring villages.

The results of these engagements were a thousand prisoners, the passage of the Sambre, and the possession of Charleroi: but the most signal advantage derived from them, was the confidence inspired in the French troops, by their obtaining the first success in this campaign. The presence of Napoleon, on this day, had so electrified them, that they could not be restrained, but rushed on the Prussians without firing a musket, and charged them so furiously with the bayonet, that nothing could resist their first shock.

Marshal Blucher had intended to attack the enemy as soon as possible, and with this view, the three other corps of the Prussian army were consequently directed upon Sombref, a league and a half

from Fleurus. where the second and third corps, under General Thielmann and Borstel, were to arrive on the 15th, and the fourth corps under Bulow, on the following day. The Duke of Wellington's army was between Ath and Nivelles, which position would enable him to assist the Prussians, in case, (says their official account) the battle should be fought on the 15th. But it is evident that the battle was not expected so soon, although the Duke's arrangements were made with a view to any emergency that might arise. His Grace was at Brussels on the night of the 15th, together with the Duke of Brunswick, the Earl of Uxbridge, and many other distinguished officers; when they received intelligence that the work of death was begun. The principal officers were at a ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond, where they were dancing till midnight; and many of them received their death-wound in their silk stockings and dress shoes.

Before we continue the account of the great military operations which followed the first attack of the French, we must pause for a moment, to give our readers some idea of the confusion which prevailed at Brussels on the first news of the enemy's attack. The account was written by an eye-witness, and is entitled to the highest credit.

"On the evening of Thursday, the 15th of June, a courier arrived at Brussels, from Marshal Blucher, to announce that hostilities had commenced. The Duke of Wellington was sitting after dinner, with a party of officers, over the dessert and wine, when he received the despatches containing this unexpected

news. Marshal Blucher had been attacked that day by the French; but he seemed to consider it as a mere affair of outposts, which was not likely to proceed much further at present, though it might, probably, prove the prelude to a more important engagement. It was the opinion of most military men in Brussels, that it was the plan of the enemy, by a false alarm, to induce the Allies to concentrate their chief military force in that quarter, in order that he might more successfully make a serious attack upon some other point, and that it was against Brussels and the English army, that the blow would be aimed. The troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, to march at a moment's notice; but no immediate movement was expected, and for some hours all was quiet.

"It was past midnight, and profound repose seemed to reign over Brussels, when suddenly the drums beat to arms, and the trumpet's loud call was heard from every part of the city. It is impossible to describe the effect of these sounds, heard in the silence of the night. We were not long left in doubt of the truth. A second courier had arrived from Blucher: the attack had become serious; the enemy were in considerable force; they had taken Charleroi, and had gained some advantage over the Prussians, and our troops were ordered to march immediately to support them: instantly every place resounded with martial preparations. There was not a house in which military were not quartered, and consequently, the whole town was one universal scene of bustle: the soldiers were seen

assembling from all parts in the Place Royale, with their knapsacks upon their backs; some taking leave of their wives and children: others sitting down unconcernedly upon the sharp pavement, waiting for their comrades; others sleeping upon packs of straw, surrounded by all the din of war, while bât horses and baggage waggons were loading; artillery and commissariat trains harnessing, officers riding in all directions, carts clattering, chargers neighing, bugles sounding, drums beating, and colours flying.

"A most laughable contrast to this martial scene, was presented by a long procession of carts coming quietly in, as usual, from the country to market, filled with old Flemish women, who looked irresistibly comic, seated among their piles of cabbages, baskets of green peas, early potatoes, and strawberries, totally ignorant of the cause of all these warlike preparations, and gazing at the scene around them with many a look of gaping wonder, as they jogged merrily along, one after another, through the Place Royale, amidst the crowds of soldiers, and the confusion of baggage waggons.

"Yet there was order amidst all this apparent confusion. Regiment after regiment formed with the utmost regularity, and marched out of Brussels. About four o'clock in the morning, the 42nd and 92nd Highland regiments marched through the Place Royale, and the Park. One could not but admire their fine appearance; their firm, collected, steady, military demeanour, as they went rejoicing to battle, with their bagpipes playing before them,

and the beams of the rising sun shining upon their glittering arms. Before that sun had set in night, how many of that gallant band were laid low! They fought like heroes, and like heroes they fell—an honour to their country. It was impossible to witness such a scene unmoved. Thousands were parting with their nearest and dearest relations, and to every British heart it was a moment of the deepest interest."

Another lively writer thus describes the state of Brussels at the moment of the first alarm.

"Brussels was agitated, and anxious in all her hearts: every house was the scene of *adieus*, not the less tender and sorrowful on account of the shortness of the intimacy that had preceded them. The young men that had not been very provident, were in a flutter, trying all sorts of expedients to procure a few necessaries for the march. Relations and intimate friends, belonging to different regiments, hurried together for an instant, to shake hands, and charge each other with short confidential commissions, to be discharged by the survivor. One affecting instance of this sort I know: two officers, connected by intimate ties, and attached by the closest friendship, spent a part of this eventful evening together: but they were soon forced to separate, to attend to their respective urgent duties. They were not in the same regiment: one was known to inquire for his friend, of a soldier who passed by, just before he went into action,—the other made a similar inquiry, when engaged in hot fire, and heard from a wounded serjeant who was going to the rear, that he was never again to see his companion. Shortly after this, the last inquirer was

hit himself, but he has recovered of his wound. There is something very striking in these hasty interrogations put by a soldier concerning a comrade, whom he had but lately left in the full enjoyment of health and spirits:—interrogations that are very likely to be cut short as they are put, by the fate, dreaded for a friend, falling on him who cherishes the solicitude.

"The spectacle in Brussels, as the troops were collecting and falling into their ranks, is described to have been most peculiar and impressive. It could not fail to be so. The darkness soon gave way a little, as the first light of a summer morning broke through the edge of the sky; but the candles still continued to shine through the windows, showing that there had been no one at rest during the night; and their pale hue, as the morning advanced, gave a melancholy, sickly character to the look of the streets, corresponding with the general feeling of the spectators, who crowded to see gallant men go forth to death. The light was scarcely sufficient, before the march commenced, to discover faces;—feathers, flags, and bayonet points, were all that could be seen. They went on and off, and gathered and formed, in a hazy obscurity. Mounted officers emerged rapidly from the deep shadows that lay in the distances: loud cries were heard, causing a confusion, that soon, however, settled itself into military regularity. Women who had bidden farewel at home, could not be satisfied with that, but came forth, and stood, in slight neglected clothing, at the corners by which they knew their friends would pass,—almost ashamed of their own feelings, but unable to resist the wish to gain one more look, and

receive another pressure of the hand. Our officers speak with enthusiasm of the signs of affection shown to them at this affecting moment by the Brussels hosts and hostesses. A friend of mine was embraced by his landlord at the instant of parting, and made to promise, that if any accident should send him back to Brussels, he would return to the house where he had been long and kindly entertained. The promise was kept: one day only intervened before the officer made his appearance again at the door of this good citizen. He presented himself bleeding, exhausted, and in agony: his inviter received him with open arms;—"Now," said he, "you have made me your friend for ever, for you have observed your promise, and have shown that you relied on my sincerity." Every possible attention was extended to the wounded officer for the several months of his slow recovery, and there was as much delicacy in the manner of these attentions, as heartiness in the disposition by which they were dictated.

"The hasty march was long and painful. The officers, though they very well knew that the enemy had attacked the Prussians, did not think that they were on their road to immediate battle. But the fact was so. The divisions of our army were at this time all making their way to the point of concentration fixed upon by their commander: the whole dreadful machine was now in motion,—no one part comprehending its relation to the others, but the eye of the mover superintending and understanding all."

Before eight in the morning, the streets, which had been filled with busy crowds, were empty and si-

had been filled with armed men, and with all the appurtenances and paraphernalia of war, was now quite deserted.

The Flemish drivers were sleeping in the tilted carts that were destined to convey the wounded—the heavy baggage waggons ranged in order, and ready to move when occasion might require, were standing under the guard of a few sentinels; some officers were still to be seen riding out of town to join the army. The Duke of Wellington had set off in great spirits, observing, that as Blucher had most likely settled the business himself by this time, he should, perhaps, be back to dinner. Sir Thomas Picton, who had arrived only the night before from England, mounted upon his charger, in soldier-like style, with his reconnoitring-glass slung across his shoulder, gaily accosting his friends as he rode through the streets, left Brussels in the highest spirits, never to return. It was on this very morning that Napoleon Bonaparte made the boast, that to-morrow night he would sleep at Lacken; a palace belonging to the King of Holland, about three miles beyond Brussels.

After the army were gone, Brussels seemed indeed a perfect desert. Every countenance was marked with anxiety or melancholy—every heart was filled with anxious expectation. It was not, however, supposed that any action would take place that day. What was then the general consternation, when about three o'clock, a furious cannonading began!—It was certainly in the direction our army had taken—it came from Waterloo! In vain did every one ask questions which none could answer.

off towards Waterloo, and returned no wiser than they went, each bringing back a different story—a thousand absurd reports, totally devoid of foundation, were circulated—what you were told one minute, was contradicted the next. According to some, Blucher had been completely beaten—according to others, he had gained a complete victory;—some would have it, that 30,000 French were left dead on the field of battle—others, that about the same number were advancing to surprise Brussels. It was even said that the English army were retreating *in confusion*—but the bearers of this piece of intelligence were received with so much indignation, and such perfect incredulity, that they were glad to hold their peace.

Some said the scene of action was twenty miles off—others that it was only six. At length intelligence came from the army, brought by an officer who had left the field after five o'clock. The British, in their march, had encountered the enemy on the plains of Fleurus, about fifteen miles from Brussels.—The Highland regiments received the furious onset of the whole French army, without yielding one inch of ground. With resolute, unshaken valour, they fought to the last, and fell upon the very spot where they first drew their swords. The combat was terrible—the enemy were in much more formidable force than had been represented, and deriving confidence from their immense superiority of numbers, they fought most furiously.—Blucher was separately engaged with another division of French at some distance, and could give us no assistance. Yet this brave handful of British

attack, and were still fighting with the fullest confidence of success. In the words of this officer, "all was well."

Still the cannonading continued, and apparently approached nearer. The French were said to be 30 or 40,000 strong. Only 10,000 British troops had marched out of Brussels—our army was unconcentrated—it was impossible that the cavalry could have come up—the principal part of the artillery were at a distance. Under such circumstances, it was impossible, even with the fullest confidence in British valour, not to feel extreme anxiety for the army. Unable to rest, the British visitants and citizens wandered about the Park the whole evening, or stood upon the ramparts listening to the heavy cannonade, which towards 10 o'clock became fainter, and soon afterwards entirely died away.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line,
Continued thunders came!
Each burgher held his breath, to hear
These forerunners of havoc near,
Of rapine and of flame!
What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
When, rolling through thy stately street,
The wounded showed their mangled plight,
In token of the unfinished fight,
And from each anguish-laden wain,
The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain!

WALTER SCOTT.

Anxiety was now at its highest pitch—the terror and confusion of the inhabitants, when the false news arrived, which was brought by the Belgians,

intelligent account of an eye-witness already quoted:—

"Between twelve and one, (says the narrator) we suddenly heard the noise of the rapid rolling of heavy carriages, in long succession, passing through the Place Royale, mingled with the loud cries and exclamations of the people below. For some minutes we listened in silence—faster and faster, and louder and louder, the long train of carriages continued to roll through the town; the cries of the affrighted people increased. In some alarm, we hastily ran out to inquire the cause of this tumult: the first person we encountered, was a scared fille-de-chambre, who exclaimed in a most piteous tone—"*Les Francois sont tout pres—dans une petite demi-heure ils seront ici,* (The French are close at hand, they will be here in less than half an hour.) *Que ferons-nous! Que ferons-nous!* (What shall we do! What shall we do!)—*il faut partir tout de suite,* (let us fly directly.)" Questions were in vain—she could only reiterate again and again: "The French are close at hand"—and then renew her exclamations and lamentations. As we flew down stairs, the house seemed deserted, every room door was open—the candles were left burning on the tables—every body had run out into the Place Royale—at the bottom of the stairs, a group of affrighted Belgians were assembled—consternation pictured on their faces. They could only tell us that intelligence had been brought, of a large body of French having been seen advancing through the woods to take Brussels, that they were within half an hour's march of the city, (which was wholly undefended) and that the English army was in full retreat

"It's too true, it's too true," was repeated on every side, "and the train of artillery that was passing through (they said) was retreating!"—We had soon, however, the satisfaction of finding this was not the case, that the artillery were passing through to join the army, that they were not retreating, but advancing; and finding that the report of the French being within half an hour's march of the city, rested only on the authority of some Belgians, our alarm gradually subsided. Some people indeed took their departure—but as the French did not make their appearance, some went to bed, and others lay down in their clothes, by no means assured that their slumbers might not be broken by the entrance of the French.

"In fact, between five and six, we were roused by a loud knocking at the door, and the cries of "*Les Francois sont ici—Les Francois sont ici.*" Starting up, the first sight we beheld, was a troop of Belgic cavalry, covered, not with glory, but with mud, galloping through the the town at full speed, as if the enemy were at their heels; and immediately the heavy baggage waggons, which had been harnessed from the moment of the first alarm, set off full gallop down La Montagne de la Cour, and through every street by which it was possible to effect their escape. In less than two minutes, the great Square of the Place Royale, which had been crowded with men and horses, carts and baggage waggons, was completely cleared of every thing, and entirely deserted. Again were the cries repeated, of "*Les Francois sont ici!—Ils s'emparent de la porte de la ville!*" (The French are at the gates of the town.) The doors of all the bed-rooms were thrown open; the people flew out with their night-caps on, scarcely

half dressed, and looking quite distracted, running about pale and trembling they knew not whither, with packages under their arms—some carrying huge heterogeneous collections of things down to the cellars, and others loaded with their property flying up to the garrets. The poor fille-de-chambre, nearly frightened out of her wits, was standing wringing her hands, unable to articulate any thing but "*Les Francois—Les Francois!*"—while the cook exclaimed with more dignity, "*Nous sommes tous perdus.*" (We are all lost.)

"In the court-yard below, a scene of the most dreadful confusion ensued; description can give but a faint idea of the scuffle that took place to get at the horses and carriages; the squabbling of masters and servants, ostlers, chambermaids, coachmen, and gentlemen, all scolding at once, and swearing in French, English, and Flemish; while every opprobrious epithet and figure of speech, which the three languages contained, were exhausted upon each other; and the confusion of tongues could scarcely have been exceeded by that of the Tower of Babel. Some made use of supplication, and others had recourse to force; words were followed by blows. One half of the Belgic drivers refused either to go themselves, or let their beasts go, and with many gesticulations, called upon all the saints and angels in heaven to witness, that they would not set out—no, not to save the Prince of Orange himself; and neither love nor money, nor threats, nor intreaties, could induce them to alter this determination. Those who had horses, or means of procuring them, set off with most astonishing expedition, and one

English carriage after another took the road to Antwerp."

It was impossible for the people at Brussels, who were wholly ignorant of the event of the battle, and acquainted only with the disadvantageous circumstances under which it had been fought, not to fear that the enemy might at last have succeeded in breaking through the British, or at least the Prussian lines; or that Bonaparte, ever fertile in expedients, might have contrived to elude their vigilance, and to send a detachment under cover of night, by a circuitous route, to seize the ungarded city, the possession of which was to him of the highest importance. The news of the advance of the French —the alarming reports which had been brought in from all quarters during the night—the flight of the Belgic troops, and above all, the failure of any intelligence from the British army, tended to corroborate this last alarm, and it seemed but too certain that the enemy were actually at hand. At length after a considerable interval of terror and suspense, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington arrived, who had left the army at four o'clock, and, to the unspeakable joy of the people, this was found to be a false alarm. It had been spread by those dastardly Belgians who had been seen scampering through the town, and who had, it is supposed, met with some straggling party of the enemy. It was also said, that a foraging party of French had come bravadoing to the gates of the city, summoning it to surrender. A considerable number of French, indeed, entered the town soon after; but they were French prisoners. The Duke's aid-de-camp brought the welcome in-

by such a tremendous superiority of numbers, and under every possible disadvantage, had completely repulsed the enemy, and remained masters of the field of battle. The cavalry, or at least a considerable part of them, had come up at the close of the action, but too late to take any part in it: thus our infantry had sustained, during the whole of the day, the attack of the enemy's cavalry as well as infantry.

The Duke expected that the attack would be renewed this morning: but the army was now collected, and joined both by the cavalry and artillery, and a more decisive engagement might be expected. The loss of the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners had been great. The defeat which the Prussians had sustained, could not, however, be concealed, and the Belgians were filled with consternation and dismay. The corpse of the Duke of Brunswick had passed through Brussels during the night, and his fate seemed to make a great impression upon the minds of the people. Waggons filled with the wounded began to arrive, and the melancholy spectacle of these poor sufferers increased the general despondency. The streets were filled with the most pitiable sights. A Belgic soldier was seen dying at the door of his own home, and surrounded by his relatives, who were weeping over him; numerous were the sorrowful groups standing round the dead bodies of those who had died of their wounds in the way home. Numbers of wounded, who were able to walk, were wandering upon every road; their blood-stained clothes and pale haggard countenances, perhaps, giving the idea of sufferings much greater than the reality.

It is well known that on the forenoon of this day

(Saturday), the Duke of Wellington fell back about seven miles, upon Waterloo, in order to take up a position more favourable for the cavalry, and from which he could keep up the communication with Marshal Blucher, who had retreated upon Wavre.

Never was there a more masterly or successful manœuvre. By superior generalship, every plan of the enemy was baffled; although constantly on the watch, he never had it in his power to attack our retreating army to the smallest advantage. The confession escaped from Napoleon himself, that it was on his part "*a day of false manœuvres.*" In the mean time it is impossible to describe the panic that the news of this retreat spread at Brussels. Nobody could convince the Belgians that a retreat and a flight were not one and the same thing; and, firmly convinced that the English had been defeated, they fully expected every moment to see them enter Brussels in the utmost confusion, with the French after them; even the English themselves, who had the most unbounded confidence in the British army and its commanders, and who were certain that if they retreated it would be with good order, steady discipline, and undaunted courage, began to fear that the immense superiority of the enemy had made the Duke judge it prudent to fall back until joined by fresh reinforcements.

It would be endless to dwell upon every fresh panic. An open town like Brussels, within a few miles of contending armies, is subject to perpetual alarms, and scarcely an hour passed without some false reports occurring to spread general terror and confusion. Every hour only served to add to the dismay. So great was the alarm in Brussels on

Saturday evening, that one hundred napoleons were offered in vain for a pair of horses to go to Antwerp, a distance of thirty miles; and numbers set off on foot, and embarked in boats upon the canal. In the afternoon, a violent thunder-storm came on, followed by torrents of rain, which during the whole of the night, when the army were laying unsheltered upon the field of Waterloo, never ceased a single moment. On Sunday the terror and confusion reached its highest point. News arrived of the French having gained a complete victory, and it was universally believed. A dreadful panic had seized the men left in charge of the baggage, in the rear of the army, and they ran away with a rapidity that could not have been surpassed even by the French themselves. The road between Waterloo and Brussels, which lays through the Forest of Soignes, is completely confined on either side by trees; it was soon choked up; those behind attempted to get past those before—officers' servants were struggling to secure their masters' baggage—panic-struck people forcing their way over every obstacle, with the desperation of fear,—and a complete scuffle ensued, which might really be called a battle burlesqued, in which numbers of horses were killed, and some lives lost, not to mention the innumerable broken heads and black bruises sustained on the occasion.

The road was covered with broken and overturned waggons—heaps of abandoned baggage—dead horses, and terrified people. In some places, horses, waggons, and all, were driven over high banks by the road side, in order to clear a passage.

the roads nearly impassable, and it was impossible for the wounded to be brought from the field. Certainly these *Waterloo Men*, who came flying into Brussels on Sunday, did not cut a very glorious figure!

At Antwerp, though more distant from the scene of action, the consternation was nearly as great. Long rows of carriages lined the streets, filled with fugitives, who could find no place of shelter; and people of rank and fortune were glad to eat and sleep in one and the same miserable hole, which at any other time they would have disdained to enter. So great was the universal anxiety, that during the whole of Sunday, though the rain was almost incessant, the great Place de Maire was crowded with people, who stood from morning until night, under umbrellas, impatiently watching the arrival of news from the army, and assailing every body who entered the town with fruitless inquiries.

"Whether in Antwerp or Brussels, (observes the author just cited) the hearts and souls of all were with the army. One common interest bound together all ranks and conditions of men. All other subjects—all other considerations were forgotten—all distinctions were levelled—all common forms thrown aside and neglected,—ladies accosted men they had never seen before with eager questions; no preface—no apology—no ceremony was thought of—strangers conversed together like friends—all ranks of people addressed each other without hesitation—every body seeking—every body giving information—and English reserve seemed no longer to exist.

"It is impossible to imagine the strong overpower-

ing anxiety of being so near such eventful scenes, without being able to learn what is really passing. To know that within a few miles such an awful contest is deciding—to hear even the distant voice of war—to think that in the roar of every cannon, your brave countrymen are falling, bleeding, and dying—to dread that your friends, even those dearest to you, may be the victims—to endure the long and protracted suspense—the constant agitation—the varying reports—the incessant alarms—the fluctuating hopes, and doubts, and fears—no—none but those who have felt what it is, can conceive or understand it.

"This state of suspense had lasted three days. Continual vague and contradictory reports, and rumours of evil, were brought in, during the whole of Sunday, which only served to increase the general anxiety. At length, between nine and ten in the evening, some wounded British officers arrived on horseback from the field, bringing the dreadful news, that the battle was lost, and that Brussels was, actually in the possession of the French! This was corroborated by fugitives from Brussels, who affirmed they had seen the French in the town; and one gentleman declared he had been pursued by them, half way to Malines. It was even asserted, that the French had entered Malines: later accounts tended to confirm these disastrous tidings, and Antwerp was filled with consternation and dismay. Many people set off for Holland, thinking Antwerp no longer safe. Through the whole night, carriages filled with the wounded—heavy waggons loaded with military stores—trains of artillery and ammu-

siege, continued to pour into the town. It was then, when fear almost amounted to certainty, when suspense had ended in despair, after a night of misery—that the great, the glorious news burst upon us—that the Allies had gained a complete victory—that the French—defeated—routed—dispersed—had fled from the field of battle—pursued by our conquering troops. No words can describe the feelings of that moment—no eloquence can paint the transport which filled every breast, and brought tears into every eye. An express arrived at eight in the morning, bringing a bulletin to Lady Fitzroy Somerset, dated from Waterloo, the preceding night, merely containing a brief account of the victory. The tumults, the acclamations, the rejoicings which ensued—the voluble joy of the Belgians, the more silent heartfelt thankfulness of the British, the contending feelings of triumph, pity, sorrow, anxiety, gratitude, and admiration, may be conceived, but they cannot be described."

But to return to our account of the great military operations which were now going on. After the *taking of Charleroi*, which we have related at page 37, upon the 16th, at three in the morning, the troops which had hitherto remained on the right of the Sambre, crossed that river; and now Bonaparte began to develope the daring plan which he had formed, of attacking, upon one and the same day, two such opponents as Wellington and Blucher. The left wing of the French army, consisting of the first and second corps, and of four divisions of cavalry, was entrusted to Ney, who had been suddenly called from a sort of disgraceful retirement,

He was commanded to march upon Brussels by Gosselies and Frasnes, overpowering such opposition as might be offered to him in his progress by the Belgian troops, and by the British who might advance to their support.

The centre and right wing of the army, with the imperial guards, (who were kept in reserve) marched to the right towards Fleurus against Blucher and the Prussians. They were under the immediate command of Bonaparte himself.

Upon the 16th, the left wing of the French under General Ney, commenced its march for Brussels by the road of Gosselies. At Frasnes they encountered and drove before them some Belgian troops who were stationed in that village. But the gallant Prince of Orange, worthy of his name, of his education under Wellington, and of the rank which he now holds in Europe, was coming to the support of his advanced posts, and reinforced them so as to keep the enemy in check.

Battle of Quatre Bras.

It was of the utmost importance to maintain the position which was now occupied by the Belgians, being an alignement between the villages of Sart à Mouline and Quatre Bras. The latter farm-house, or village, derives its name from being the point where the highway from Charleroi to Brussels is intersected by another road at nearly right angles. These roads were both essential to the allies; by the high-road they communicated with Brussels, and by that which intersected it with the right of

large and thick wood, called Le Bois de Bossu, skirted the road to Brussels on the right hand of the English position; along the edge of that wood was a hollow way, which might almost be called a ravine; and between the wood and the French position were several fields of rye, which grows in Flanders to an unusual and gigantic height. In this situation, it became the principal object of the French to secure the wood from which they might debouche upon the Brussels road. The English division which was destined to support the Prussians, was now most furiously attacked by the rest of the French army that had come up, with Marshal Ney at their head, amounting to not less than 40,000 men. There had been much skirmishing about this point during the whole of the morning; the main attack was made after three o'clock. The Brunswick corps and the fifth division had happily arrived, and maintained the position with the most signal intrepidity, under the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, Sir Thomas Picton, Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack. The Prince of Orange was at one time surrounded; a battalion of Belgians delivered him; he took off the insignia of his order, and threw it among them, saying, "Children, you have all deserved it!" They fastened it to their colours on the field of battle, amid the cries of "Long live the Prince!" They swore to defend it till death, and many actually fell while they were pronouncing the oath. General Picton was wounded—but knowing how much was to be done, he would not mention his wound, lest he should be hindered from being present in the subsequent actions; nor was it till after his death, in the battle

of the 78th, that this wound, so heroically concealed, and dressed only with a piece of a torn handkerchief, applied to it in secret by Sir Thomas Picton himself, was discovered. The Duke of Brunswick, in the ardour of battle, was carried into the fire of small arms,—a musket ball went through his bridle-hand, into the belly, and entered the liver; he died in a few minutes, greatly and deservedly lamented.

In this action, which was neither less obstinate, nor (in proportion to the forces engaged) less bloody than that at Ligny, the French had many circumstances in their favour. They were not only superior in numbers, but they were comparatively fresh; whereas the allies had been marching from the preceding midnight, for fifteen hours, without food or drink, except the water they procured on their march. The fields were covered with corn growing as high as the tallest man's shoulders; availing themselves of this, and of an inequality of ground, they posted a strong body of cuirassiers so as effectually to conceal them; and the 79th and 42nd regiments were thus taken by surprise. The former, which suffered most severely, would have been destroyed, if the 42nd had not come up. Forming itself into a sqaure, it was repeatedly broken, and as repeatedly formed again. Of this regiment, which was eight hundred strong, only ninety-six privates and four officers are said to have come out of the field unhurt. Generals Alten, Halket, Cooke, Maitland, and Byng successively arrived, and the troops most gallantly maintained their position till night, having completely repulsed all the enemy's efforts

to obtain possession of it. The repeated attacks made upon them by a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery, were all repelled in the steadiest manner. On this day, the British guards, several regiments of infantry, and the Scottish brigade covered themselves with glory.

Battle of Ligny.

When Bonaparte moved with his centre and right wing against Blucher, he certainly conceived that he left to Ney a more easy task than his own; and that the Marshal would find no difficulty in pushing his way to Brussels, or near it, before the English army could be concentrated in sufficient force to oppose him. To himself he reserved the task of coping with Blucher, and by his overthrow cutting off all communication between the Prussian and British armies, and compelling each to seek safety in isolated and unconnected movements. The Prussian veteran was strongly posted to receive the enemy, whom upon earth he hated most. His army occupied a line where three villages, built upon broken and unequal ground, served each as a separate redoubt, defended by infantry, and well furnished with artillery. The village of St. Amand was occupied by his right wing, his centre was posted at Ligny, and his left at Sombref.

All these hamlets are strongly built, and contain several houses, with large court-yards and orchards, each of which is capable of being converted into a station of defence. The ground behind these vil-

lages forms an amphitheatre of some elevation, in front of which was a deep ravine, edged by straggling thickets of trees. The villages were in front of the ravine; and masses of infantry were stationed behind each, destined to reinforce the defenders as occasion required. In this strong position Blucher had assembled three corps of his army, amounting to 80,000 men. But the fourth corps, commanded by Bulow, being in distant cantonments between Liege and Hannut, had not yet arrived at the point of concentration. The force of the assailants is stated in the Prussian dispatches at 130,000 men. But as Ney had at least 30,000 soldiers under him at Quatre Bras, it would appear that the troops under Bonaparte's immediate command at the battle of Ligny, even including a strong reserve, which consisted of the first entire division, could not exceed 100,000 men. The forces, therefore, actually engaged on both sides, might be nearly equal. They were equal also in courage and in mutual animosity.

Fired by sentiments of national hostility, the ordinary rules of war, those courtesies and acts of lenity which on other occasions afford some mitigation of its horrors, were renounced upon both sides. The *Prussians first* declared their purpose to give and receive no quarter. Two of the French divisions hoisted the black flag, as an intimation of the same intention. With such feelings towards each other, the two armies joined battle.

The engagement commenced at three in the afternoon, by a furious cannonade, under cover of which the third corps of the French army, commanded by

They were received by the Prussians with the most determined resistance, in despite of which they succeeded in carrying the village at the point of the bayonet, and established themselves in the church and church-yard. The Prussians made the most desperate efforts to recover possession of this village, which was the key of their right-wing. Blucher put himself at the head of a battalion in person, and impelled them on the French with such success, that one end of the village was again occupied; and the Prussians regained possession of that part of the heights behind it, which, in consequence of Vandamme's success, they had been obliged to abandon.

The village of Ligny, attacked and defended with the same fury and inveteracy, was repeatedly lost and regained, each party being alternately reinforced from masses of infantry, disposed behind that part of the village which they respectively occupied. Several houses inclosed with court-yards, according to the Flemish fashion, formed each a separate redoubt, which was furiously assailed by the one party, and obstinately made good by the other. It is impossible to conceive the fury with which the troops on both sides were animated. Each soldier appeared to be avenging his own personal quarrel; and the slaughter was in proportion to the length and obstinacy of a five hours combat, fought hand to hand, within the crowded and narrow streets of a village.

There was also a sustained cannonade on both sides through the whole of the afternoon. But in this species of warfare the Prussians sustained a

masses being drawn up in an exposed situation upon the ridge and sides of the heights behind the villages, while those of the French were sheltered by the winding hollows of the lower grounds. While this desperate contest continued, Bonaparte apparently began to doubt of its ultimate success. To ensure the storming of St. Amand, he ordered the first corps of infantry, which was stationed near Frasnes, with a division of the second corps commanded by Girard, and designed to be a reserve either to his own army or to that of Marshal Ney, to move to the right to assist in the attack. Of this movement Ney complained heavily in a letter to Fouché, as depriving him of the means of ensuring a victory at Quatre Bras.

The reinforcement, as it happened, was unnecessary, so far as the first corps was concerned; for about seven o'clock Vandamme had, after reiterated efforts, surmounted the resistance of the Prussians at St. Amand; and Girard had obtained possession of Ligny. Sombref, upon the left of the Prussian line, was still successfully defended by the Saxon general, Thielmann, against Marshal Grouchy; and the Prussians, though driven from the villages in front of the amphitheatre of hills, still maintained their alignement upon the heights themselves, impatiently expecting to be succoured, either by the English or by their own fourth division under Bulow. But the Duke of Wellington was himself actively engaged at Quatre Bras; and Bulow had found it impossible to surmount the difficulties attending a long march through bad roads and a difficult country. In the meanwhile Bonaparte brought this dreadful engagement to a decision by one of

those skilful and daring manœuvres which characterize his tactics.

Being now possessed of the village of Ligny, which fronted the centre of the Prussian line, he concentrated upon that point the imperial guards, whom he had hitherto kept in reserve. Eight battalions of this veteran and distinguished infantry, formed into one formidable column, supported by four squadrons of cavalry, two regiments of cuirassiers, and the horse grenadiers of the guard, traversed the village of Ligny at the *pas de charge*, threw themselves into the ravine which separates the village from the heights, and began to ascend them, under a dreadful fire of grape and musketry from the Prussians. They sustained this murderous discharge with the greatest gallantry, and, advancing against the Prussian line, made such an impression upon the masses of which it consisted, as threatened to break through the centre of their army, and thus cut off the communication between the two wings; the French cavalry, at the same time, charged and drove back that of the Prussians.

In this moment of consternation, the cause of Europe had nearly suffered a momentous loss in the death or captivity of Blucher. The gallant veteran had himself headed an unsuccessful charge against the French cavalry; and his horse being shot under him in the retreat, both the fliers and pursuers passed over him as he lay on the ground; an adjutant threw himself down beside his general, to share his fate; and the first use which the Prince Marshal made of his recovered recollection was, to conjure his faithful attendant rather to shoot him than to

Meantime, the Prussian cavalry had rallied, charged, and in their turn repulsed the French, who again galloped past the Prussian general, as he lay on the ground, covered with the cloak of the adjutant, with the same precipitation as in their advance. The general was then disengaged and remounted, and proceeded to organize the retreat, which was now become a measure of indispensable necessity.

The Prussian artillery, being dispersed along the front of an extended line, could not be easily withdrawn, and several pieces fell into the hands of the French. Blucher's official despatch limits the number of guns thus lost to fifteen, which Bonaparte extends to fifty. But the infantry, retiring regularly, and in masses impenetrable to the cavalry of the pursuers, amply preserved that high character of discipline, which, in the campaigns of the preceding year, had repeatedly enabled them to convert retreat and disorder of one day into advance and victory upon the next.

In their retreat, which they continued during the night, they took the direction of Tilly; and in the next morning were followed by General Thielmann with the left wing, who, after evacuating the village of Sombref, which he had maintained during the whole preceding day, formed the rear-guard of the Prince Marshal's army. Being at length joined by the fourth corps, under General Bulow, the Prussian army was once more concentrated in the neighbourhood of the village of Wavre, ten miles behind the scene of their former defeat; and the utmost exertions were used by Blucher, and the officers under him, to place it in a condition for renewing the conflict.

The carnage of the Prussians in this unsuccessful battle was very great; and is estimated at twenty thousand men, being one-fourth part of their whole army. Bonaparte, however, only rates it at fifteen thousand *hors de combat;* an enormous loss, especially considering, that, owing to the inveteracy of the combat, and the steady valour displayed by the vanquished in their retreat, there were hardly any prisoners taken.

The events of the 16th had a material influence on the plans of the generals on either side. While the Duke of Wellington was proposing to follow up his advantage at Quatre Bras, by attacking Ney at Frasnes, he received, on the morning of the 17th, the news that Blucher had been defeated on the preceding day, and was in full retreat. This left the Duke no option but to fall back to such a corresponding position as might maintain his lateral communication with the Prussian right wing; since to have remained in advance would have given Bonaparte an opportunity either to have placed his army betwixt those of England and Prussia, or, at his choice, to have turned his whole force against the Duke's army, which was inferior in numbers. The English general accordingly resolved upon retreating towards Brussels; a movement which he accomplished in the most perfect order, the rear being protected by the cavalry under the gallant Earl of Uxbridge.

Meantime, Bonaparte had also taken his resolution. The defeat of the Prussians had placed it in his option to pursue them with his whole army, excepting those troops under Ney, who were in front of the Duke of Wellington. But this would have

been to abandon Ney to almost certain destruction; since, if he was unable, on the preceding day, to make any impression on the van of the British army alone, it was scarce possible he could withstand them, when supported by their main body, and joined by reinforcements of every kind. In the supposed event of Ney's defeat, Bonaparte's rear would have been exposed to a victorious English army, while he knew, by repeated experience, how speedily and effectually Blucher could rally his Prussians even after a severe defeat. He made it his choice, therefore, to turn his whole force against the English, leaving only Grouchy and Vandamme, with about twenty-five thousand men, to hang upon the rear of Blucher; and by pursuing his retreat from Sombref to Wavre, to occupy his attention, and prevent his attempting to take a share in the expected action with the British.

Bonaparte probably expected to find the English army upon the ground which it had occupied during the 16th. But the movement of his own forces from St. Amand and Ligny to Frasnes, had occupied a space of time which was not left unemployed by the Duke of Wellington. The retreat had already commenced, and the position at Quatre Bras was, about eleven in the forenoon, only occupied by a strong rear-guard, destined to protect the retrograde movement of the British general. Bonaparte put his troops in motion to pursue his retiring enemy. The day was stormy and rainy in the extreme; and the roads, already broken up by the English artillery in their advance and retreat, were very nearly impassable. The cavalry, whose duty

were obliged to march through fields of standing corn, which being reduced to swamps by the wetness of the season, rendered rapid movement impossible.

This state of the weather and roads was of no small advantage to the British army, who had to defile through the narrow streets of the village of Genappe, and over the bridge which there crosses a small river, in the very face of the pursuing enemy. Their cavalry once or twice attacked the rear-guard, but received so severe a check from the Life Guards and Oxford Blues, that they afterwards left the march undisturbed. With little further interruption on the part of the enemy, the British army retired upon the ever memorable field of Waterloo, and there took up a position upon the road to Brussels.

The Duke of Wellington having made his arrangements for the night, established his head-quarters at a petty inn in the small village of Waterloo, about a mile in the rear of the position. The army slept upon their arms upon the ridge of a gentle declivity, chiefly covered with standing corn.

The French, whose forces were gradually coming up during the evening, occupied a ridge nearly opposite to the position of the English army. The villages in the rear of that rising ground were also filled with the soldiers of their numerous army. Bonaparte established his head-quarters at Planchenoit, a small village in the rear of the position. Thus arranged, both generals and their respective armies waited the arrival of morning, and the events it was to bring.

The night, as if the elements meant to match

EXPLANATION.

A First Attack directed to the Post of Houguemont.
B Second Attack near the British left.
C Third Attack directed to the Post of la Haye Sainte.
D Free. The chief station of the Duke of Wellington.
E. Station of the Prince of Orange where he received his wound.
FF Young Guard of France in reserve with an immense column of Cavalry of the Guards to their right.
G Final Attack extending towards B repulsed by the Highlanders & Scots Greys.
H The Spot where the Duke of Wellington & Prince Blucher met.
I The House where Napoleon supped the Night before the Battle.

N°1 The Regiments of the Division of General Clinton.
2 General Cooke Comprising the Guards.
3 General Alten.
4 General Kempt.
5 General Sir Thomas comprising the Highland Regiments.
6 British Cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.
7 Infantry of Nassau Usingen.
8 Troops of the Duke of Brunswick.
9 British Light Artillery.
10 Belgean Troops.

K Where Napoleon slept.
L The famous Telegraph to which Napoleon never went after the Battle was begun.
M One of the charges of the First Dragoons Ennistallen & Scots Greys.
N Napoleon's station during the Battle with the Farmer Lacoste.

their fury with that which was preparing for the morning, was stormy in the extreme, accompanied by furious gusts of wind, heavy bursts of rain, continued and vivid flashes of lightning, and the loudest thunder our officers had ever heard. Both armies had to sustain this tempest in the exposed situation of an open bivouack, without means either of protection or refreshment.

Battle of Waterloo.

The field of battle at Waterloo is easily described. The forest of Soignies, a wood composed of beech trees growing uncommonly close together, is traversed by the road from Brussels, a long broad causeway, which, upon issuing from the wood, reaches the small village of Waterloo.* Beyond this point, the wood assumes a more straggling and dispersed appearance, until about a mile farther, where at an extended ridge, called the heights of Mount St. John, from a farm-house situated upon the

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* The appearance of this forest is thus faithfully described by a modern poet:

Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beech's glossy bough,
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest-ground.
Stems planted close by stems defy
The adventurous foot—the curious eye
For access seeks in vain;
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strewed on the blighted ground receives,
Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.

Brussels road, the trees almost entirely disappear. and the country becomes quite open. Along this eminence the British forces were disposed in two lines. The second, which lay behind the brow of the hill, was, in some degree, sheltered from the enemy's fire. The first line, consisting of the *elite* of the infantry, occupied the crest of the ridge, and were on the left partly defended by a long hedge and ditch, which, running in a straight line from the hamlet of Mount St. John towards the village of Ohain, gives name to two farm houses. The first, which is situated in advance of the hedge, and at the bottom of the declivity, is called La Haye Sainte, (the holy hedge,) the other, placed at the extremity of the fence, is called Ter la Haye.

The ground at Ter la Haye becomes woody and broken, so that it afforded a strong point at which to terminate the British line upon the left. A road runs from Ter la Haye to Ohain and the woody passes of St. Lambert, through which the Duke of Wellington kept up a communication by his left with the Prussian army. The centre of the English army occupied the village of Mount St. John, on the middle of the ridge, just where the great causeway from Brussels divides into two roads, one of which branches off to Nivelles, and the other continues the straight line to Charleroi.

A strong advanced post of Hanoverian sharp shooters occupied the house and farm-yard of La Haye Sainte, situated in advance upon the Charleroi road, and just at the bottom of the hill. The right of the British army, extending along the same eminence, occupied and protected the Nivelles road as

far as the inclosures of Hougoumont, and, turning rather backwards, rested its extreme right upon a deep ravine. Advanced posts from thence occupied the village called Braine la Leude, on which point there was no engagement.

The ground in front of the British position sloped easily down into lower ground, forming a sort of valley, not a level plain, but a declivity varied by many gentle sweeps and hollows, as if formed by the course of a river. The ground then ascends in the same manner to a ridge opposite to that of Mount St. John, and running parellel to it at the distance of twelve or fourteen hundred yards. This was the position of the enemy. It is in some points nearer, and in others more distant from the heights, or ridge, of Mount St. John, according as the valley between them is of greater or less breadth.

The valley between the two ridges is entirely open and uninclosed, and on that memorable day bore a tall and strong crop of corn. But in the centre of the valley, about half way betwixt the two ridges, and situated considerably to the right of the English centre, was the Chateau de Goumont, or Hougoumont. This was a gentleman's house of the old Flemish architecture, having a tower, and battlements. It was surrounded on one side by a large farm-yard, and on the other opened to a garden, and fenced by a brick wall. The whole was encircled by an open grove of tall trees, covering a space of about three or four acres, without any underwood. This chateau, with the advantages afforded by its wood and gardens, formed a strong *point d'appui* to the British right wing.

In fact, while this point was maintained, it must have been difficult for the French to have made a serious attack upon the extremity of our right wing. On the other hand, had they succeeded in carrying Hougoumont, our line must have been confined to the heights, extending towards Merke Braine, which rather recede from the field, and would have been in consequence much limited and crowded in its movements.

Such was the position of the British army on this memorable morning. That of the French is less capable of distinct description. Their troops had bivouacked on the field, or occupied the villages behind the ridge of La Belle Alliance. Their general had his choice of his mode of attack upon the English position, a word which, in this case, can only be used in a general sense, as a situation for an order of battle, but not in any respect as denoting ground which was naturally strong, or easily defended.

The imperfect dawn of the 18th, was attended by the same broken and tempestuous weather, by which the night had been distinguished. But the interval of rest, such as it was, had not been neglected by the British, who had gained time to clean their arms, distribute ammunition, and prepare every thing for the final shock of battle. Provisions had also been distributed to the troops, most of whom had thus the means of breakfasting with some comfort.

Early in the morning, numerous bodies of French cavalry began to occupy all the ridge of La Belle Alliance, opposite to that of Mount St. John, and

them, an engagement was expected between the cavalry of both armies, which our infantry supposed they would only view in the capacity of spectators. The desertion of a French officer of cuirassiers, attached to the party of Louis XVIII. conveyed other information; he assured Lord Hill, and subsequently the Duke of Wellington, that a general attack was intended, which would commence on our right by a combined force of infantry and cavalry.

In the meanwhile, the communication between our army and the Prussians by our left flank had been uninterrupted. One sentiment, seemed unanimous among the Prussians—an eager and enthusiastic desire to press forward to obtain their share of the glories and dangers of the day, and to revenge their losses upon the 16th. An officer of engineers, who was dispatched so early as four in the morning, accompanied Bulow's division, already on march to our assistance, struggling with the defiles of St. Lambert, through roads which were rendered worse and worse by every succeeding regiment and brigade of artillery. They used every effort to get into the field. But the movement was a lateral one, made across a country naturally deep and broken, rendered more so by the late heavy rains; and on the whole, so unfit for the passage of a large body of troops, with their cavalry, artillery, &c. that even these officers, well mounted as they were, and eager to make their report to the department from which they had been dispatched, did not reach the field of battle till after eleven o'clock.

The engagement had already commenced. It is said, Bonaparte fired the first gun with his own hand, which it [illegible]

he was in full view of the field when the battle began, and remained upon it till no choice was left him but that of death or rapid flight. His first post was a high wooden observatory, which had been constructed when a trigonometrical survey of the country was made by order of the King of the Netherlands some weeks before. But he afterwards removed to the high grounds in front of La Belle Alliance, and finally to the foot of the slope upon the road to Brussels. He was attended by his staff, and squadrons of *service*, destined to protect his person. Soult, Ney, and other officers of distinction, commanded under him, but he issued all orders, and received all reports in person.

The first attack of the French, as had been announced by the royalist officer, was directed towards our right wing, embracing the post of Hougoumont and the high road to Nivelles. The fury of the attack was such, that a body of sharp-shooters of Nassau Ussingen, to whom the grove of Hougoumont had been confided, abandoned that part of the post, and the chateau itself must have been carried but for the stubborn and desperate courage of a detachment of the Guards to whom the defence was intrusted. Colonel M'Donnell was obliged to fight hand to hand among the assailants, and was indebted to personal strength, no less than courage, for his success in the perilous duty of shutting the gates of the court-yard against the enemy. The Spanish general, Don Miguel Alava, and his aid-de-camp, exerted themselves to rally the scattered sharp-shooters of Nassau, and Don Nicholas de Mennuisir was particularly distinguished by his activity. By the rout of these light troops, and the

consequent occupation of the wood by the French, Hougoumont was, for a great part of the action, completely an invested and besieged post, indebted for its security to the walls and deep strong ditches, with which the garden and orchard were surrounded, but much more to the valiant spirits of those by whom these defences were maintained. It was currently reported, that, during the attack, the bailiff or steward of the proprietor fired more than once from the summit of the tower upon the British, by whom the court and garden were defended, and that he was at length discovered and shot. At any rate, the place was most furiously assailed from without, and as resolutely defended, the garrison firing through the holes which they knocked out in the garden walls, and through the hedge of the orchard; and the assailants making the most desperate attempts to carry the post, but in vain.

Still, however, Hougoumont being in some degree insulated, and its defenders no longer in communication with the rest of the British army, the French cavalry were enabled to pour round it in great strength to the attack of the British right wing. The light troops, who were in advance of the British line, were driven in by the fury of this general charge, and the foreign cavalry, who ought to have sup ported them, gave way on all sides.

The first forces who offered a steady resistance, where the Black Brunswick infantry. They were drawn up in squares, as most of the British forces were, during this memorable action, each regiment forming a square by itself, not quite solid, but nearly so, the men being drawn up several files deep.

enough to draw up the battalions in line, when they should be ordered to deploy, and the regiments were posted with reference to each other much like the alternate squares upon a chess-board. It was, therefore, impossible for a squadron of cavalry to push between two of these squares, without finding themselves at once assailed by a fire in front from that which was to the rear, and on both flanks from those betwixt which it had moved forward. Often and often during that day, was the murderous experiment resorted to, and almost always with the same bad success.

Yet, although this order of battle possesses every efficient power of combination for defence against cavalry, its exterior is far from imposing. The men thus drawn up, occupy the least possible space of ground, and a distinguished officer, who was destined to support the Brunswickers, says, that when he saw the furious onset of the French cavalry, with a noise and clamour that seemed to unsettle the firm earth over which they galloped, and beheld the small detached black masses, which, separated from each other, stood each individually exposed to be overwhelmed by the torrent, he almost trembled for the event. But when the Brunswick troops opened their fire with coolness, readiness, and rapidity, the event seemed no longer doubtful.

The artillery also, which was never in higher order, or more distinguished for excellent practice, made dreadful gaps in the squadrons of cavalry, and strewed the ground with men and horses, who were advancing to the charge. Still this was far from repressing the courage of the French, who pressed

nued and immense slaughter which was made among their ranks. Or, if the attack of the cavalry was suspended for a space, it was but to give room for the operation of their artillery, which, within the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, played upon so obvious a mark as our solid squares afforded with the most destructive effect. "One fire," says a general officer, "struck down seven men of the square, with whom I was for the moment; the next was less deadly—it only killed three." Yet under such a fire, and in full view of these clouds of cavalry, waiting, like birds of prey, to dash upon them where the slaughter should afford the slightest opening, did these gallant troops close their files over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades, and resume with stern composure, that close array of battle, which their discipline and experience taught them, afforded the surest means of defence.

After the most desperate efforts on the part of the French, to push back our right wing, and particularly, to establish themselves on the road to Nivelles, and after a defence on the part of the British, which rendered these efforts totally unavailing, the battle slackened in some degree in this quarter, to rage with greater fury, if possible, towards the left and centre of the British line.

It was now upon the village of Mount St. John, and making use of the causeway or high-road between that hamlet and La Belle Alliance, that Bonaparte precipitated his columns, both of infantry and cavalry, under a tremendous fire of artillery, that was calculated to sweep every obstacle from their course. The ridge of the hill was, up this

cond line was posted behind it, and thus protected, in some degree, from the direct fire, though not from the showers of shells which were thrown on purpose to annoy the troops, whom the enemy with reason supposed to be thus sheltered. The first line derived some advantage from a straggling hedge, (the same which, as already mentioned, gives the name of La Haye Sainte to the farm,) extending along their centre and left, and partly masking it, though so far from being strong enough to serve as an entrenchment or breastwork, it could be penetrated by cavalry in almost every direction. Such as it was, however, its line of defence, or rather the troops by whom it was occupied, struck awe into the assailants; and while they hesitated to advance to charge it, they were themselves in their turn, charged and overwhelmned by the British cavalry, who, dashing through the fence at the intervals which admitted of it, formed, charged, and dispersed the battalions which were advancing upon their line.

The French cavalry came up to support their infantry, and where the British were in the least dispersed, which, from the impetuosity of the men and horses, was frequently unavoidable, our troops suffered severely. This was particularly experienced by some distinguished regiments, whom the military fashion of the times has converted into hussars, from that excellent old English establishment, formerly called Light Dragoons, which combined with much activity, a degree of weight that cannot belong to troopers more slightly mounted.

After the most undaunted exertions on the part of the officers, seconding those of the Earl of Ur-

bridge, our light cavalry were found to suffer cruelly in their unequal encounter with the ponderous and sword-proof cuirassiers, and even with the lancers. Many were killed, and several made prisoners. Even the *German Legion*, so distinguished for discipline and courage during the peninsular conflicts, were unequal, on this occasion, to sustain the shock of the French cavalry. And thus, such had been Bonaparte's dexterity in finding resources, and in applying them, the French seemed to have a temporary superiority in that very description of force, with which it was supposed altogether impossible he could be adequately provided.

It was upon this occasion that Sir John Elley, now quarter-master-general, requested and obtained permission to bring up the heavy brigade, consisting of the Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, and the Scotch Greys, and made a charge, the effect of which was tremendous. Notwithstanding the weight and armour of the cuirassiers, and the power of their horses, they proved altogether unable to withstand the shock of the heavy brigade, being literally rode down, both horse and man, while the strength of the British soldiers was no less pre-eminent when they mingled and fought hand to hand. Several hundreds of French were forced headlong over a sort of quarry or gravel-pit, where they rolled a confused and undistinguishable mass of men and horses, exposed to a fire, which being poured closely into them, soon put a period to their struggles. Amidst the fury of the conflict some traces occurred of military indifference which merit being recorded.

The Life Guards coming up in the rear of the ninety-fifth, which distinguished regiment acted as

sharpshooters in front of the line, sustaining and repelling a most formidable onset of the French, called out to them, as if it had been on the parade in the Park, "Bravo, ninety-fifth! do you *lather* them, and we'll *shave* them!"—Amid the confusion presented by the fiercest and closest cavalry fight which had ever been seen, many individuals distinguished themselves by feats of personal strength and valour. Among these should not be forgotten the famous SHAW, a corporal of the Life Guards, well known as a pugilistic champion, and equally formidable as a swordsman.* He is supposed to have slain or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hand, before he was killed by a musket or pistol-shot.

But officers also of rank and distinction, whom the usual habits of modern war render rather the directors than the actual agents of slaughter, were in this desperate action, seen fighting hand to hand like common soldiers. "You are uncommonly savage to-day," said an officer to his friend, a young man of rank, who was arming himself with a third sabre, after two had been broken in his "What would you have me do," answered the other, by nature one of the most gentle and humane men breathing, "we are here to kill the French, and he is the best man to-day who can kill most of them?"—and he again threw himself into the midst of the combat. Sir John Elley, who led the charge of the heavy brigade, was himself distinguished for personal prowess. He was at one time surrounded by several of the cuirassiers; but, being a tall and uncommonly powerful man, completely master of

* See a fuller account of this hero, in a future page.

his sword and horse, he cut his way out, leaving several of his assailants on the ground, marked with wounds, indicating the unusual strength of the arm which inflicted them.

The French cavalry was completely beaten off, and of their infantry, about 3000 threw down their arms, and were sent off to Brussels as prisoners. The contest was indeed so far from being decided, that it raged with the most uninterrupted fury; it had paused in some degree upon the centre and left, but only to be renewed with double ferocity in the right wing.

The attack was commenced by successive columns of cavalry, rolling after each other like waves of the sea. The Belgian horse, who were destined to oppose them, again gave way, and galloped from the field in great disorder. Our advanced line of guns was stormed by the French, the artillerymen receiving orders to leave them, and retire within the squares of infantry.

Large bodies of French cavalry now rode furi-
up and down amongst our small squares of infantry, seeking with desperate courage some point where they might break in upon them, but in vain. In the mean time, a brigade of horse-artillery, commanded by the lamented Major Norman Ramsay, opened its fire upon the columns. They retreated repeatedly, but it was only to advance with new fury, and to renew attempts which it seemed impossible for human strength and courage ultimately to with stand. As frequently as the cavalry retreated, our artillerymen rushing out of the squares in which they had found shelter, began again to work their

pieces, and made a destructive fire on the retiring squadrons.

Two officers of artillery were particularly noticed, who, being in a square which was repeatedly charged, rushed out of it the instant the cavalry retreated, loaded one of the deserted guns which stood near, and fired it upon the horsemen. A French officer observed that this manœuvre was repeated more than once, and cost his troop many lives. At the next retreat of his squadron, he stationed himself by his gun, waving his sword, as if defying the British officers again to approach it. He was instantly shot by a grenadier, but prevented by his self-devotion a considerable loss to his countrymen.

Other French officers and men evinced the same desperate and devoted zeal in the cause which they had so rashly and unhappily espoused. One officer of rank, after leading his men as far as they would follow him towards one of the squares of infantry, found himself deserted by them, when the British fire opened, and instantly rode upon the bayonets, throwing open his arms as if to welcome the buffet which should bring him down.

The coolness of the British soldiers was so striking as almost to appear miraculous. Amid the infernal noise, hurry, and clamour of the bloodiest action ever fought, the officers were obeyed as if on the parade; and such was the precision with which the men gave their fire, that the aid-de-camp could ride round each square with perfect safety, being sure that the discharge would be reserved till the precise moment when it ought regularly to be made. The fire was rolling or alternate, keeping up that con-

stant and uninterrupted blaze, upon which it is impossible to force a concentrated and effective charge of cavalry.

The situation of our army, however, now became very critical. The Duke of Wellington had placed his best troops in the first line; they had already suffered severely, and the quality of those who were brought up to support them, was in some instances, found unequal to the task. He himself saw a Belgian regiment give way at the instant it crossed the ridge of the hill, in the act of advancing from the second into the first line. The Duke rode up to them in person, halted the regiment, and again formed it, intending to bring them into the fire himself. They accordingly shouted, *Forward! forward!* but as soon as they crossed the ridge of the hill, and again encountered the storm of balls and shells, from which they had formerly retreated, they went to the right about once more, and left the Duke to seek more resolved followers where he could find them.

The Hanoverian hussars of *Cumberland*, a corps tinguished for their handsome appearance and complete equipments, were also ordered to support a charge made by the British. Their gallant commanding officer showed no alacrity in obeying this order, and indeed, observed so much ceremony, that, after having been once and again ordered to advance, an aid-de-camp of the Duke of Wellington informed him of his Grace's command, that he should either advance or draw off his men entirely, and not remain there to show a bad example, and discourage others.

The *gallant* officer of hussars considering this as a serious option, submitted to his own decision, and

was not long in making his choice; having expressed to the aid-de-camp his sense of the Duke's kindness, and of the consideration which he had for raw troops, under a fire of such unexampled severity, he said he would embrace the alternative of drawing his men off, and posting them behind the hamlet of Saint John. This he accordinlgy did in spite of the reproaches of the aid-de-camp, who took him by the collar, shook him, and loaded him with every epithet that is most disgraceful to a soldier. Many of the officers and soldiers of this unlucky regiment left it in shame, joined themselves to other bodies of cavalry, and behaved well in the action.

During the sanguinary conflict from the centre to the right, the enemy obtained a temporary success on the left of the centre. Some Hanoverian sharpshooters had been stationed in the Farm of La Haye Sainte: by incessantly pouring in fresh troops in great masses, the French succeeded in occupying the communication between them and the army, and when all the ammunition of the besieged was expended, they carried the farm-house. This enabled them, about two o'clock, to occupy a small mound on the left of the road, near where the hedge joins the road from Brussels to Charleroi, and just opposite the gate of the farm; and of this position they retained the possession, until they were subsequently dislodged from it by the grand advance of the British army. The battle still continued to rage on both sides, with desperate intrepidity. The Duke of Wellington was every where present, exposed to the hottest fire in the

was reconnoitring the enemy, and issuing the necessary orders, he at other times performed all the duties a military man could discharge. He was successively general of division, commander of a corps, and colonel of a regiment.

Never indeed were his exertions more needful; for Napoleon, chagrined at finding all the efforts of his troops baffled by the steady bravery of the English soldiers, determined, if possible, to overwhelm them by rapid and incessant attacks of superior numbers. Knowing that his only means of success was to overpower the English before the Prussians could arive in any force, he therefore had recourse to one of those efforts by which he has more than once decided the fate of a campaign. Under cover of as terrific a cannonade as was ever witnessed upon a field of battle, which vomited a deluge of balls and grape-shot upon the English, he formed his cavalry into masses, brought up the whole of the elite of his guards with his reserves, and made a most furious attack upon their centre. The French cavalry rushed forwards to seize the artillery, but was assailed in its turn by the British cavalry: the carnage became terrible; neither side gave way a single step; fresh columns reinforced them, and the charge was renewed.

Three times was the position on the point of being forced; and thrice were they repulsed by the firmness of the British soldiery. These three assaults, made without interruption, and with all the characteristic impetuosity of the French, caused a very serious loss to the English, and required the most vigorous resistance on their part. Our cavalry

artillery was taken. Every battalion was instantly in squares; and, though repeatedly charged by the French cavalry, not a square was broken.

Oftener than once did the Duke of Wellington throw himself into one of these squares, and await the result of a charge, in full reliance upon the steadiness of his men, and in full determination to stand or fall with them. The troops advanced by echelons to cover the guns. On arriving nearly at the line which their cavalry had occupied, the French infantry appeared, and it became necessary for some battalions to deploy, though almost surrounded by the enemy's horse. For about an hour the conflict at times appeared doubtful: the carnage which ensued was such as the British army had never before experienced.

At this time the conflict was most murderous with the third battalion of the first guards, and the rifle battalion of the King's German Legion. Files upon files were carried out to the rear from the carnage: the ammunition of many of the English soldiers being expended, some fell back to procure it, which with their continual loss, quite unsteadied the line; this, at one critical moment, was only held up by main strength, the serjeants having placed their pikes against the men's backs,—not for want of courage in the latter, for they fought most desperately, but because their thinned ranks scarcely enabled them to withstand the overwhelming force brought against them.

Shocking as the slaughter was, it would have been much greater had it not been for the state of the ground, which was thoroughly soaked with

forded better aim to the artillerymen, many shots never rose after they touched the ground, and none bounded so often as they would otherwise have done; the shells also frequently buried themselves, and, when they exploded, threw up the mud like a fountain.

Now it was that the Duke advanced his squares forward to recover and protect the guns: he recalled to the centre the cavalry which had been detached to the flanks; and the French cavalry were at length driven off. Henceforward, and till seven in the evening, repeated attacks were incessantly made along the whole front of the centre, by cavalry and infantry, supported by upwards of three hundred pieces of artillery, which made horrible ravages in our line, and killed and wounded officers, artillerymen, and horses, in the weakest part of the position. Napoleon, aware of this destruction, made a charge with the whole cavalry of his guard, which took some pieces of cannon that could not be withdrawn; but the Duke, who was at this point, charged them with three battalions of English, and three battalions of Brunswickers; in a moment they were compelled to abandon the artillery; which, though the English could not withdraw them for want of horses, the French did not venture an attempt to recover.

Hougoumont on the right, continued to be as fiercely assailed, but more successfully defended. The carnage in that point was dreadful; the French at length had recourse to shells, by which they set on fire, first, a large stack of hay in the farm-yard, and then the chateau itself. Both continued to blaze high in the hair, spreading a

thick black smoke, which ascended far over that of the cannonade, and seemed to announce that some dreadful catastrophe had befallen the little garrison. Many of the wounded had been indeed carried into the chateau for shelter, and horrible to relate, could not be withdrawn from it when it took fire.

The person of the Duke of Wellington was, as we have already said, repeatedly exposed to the greatest dangers. While he stood on the centre of the high-road in front of Mount St. John, several guns were levelled against him, distinguished as he was by his suite, and the movements of the officers about him.

The balls repeatedly grazed a tree on the right hand of the road, which tree now bears his name. "That's good practice," observed the Duke to one of his suite, "I think they fire better than in Spain." Riding up to the 95th, when in front of the line, and even then expecting a formidable charge of cavalry, he said, "Stand fast, 95th—we must not be beat—what will they say in England?"

On another occasion, when many of the best and bravest men had fallen, and the event of the action seemed doubtful even to those who remained, he said, with the coolness of a spectator, who was beholding some well-contested sport—"Never mind, we'll win this battle yet." To another regiment, then closely engaged, he used a common sporting expression; "Hard pounding this, gentlemen; let's see who will pound longest."

Sir William Delancey, struck by a spent ball, fell from his horse—"Leave me to die," he said to those who came to assist him, "attend to the Duke."

Alexander Gordon, received his mortal wound

while expostulating with the General on the personal danger to which he was exposing himself. Lieutenant Colonel Canning, and many of our lost heroes, died with the Duke's name on their expiring lips. One of the Duke's aid-de-camps, was sent off to a general of brigade in another part of the field, with a message of importance. In returning he was shot through the lungs, but, as if supported by the resolution to do his duty, he rode up to the Duke of Wellington, delivered the answer to his message, and then dropped down dead from his horse.

A general officer was under the necessity of stating that his brigade was reduced to one third of its numbers, and that a temporary relief seemed a measure of peremptory necessity. "Tell him," said the Duke, "what he proposes is impossible. He, I, and every Englishman in the field, must die on the spot which we now occupy." "It is enough," returned the general; "I and every man under my command are determined to share his fate."

The evening was now drawing on, and still Napoleon had gained no material advantage. He then advanced his favourite hundred and fifth regiment, composed of the choicest soldiers of whom France could boast. They approached under cover of a shower of grape and canister shot, and horse-nails, which dreadfully raked the English. The line of the third battalion of the first regiment of guards, (which, with the rifle battalion of the king's German, were the manœuvrers of the day) was so dreadfully shattered by this murderous fire, that apprehensions were for a few minutes entertained that they could

not stand. Every officer exerted himself to the utmost; animated by their example, the men fought with desperate valour; and in half an hour, their proud antagonists were totally annihilated.

At this critical juncture an incident occurred, which is too honourable to the individual by whom it was achieved, to be passed in silence:—One of the two surviving colour-serjeants of the third battalion of the 1st guards, (*seven* had entered the field) being for a moment afraid lest they should give way, picked up the coat of their gallant ensign Pardoe, who had been killed, and stripped by the French during some of the manœuvres. The serjeant waved the coat covered with his blood, before his men, whom he cheered, telling them, that while their officers bled, they should not count their lives dear; and rightly judging, that at such a time, if any thing would stimulate his comrades, this would be effective. The result was, as might be expected. The men fought with all their might: and in half an hour (as above-mentioned) they cut the 105th regiment entirely to pieces, and took one stand of colours.

A general hesitation and inquietude now began to prevail through the French army: several dismounted batteries were retiring; and the great numbers of wounded men, who were detached from their columns, spread a serious alarm as to the result of the battle. A profound silence succeeded those proud acclamations and shouts of joy, with which the French soldiers, in the confident anticipation of victory, had begun the day. With the exception of the infantry of the guard, all the troops were engaged, and exposed to a most destructive fire. The action had now continued for many hours with al-

most unabating violence, yet without any decisive result.

It was nearly seven o'clock. Bonaparte, who, till then had remained on the ridge of the hill, whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more numerous the obstacles which presented themselves, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army which reposed boundless confidence in him, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward,—to charge with the bayonet,—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops appeared to be disordered: but his only reply was, *Forward! forward!*—One general sent him information that he could not maintain his position, being dreadfully annoyed by a battery; and requested instructions how to elude its murderous fire—"*Let him storm the battery!*" said Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp, who brought the message.

At this moment it was, when all his efforts had proved abortive, that tidings were brought to Napoleon that the Prussians were opening on his right flank, and threatening his rear. Disregarding these reports, he constantly affirmed that these pretended Prussians were no other than Grouchy's corps; and even abused several aides-de-camp, who brought the intelligence, charging them with fear, and dismissing them with ill humour.

After so peremptory an answer, many of them

ashamed to have been mistaken, heedlessly advanced towards the Prussian Yagers; and, notwithstanding these kept up a sharp fire against them, they approached near enough to be either killed or taken prisoners. In no long time, however, Bonaparte was undeceived by a furious attack on the part of the Prussians: part of the sixth corps was detached to sustain this new shock, until Marshal Grouchy's corps, which was every moment expected, should come up. By his orders, General Labedoyere announced the arrival of Grouchy, and that he was attacking the enemy; and this false intelligence he also spread among the soldiers as he rode along the line.

We now return to the Prussians, whose arrival the English army had been anxiously expecting for some time. It is but an act of justice to them to state that our allies were in the wood close to the extreme left of the English so early as *two o'clock* on this day, though it was six or seven before they could advance so as to operate upon the enemy.

According to the Prussian official accounts, Marshal Blucher had put his army in motion at break of day. The corps of Borstel and Bulow were to march by St. Lambert, occupy a position there under cover of the forest near Fritschermont, and take the enemy in the rear when the moment should appear favourable. Ziethen's corps was to operate on the right flank of the enemy by Ohaim, and Thielmann to follow slowly, and afford succour in case of need. But the two first of these corps had been placed on the east side of the river Dyle at Wavre; they had to cross by a narrow bridge, and to add

houses in the street leading to it were on fire, so that the infantry passed with difficulty, the cavalry and artillery with still greater, and the powder-tumbrils not at all till the fire was extinguished. The passage too by the defile of St. Lambert, was far more difficult than had been expected; so that when it was half past four in the afternoon, only two brigades of Bulow's corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned them.

The decisive moment was come: there was not an instant to be lost; and the general resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which they had at hand. Their way was through the forest of Soignies, a tract consisting of more than 30,000 acres, whence Brussels is supplied with fire-wood. By good fortune the peasant who guided them, was a man of more than common sagacity; and instead of coming out of the forest at Fritschermont, he proposed to descend into the valley lower down, and come out in a direction towards Planchenoit, nearly on the rear of the French reserves. "Then," said he, "we shall take them all." The situation of the Duke of Wellington, at this time, was truly critical: nor can we observe, without shuddering, how much, at this important moment, depended on this peasant; who, had he been less disposed to serve the allies, or less intelligent, might easily have led them into a hollow way where their cannon could not have past. Bonaparte saw them coming out from the wood, and asked one of his adjutants who they were; the adjutant, looking through the glass, replied, "They are Prussian colours:" and Bonaparte, it is said, turned pale, and shook his

When he was at length convinced that the corps which he had so long, and so obstinately taken for that of Marshal Grouchy, was, in reality, a Prussian corps, he began to think that the affair was desperate, and that he had no other resource left, than to make a grand and decisive effort with the reserve of his guard, which was 15,000 strong. They were, therefore, formed with some other troops into a fourth column.

At this moment he assumed an appearance of resolution, which reanimated a little those who surrounded him. He advanced, ordering every one to follow him, which evidently signified, that he wished to be in front. In fact, he made this movement at first, and for about ten minutes headed this formidable column, which remained to him as a forlorn hope. On his arrival, however, within 400 yards of three solid squares of troops that occupied a ridge with a formidable artillery, and which ridge it was necessary to carry, he suddenly stepped aside beneath the broken ground of a ravine, where he was completely sheltered by the rising banks on each side, from all such cannon-balls as did not come in a straight line.

As this column defiled before him, he smiled and addressed to them expressions of confidence and encouragement: he informed them, that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry; and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This address was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were distinctly heard over the British line, and gave rise to the idea, that

warriors were led on by Marshal Ney: their march was very firm, and there was something peculiarly solemn in it. Their appearance was very fierce: a kind of savage silence reigned among them: their countenances presented a mixture of surprise and discontent, occasioned by their unexpected meeting with Napoleon, whom they supposed to have been at their head.

At the same time, Napoleon dispatched instructions to every point, in order to insure success to this movement, upon which he thought the victory to depend. His veteran guards marched up the hill with their usual intrepidity; the whole army resumed its courage, and the battle was renewed throughout the line. Several charges were made upon the left centre of the English army, and after severe conflicts were successfully repelled, one of these charges was directed against the part of the position occupied by the Brunswickers with such vigour, that for an instant, the victory was undecided, and more than doubtful.

The Duke, who felt that the moment was most critical, addressed the Brunswick troops with that ascendancy which every great man possesses, made them return to the charge, and putting himself at their head, again restored the combat, exposing himself to every kind of personal danger. The imperial guard once more advanced, covered by their artillery, towards the spot where the British footguards were lying down to shelter themselves from the fire. The Duke, who was riding behind them, watched their approach, and, when they were within a hundred yards of his men, exclaimed, "*Up*

and assuming the offensive, rushed upon the attacking columns with the bayonet. This body of the Guards had been previously disposed in line, instead of the squares which they had hitherto occupied. But the line was of unusual depth, consisting of four ranks instead of two. "You have stood cavalry in this order," said the General, "and can therefore find no difficulty in charging infantry." The effect of their three fatal cheers, and of the rapid advance which followed, was decisive.

The Duke of Wellington perceiving the disorder of the French retreat, and the advance of the Prussians on their right flank, immediately commanded the British troops to form line, and assume the offensive. The whole line formed four deep, and, supported by the cavalry and artillery, rushed down the slopes, and up the corresponding bank, driving before them the flying French, whose confusion became each moment more irretrievable. The tirailleurs of the Imperial Guard gallantly attempted to cover the retreat. They were charged by the British cavalry, and literally cut to pieces. Bonaparte saw the issue of the fight with the same accuracy as the English General, but with far different feelings. He had shown the utmost coolness and indifference during the whole day, and while he praised the discipline and conduct of particular corps of the British army, whose gallantry he witnessed, he affected to lament their necessary and inevitable destruction; but when he observed his own Imperial Guards recoil in disorder, the cavalry intermixed with the foot, and trampling them down, he said to his aid-de-camp, "*Ils sont meles ensemble!*"

They are all in confusion:) he then looked down, shook his head, and became quite pale.

Two large bodies of British cavalry now appeared in rapid advance on each flank; and as the operations of the Prussians had extended along his right flank, and were rapidly gaining his rear, Bonaparte was in great danger of being made prisoner. He then pronounced the fatal words, "It is time to save ourselves." His immediate attendants, about ten or twelve in number, scrambled along with him out of the hollow way, and gaining the open plain, all fled as fast as their horses could carry them, or the general confusion would admit. Meanwhile the front attack of the English, and that of the Prussians upon the flank, met with slight opposition.

Just as the English army had deployed into line for the general charge, the sun streamed out, as if to shed his setting glories upon the conquerors of that dreadful day. Fatigue and diminution of numbers, even wounds, were forgotten, when the animating command was given to assume the offensive. Headed by the Duke of Wellington himself, with his hat in his hand, the line advanced with the utmost spirit and rapidity.

The fire of the enemy, from one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, did not stop them for a single moment; and in a short time the French artillerymen deserted their guns, cut loose their traces, and mingled in the flight, now altogether confused and universal, the fugitives trampling down those who yet endeavoured to keep their ranks.

The first line had hardly the vestige of military

order when it was flung back on the second, and both became then united in one tide of general and undistinguished flight. Baggage-waggons, artillery-carts, guns overthrown, and all the impediments of a hurried flight, cumbered the open field as well as the causeway, without mentioning the thick-strewn corpses of the slain, and the bodies of the still more miserable wounded, who in vain shrieked and implored compassion, as fliers and pursuers drove headlong over them in the agony of fear or the ecstacy of triumph. All the guns which were in line along the French position, to the number of one hundred and fifty, fell into the immediate possession of the British.

The last gun fired was a howitzer, which the French had left upon the road. It was turned upon their retreat, and discharged by Captain Campbell, aid-de-camp to General Adam, with his own hand, who had thus the honour of concluding the battle of Waterloo, which it has been said, Bonaparte himself commenced. The march and advance of the Prussians crossed the van of the British army, after they had attacked the French position, about the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, and there, or near to that spot, the Duke of Wellington and Prince Marshal Blucher, met to congratulate each other upon their joint success and its important consequences. Here, too, the victorious allies of both countries exchanged military greeting,—the Prussians halting their regimental band to play "God save the King," while the British returned the compliment with three cheers to the honour of Prussia. The Prince Marshal im-

mediately gave orders that every man and horse in his army capable of action, should press upon the rear of the fugitives, without giving them a moment's time to rally.

It was now half past nine at night; and the moon arose with more than ordinary splendour. The van of the Prussian army accelerated its march, and the French were pursued without intermission, and became absolutely disorganized. The Prussians who put no limit to their revenge on the French, and have shown the greatest barbarity to their enemies, listened to no cries of mercy: their light-horse, always formidable on such occasions, made a fearful and indiscriminate slaughter, scarcely interrupted even by the temptation of plundering the baggage with which the roads were choked, and unchecked by an attempt at resistance.* The road, says the Prussian account, presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with innumerable cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy who had attempted to repose for a time, and had not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacks. In some villages, they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of the Prussian drums, or the sound of the Prussian trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down or made prisoners.

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* It may be doubted, we think, how far it was gallant or noble for 20 or 30,000 *fresh troops* to pursue and kill, without discrimi-

The whole march, indeed, was a continued chace either in the corn-fields or the houses.

At Genappe, the French fugitives had entrenched themselves with cannon, and overturned carriages, in the hope of passing the night there: through this place Napoleon had with difficulty escaped about half an hour after midnight, having been detained there an hour and a half before he could make his way through the press, the military waggons being wedged sixteen deep upon the causeway. On the approach of the Prussians, a brisk fire of musketry commenced; some cannon shot, accompanied by a loud *hurrah!* sufficed to frighten away all thought of resistance, and the Prussians immediately took possession of the town. The flight and pursuit were continued with increased fear on the part of the enemy, and with unrelenting ardour on the part of the Prussians.* At Genappe it was, that, among many other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon† was taken, together with his hat, sword, and papers, and the insignia of all his orders. The spoils scattered along the road, it is said, tempted the Prussians, and abated their speed; otherwise scarcely a man of the discomfited army could have escaped the unrelenting fury and vengeance of the Prussians;

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* The death of General Duhesme, who was killed at Genappe, had something in it quite Homeric. He was overtaken in the village by one of the Duke of Brunswick's black hussars, of whom he begged quarter. The soldier regarded him sternly, with his sabre uplifted, and then briefly saying, "The Duke of Brunswick died yesterday," bestowed on him his death's wound.

† This carriage is now exhibited at Mr. Bullock's Museum in Piccadilly, and has been seen by more than sixty thousand persons

Engraved by The. Crabb from a Drawing by C. M. Brighty.

CAPTURE OF BONAPARTE'S CARRIAGE.

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the pursuit, however, continued throughout the night, and sixty pieces of cannon fell into the hands of the Prussians.

At break of day, the remains of the French army arrived, partly at Charleroi, and partly at Marchienne, where they hastened to repass the Sambre. The remaining equipages, which, the nearer they approached the river, were the more impeded in their progress, were completely stopped near the bridges of Charleroi and Marchienne. The Prussian cavalry speedily overtook them; the affrighted drivers cut the traces of their horses, and fled with the rest: and all the artillery that yet remained, together with every kind of *materiel*, was abandoned to the enemy, who also made a considerable number of prisoners. The fugitives, having once effected their passage across the Sambre, thought they might venture to halt, and had established bivouacks in the meadows and orchards on its right bank; when an alarm was given that the Prussians were approaching: without waiting for any orders, without destroying the bridge, or even reconnoitring, they renewed their disorderly flight; the whole started at once; every one provided for himself, without knowing whither to direct his steps.

At a short distance from Charleroi, there are two roads, one leading to Avesnes, and the other to Philippeville: no direction having been given to them, and none of their superior officers being present, the fugitives divided themselves into two parts; the most numerous of which took the road by which they had before advanced, while the other took a direction towards the left, and reached Phi-

other design than that of avoiding the pursuit of the Prussians, threw themselves into the surrounding woods. Thus the army became more and more dispersed, and at length was almost totally annihilated. Napoleon took the latter road for his retreat, and arrived safely at Paris, at three o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June.

The loss of the victors was great indeed. Beside the Generals Picton and Ponsonby, the loss of the British and Hanoverians on the 16th and 18th, amounted to not less than 13000 men and 750 officers, the flower of the army, of whom more than two thirds fell at Waterloo; the total loss of the Prussians from the commencement of the campaign to their second triumphant entrance into Paris has been officially stated at 39,000: but that of the French in the last great battle almost exceeds belief. They began the day between 155,000 and 160,000 strong; and from their own account the wreck of the army, when it was collected together, did not amount to 60,000 men. They had fought with a degree of desperation never before witnessed; but their rout and discomfiture were equally complete and unexampled; three hundred pieces of cannon, with all their ammunition and equipage, fell into the hands of the conquerors.

From this record of destruction, we willingly turn our attention to such facts as tend most to exalt the human character. To the humanity of the British soldiers, the French themselves have borne honourable testimony: our countrymen exerted themselves to form litters, and carry off the wounded French from the field. Some of our wounded, who still had the use of their limbs, employed

themselves in binding up the wounds of their enemies, and administering to their wants. In Brussels and Antwerp, the wounded received the most prompt attentions; persons of the highest rank waited upon them night and day: and it marks, in the most gratifying manner, the good conduct of the British army while quartered in Brussels, previously to the battle, that the inhabitants sought with the greatest anxiety among the wounded for their former guests, whom they took to their houses and their care as old friends. Every carriage of every description in Brussels was voluntarily and instantaneously sent to the field of battle, to bring home the wounded. And one inhabitant of Brussels, a stout hale man, actually *walked* to the field of carnage, a distance of nearly twelve miles, and brought home a wounded *Frenchman* on his back: three times he made this pilgrimage of humanity. The benevolent attention of the citizens of Brussels, were further aided by ample supplies of linen, flannel, &c. for the use of the wounded; which were poured in from England and Holland, as soon as it was known that the battle had taken place.

The enemy's cannon were brought triumphantly into Brussels, ornamented with ribbons and flowers; some bore the cyphers of the unfortunate Louis XVI.; others were inscribed with the words, Liberty and Equality; but the greater number had the mark of Napoleon.

The joy of the different nations of Europe, on this occasion, may well be conceived. To the Belgians, generally, notwithstanding their aversion to that political arrangement which had united them to the Dutch —(a bigoted Roman Catholic to a Protes-

tant people, whom the former accounted pestilent heretics)—nothing could be so desirable in its immediate effects as such a victory, which saved them from the licence of Bonaparte's army, and his contributions, and relieved them, at the same time, from the presence of the allied armies. They were flattered also by the part which they had borne in the success, and the manner in which the Prince of Orange had signalized himself.

At Brussels, in particular, sentiments of more than common gratitude prevailed: as Napoleon (it is said) to stimulate the courage and cupidity of his guards, had promised them three days plunder of the city. When tidings of his defeat were fully confirmed, the joy of the inhabitants knew no bounds.

It is a well known fact, that an opulent inhabitant of Brussels had prepared a grand supper for Bonaparte on the 18th; and that similar preparations were made by some other persons for his officers. Among the papers, found in his baggage captured at Genappe, there was a list of twenty individuals whose persons and property were to be excepted from the general pillage, and whose names were communicated to the French soldiers.

Throughout the north of Germany, wherever the iron yoke of Bonaparte had been felt, the people exulted as much now when their deliverance was secured, as they had done in the preceding war, when it was first obtained. At Hamburgh, it is said, such universal joy had never been displayed, as when the news of the victory arrived: a public thanksgiving was appointed, a collection in the

day which had been thus set apart for the duties of religion and charity, the tomb of Klopstock was restored, which Davoust had thrown down, as if in hatred toward the senseless dust of him who had endeavoured to make the Germans feel as a nation, and to keep alive in them the love of freedom and of their country.

The feeling, which the tidings of this victory produced in England was such, as can never be forgotten by the present generation. Accustomed, as we were, to victory upon the land as well as upon the seas, since the star of Wellington had risen; confident, as we were, in our general and in our army, even they who were most assured of success, and of speedy success, dreamt not of success so signal, so sudden, so decisive. The glory of all former fields seemed at the time to fade before that of Waterloo. At Cressy, at Poictiers, at Agincourt, the ease with which victory had been obtained appeared to detract from the merit of the conquerors; there the multitude of the enemies had been delivered into our hands by their own insolence and presumption. Blenheim had been less stubborn in the conflict, less momentous in the consequences; and all the previous actions of our great commander from Vimiero, or from Eastern Assaye, to Toulouse, now seemed mere preludes to this last and greatest of his triumphs.

Heavy as was the weight of private sorrow which this battle brought with it; severe as was the public loss in the fall of Picton and Ponsonby, and of so many others, the flower of the British youth, the

were spared that grief, which on a former occasion had abated the joy of the very multitude, and made thoughtful spirits almost regret the battle of Trafalgar. The duke's aides-de-camp—men endeared to him by their long services in the career of victory, and by their personal devotion to him—fell, killed or wounded, one after another. Of those who accompanied him during this 'agony of his fame,' his old friend, the Spanish General Alava, was the only one who was untouched either in his person or his horse. At one moment, when the Duke was very far advanced, observing the enemy's movements, one of his aides-de-camp ventured to hint that he was exposing himself too much, the duke answered with his noble simplicity, "I know I am, but I must die or see what they are doing."

The first consideration, when joy and astonishment admitted leisure for consideration, was how to express our sense of this great exploit, how to manifest our gratitude to the army and its leader, how to discharge our obligation—the mighty debt which was due to the living and the dead. For the relief of the wounded, and of the relatives of the slain, a subscription was immediately commenced, in which the munificent charity of Great Britain and its dependencies, far exceeded all its former exertions: a committee of distribution was appointed, and in no very long time, upwards of *four hundred thousand pounds* sterling was cheerfully raised for the purpose of administering to the necessities of the wounded, and to the comfort of the orphans and widows of the dead. For the Duke of Wellington (on whom the King of the Netherlands had conferred the title of *Prince of Waterloo*) there re-

country could bestow:—from his knighthood to his dukedom he had won them all; but the parliament added two hundred thousand pounds to its former munificent grant, in order that a palace, not less magnificent than that of Blenheim, might be erected for the General who had equalled, if he had not surpassed, the achievements of Marlborough.

Special votes of thanks were further passed by both houses of Parliament to his Grace, for the consummate ability, unexampled exertion, and irresistible ardour displayed by him at the battle of Waterloo. The indefatigable exertions of his principal officers, and the distinguished valour and discipline, displayed by the British non-commissioned officers and privates were likewise acknowledged in special votes of thanks: nor were the valour and intrepidity of the allied forces under the Duke's command forgotten on this great occasion. Votes of hanks were likewise passed to them, as well as to Prince Blucher and to the Prussian army, for their timely and active co-operation, to which the result of that arduous day is so mainly to be attributed; and to the Prussians further was awarded an ample proportion of the sums raised by subscription in Great Britain and her connexions.

But the high estimate, entertained by the British legislature of the services of their gallant countrymen, was not confined to unsubstantial applause, however gratifying to the honourable feeling of a soldier. The merits of the army were properly appreciated; and solid rewards, as they ought to be, were extended to every rank and every individual. Every regiment which had been present, was permitted from thenceforth to bear the word "WATER-

be borne upon the muster-rolls and pay-lists of their respective corps as *Waterloo men*, and every Waterloo man allowed to reckon that day's work as two years service in the account of his time for increase of pay, or for a pension when discharged. The subaltern officers were in like manner to reckon two years service for that victory; and a benefit not less important was on this occasion extended to the whole army, by a regulation enacting, that henceforward the pensions granted for wounds, should rise with the rank to which the officer attained, so that he who was maimed when an ensign should, when he became a general, receive a general's pension for the injury which he had endured. These were solid, substantial benefits, such as the army had well deserved, and as it became the government to confer.

More was yet due, and the legislature were not slow in expressing the universal feeling of the nation. They decreed that a *national monument* should be erected in honour of the victory, and in commemoration of the men who fell; and upon the suggestion of Mr. Williams Wynne, it was determined that the name of every man who had fallen should be inscribed upon this memorial of national glory and public gratitude. It was also decreed that funeral monuments should be erected in memory of Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major General the Honourable Sir William Ponsonby, in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul; and it was further suggested, that a medal should be given to each of the survivors, of the same materials for officers and men, that they who had been companions in danger, might all wear the same badge of

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing Street, June 22, 1815.

MAJOR the Honourable H. Percy, arrived late last night with a dispatch from Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K. G. to Earl Bathurst, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the War Department, of which the following is a copy:

Waterloo, June 19, 1815.

MY LORD,

Bonaparte having collected the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 6th corps of the French army and the Imperial Guards, and nearly all the cavalry, on the Sambre, and between that river and the Meuse, between the 10th and the 14th of the month, advanced on the 15th, and attacked the Prussian posts at Thuin and Lobez, on the Sambre, at daylight in the morning.

I did not hear of these events till the evening of the 15th, and I immediately ordered the troops to prepare to march; and afterwards to march to the left, as soon as I had intelligence from other quarters to prove that the enemy's movement upon Charleroi was the real attack.

The enemy drove the Prussian posts from the Sambre on that day; and General Ziethen who

commanded the corps which had been at Charleroi retired upon Fleurus; and Marshal Prince Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sombref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny.

The enemy continued his march along the road from Charleroi towards Brussels, and on the same evening, the 15th, attacked a brigade of the army of the Netherlands, under Prince de Weimar, posted at Frasnes, and forced it back to the farm-house on the same road, called Les Quatre Bras.

The Prince of Orange immediately reinforced this brigade with another of the same division, under General Perponcher; and, in the morning early, regained part of the ground which had been lost, so as to have the command of the communication leading from Nivelles and Brussels, with Marshal Blucher's position.

In the meantime I had directed the whole army to march upon Les Quatre Bras, and the 5th division under Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, arrived at about half-past two in the day, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau.

At this time the enemy commenced an attack upon Prince Blucher with his whole force, excepting the 1st and 2nd corps; and a corps of cavalry under General Kellerman, with which he attacked our post at Les Quatre Bras.

The Prussian army maintained their position with their usual gallantry and perseverance, against a great disparity of numbers, as the 4th corps of their army, under General Bulow, had not joined, and I was not able to assist them as I wished, as I was

attacked myself, and the troops, the cavalry in particular, which had a long distance to march, had not arrived.

We maintained our position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. The enemy repeatedly attacked us with a large body of infantry and cavalry, supported by a numerous and powerful artillery; he made several charges with the cavalry upon our infantry, but all were repulsed in the steadiest manner. In this affair, his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, and Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major General Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, who were engaged from the commencement of the enemy's attack, highly distinguished themselves, as well as Lieutenant General Charles Baron Alten, Major General Sir C. Halket, Lieutenant General Cooke, and Major Generals Maitland and Byng, as they successively arrived. The troops of the 5th division, and those of the Brunswick corps, were long severely engaged, and conducted themselves with the utmost gallantry. I must particularly mention the 28th, 42d, 78th, and 92d regiments, and the battalion of Hanoverians.

Our loss was great, as your Lordship will perceive by the inclosed return; and I have particularly to regret his Serene Highness the Duke of Brunswick, who fell, fighting gallantly, at the head of his troops.

Although Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sombref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and, as the fourth corps had not

arrived, he determined to fall back, and concentrated his army upon Wavre; and he marched in the night after the action was over.

This movement of the Marshal's rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe, and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock.

The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher. On the contrary, a patrole which I sent to Sombref, in the morning, found all quiet, and the enemy's videttes fell back as the patrole advanced. Neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day, excepting by following with a large body of cavalry, (brought from his right) the cavalry under the Earl of Uxbridge.

This gave Lord Uxbridge an opportunity of charging them with the 1st Life Guards, upon their debouche from the village of Genappe, upon which occasion his Lordship has declared himself to be well satisfied with that regiment.

The position which I took up, in front of Waterloo, crossed the high roads from Charleroi and Nivelles, and had its right thrown back to a ravine near Merke Braine, which was occupied, and its left extended to a height above the hamlet Ter la Haye, which was likewise occupied. In front of the right centre, and near the Nivelles road, we occupied the house and garden of Hougoumont, which covered the return of that flank; and in front of the left centre, we occupied the farm of La Haye Sainte. By our left we communicated with Marshal Prince

shal had promised me, that in case we should be attacked, he would support me with one or more corps, as might be necessary.

The enemy collected his army, with the exception of the third corps, which had been sent to observe Marshal Blucher, on a range of heights in our front, in the course of the night of the 17th and yesterday morning; and at about ten o'clock he commenced a furious attack upon our post at Hougoumont. I had occupied that post with a detachment from General Byng's brigade of Guards, which was in position in its rear; and it was for some time under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Macdonald, and afterwards of Colonel Home; and I am happy to add, that it was maintained, throughout the day, with the utmost gallantry by these brave troops, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of large bodies of the enemy to obtain possession of it.

This attack upon the right of our centre was accompanied by a very heavy cannonade upon our whole line, which was destined to support the repeated attacks of cavalry and infantry occasionally mixed, but sometimes separate, which were made upon it. In one of these, the enemy carried the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, as the detachment of the light battalion of the legion which occupied it had expended all its ammunition, and the enemy occupied the only communication there was with them.

The enemy repeatedly charged our infantry with his cavalry; but these attacks were uniformly unsuccessful, and they afforded opportunities to our cavalry to charge in one of which Lord E. Somerset

set's brigade, Royal Horse Guards, and 1st Dragoon Guards, highly distinguished themselves; as did that of Major General Sir W. Ponsonby, having taken many prisoners and an eagle.

These attacks were repeated till about seven in the evening, when the enemy made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, to force our left centre, near the farm of La Haye Sainte, which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed that the troops retired from the attack in great confusion, and that the march of General Bulow's corps by Frichermont upon Planchenoit and La Belle Alliance, had begun to take effect; and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person, with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohain, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point; the enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, with their ammunition, which fell into our hands.

I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it, only on account of the fatigue of our troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and because I found myself on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night: he has sent me word this morning, that he had taken sixty pieces of cannon belonging to the Imperial Guard, and several carriages, baggage, &c.

I propose to move this morning upon Nivelles, and not to discontinue my operations.

Your lordship will observe, that such a desperate action could not be fought, and such advantages could not be gained, without great loss; and, I am sorry to add, that ours has been immense. In Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton, his Majesty has sustained the loss of an officer who has frequently distinguished himself in his service; and he fell, gloriously leading his division to a charge with bayonets, by which one of the most serious attacks made by the enemy on our position, was defeated.

The Earl of Uxbridge, after having successfully got through the arduous day, received a wound, by almost the last shot fired, which will, I am afraid, deprive his Majesty for some time of his services.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct till he received a wound from a musket-ball, through the shoulder, which obliged him to quit the field.

It gives me the greatest satisfaction to assure your lordship, that the army never, upon any occasion, conducted itself better. The division of Guards, under Lieutenant General Cooke, who is severely wounded, Major General Maitland and Major General Byng, set an example which was followed by all; and there is no officer, nor description of troops, that did not behave well.

I must, however, particularly mention, for his Royal Highness's approbation, Lieutenant General Sir H. Clinton, Major General Adam, Lieutenant General Charles Baron Alten, severely wounded;

Colonel Ompteda, commanding a brigade of the 4th division; Major Generals Sir James Kempt, and Sir Denis Pack, Major General Lambert, Major General Lord E. Somerset, Major General Sir W. Ponsonby, Major General Sir C. Grant, and Major General Sir H. Vivian; Major General Sir O. Vandeleur; Major General Count Dornberg. I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill, for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all former occasions.

The artillery and engineer departments were conducted much to my satisfaction by Colonel Sir G. Wood, and Colonel Smyth; and I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Adjutant General Major General Barnes, who was wounded, and of the Quarter Master General, Colonel Delancey, who was killed by a cannon shot in the middle of the action. This officer is a serious loss to his Majesty's service, and to me at this moment. I was likewise much indebted to the assistance of Lieutenant Colonel Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who was severely wounded, and of the officers composing my personal staff, who have suffered severely in this action. Lieutenant Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, who has died of his wounds, was a most promising officer, and is a serious loss to his Majesty's service.

General Kruse, of the Nassau service, likewise conducted himself much to my satisfaction, as did General Trip, commanding the heavy brigade of cavalry, and General Vanhope, commanding a brigade of infantry of the King of the Netherlands.

General Pozzo di Borgo, General Baron Vincent, General Muffling, and General Alava, were in the

field during the action, and rendered me every assistance in their power. Baron Vincent is wounded, but I hope not severely; and General Pozzo di Borgo received a contusion.

I should not do justice to my feelings, or to Marshal Blucher and the Prussian army, if I did not attribute the successful result of this arduous day to the cordial and timely assistance received from them.

The operation of General Bulow upon the enemy's flank was a most decisive one; and, even if I had not found myself in a situation to make the attack, which produced the final result, it would have forced the enemy to retire, if his attacks should have failed, and would have prevented him from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded.

I send, with this dispatch, two eagles, taken by the troops in this action, which Major Percy will have the honour of laying at the feet of his Royal Highness—I beg leave to recommend him to your lordship's protection.

I have the honour, &c.

(Signed) WELLINGTON.

PRUSSIAN ACCOUNT.

Official Report of the Operations of the Prussian Army of the Lower Rhine.

It was on the 15th of this month, that Napoleon after having collected on the 14th five corps of his army, and the several corps of the guard, between Meaubeuge and Beaumont, commenced hostilities. The points of concentration of the four Prussian corps were, Fleurus, Namur, Ancy, and Hannut; the situation of which made it possible to unite the army in one of these points in twenty-four hours.

On the 15th, Napoleon advanced by Thuin upon the two banks of the Sambre against Charleroi. General Ziethen had collected the first corps near Fleurus, and had on that day a very warm action with the enemy, who, after having taken Charleroi, directed his march upon Fleurus. General Ziethen maintained himself in his position near that place.

Field Marshal Blucher, intending to fight a great battle with the enemy as soon as possible, the three other corps of the Prussian army were consequently directed upon Sombref, a league and a half from Fleurus, where the second and third corps were to arrive on the 15th, and the fourth corps on the 16th.

Lord Wellington had united his army between Ath and Nivelles, which enabled him to assist Field Marshal Blucher, in case the battle should be fought

Battle of Ligny.

June the 16th, the Prussian army was posted on the heights between Brie and Sombref, and beyond the last place, and occupied with a large force the villages of St. Amand and Ligny situated on its front. Meantime only three corps of the army had joined; the fourth, which was stationed between Liege and Hannut, had been delayed in its march by several circumstances, and was not yet come up. Nevertheless Field Marshal Blucher resolved to give battle, Lord Wellington having already put in motion to support him a strong division of his army, as well as his whole reserve stationed in the environs of Brussels, and the fourth corps of the Prussian army being also on the point of arriving.

The battle began at three P. M. The enemy brought up above 130,000 men. The Prussian army was 80,000 strong. The village of St. Amand was the first point attacked by the enemy, who carried it, after a vigorous resistance. He then directed his efforts against Ligny;—it is a large village, solidly built, situated on a rivulet of the same name. It was there that a contest began, which may be considered as one of the most obstinate recorded in history. Villages have often been taken and retaken, but here the battle continued for five hours in the villages themselves, and the movements forwards or backwards were confined to a very narrow space. On both sides fresh troops continually came up. Each army had behind the part of the village which it occupied great masses of infantry, which

newed by the reinforcements which they received from their rear, as well as from the heights on the right and left. About two hundred cannon were directed from both sides against the village, which was set on fire in several places at once. From time to time the combat extended along the whole of the line; the enemy having also directed troops against the three corps: however, the main combat was against Ligny. Things seemed to take a favourable turn for the Prussian troops—a part of the village of St. Amand having been retaken from the French by a battalion commanded by the Field Marshal in person; in consequence of which advantage we had regained the height which had been abandoned after the loss of St. Amand. Nevertheless the battle continued about Ligny with the same fury. The issue seemed to depend on the arrival of the English troops, or on that of the fourth corps of the Prussian army: in fact, the arrival of this last division would have afforded the Field Marshal the means of making immediately, with the right wing, an attack, from which great success might be expected; but news arrived that the English division destined to support us was violently attacked by a corps of the French army, and that it was with great difficulty it had maintained itself in its position at Quatre Bras. The fourth corps of the army did not appear. So that we were forced to maintain alone the contest with an enemy greatly superior in numbers.

The evening was already much advanced, and the combat about Ligny continued with the same fury and the same equality of success. We invoked, but in vain, the arrival of those succours which

were so necessary; the danger became more and more urgent; all the divisions were engaged, or had already been so, and there was not any corps at hand able to support them. Suddenly a division of the enemy's infantry, which by favour of the night had made a circuit round the village without being observed, at the same time that some regiments of cuirassiers had forced the passage on the other side, took in the rear the main body of our army, which was posted behind the houses. This surprise, on the part of the enemy, was decisive, especially at the moment when our cavalry, also posted on a height behind the village, was repulsed by the enemy's cavalry in repeated attacks.

Our infantry posted behind Ligny, though forced to retreat, did not suffer itself to be discouraged, either by being surprised by the enemy in the darkness, a circumstance which exaggerates in the mind of man the dangers to which he finds himself exposed, or by the idea of seeing itself surrounded on all sides.—Formed in masses it coolly repulsed all the attacks of the cavalry, and retreated in good order upon the heights, whence it continued its retrograde movement upon Tilly. In consequence of the sudden irruption of the enemy's cavalry, several of our cannons, in their precipitate retreat, had taken directions which led them to defiles, in which they necessarily fell into disorder; in this manner fifteen pieces fell into the hands of the enemy. At the distance of a quarter of a league from the field of battle the army formed again.

The enemy did not venture to pursue it. The village of Brie remained in our possession during

the night, as well as Sombref, where General Thielmann had fought with the 3rd corps, and whence he at day-break slowly began to retreat towards Gembloux, where the 4th corps, under General Bulow, had at length arrived during the night. The 1st and 2nd corps proceeded in the morning behind the defile of Mount St. Guibert. Our loss in killed and wounded was great, the enemy however took from us no prisoners, except a part of our wounded.

The battle was lost, but not our honour. Our soldiers had fought with a bravery which equalled every expectation; their fortitude remained unshaken, because every one retained his confidence in his own strength. On this day Field Marshal Blucher had encountered the greatest dangers. A charge of cavalry, led on by himself, had failed; while that of the enemy was vigorously pursuing, a musket shot struck the Field Marshal's horse. The animal, far from being stopped in his career by this wound, began to gallop more furiously till it dropped down dead. The Field Marshal stunned by the violent fall, lay entangled under the horse. The enemy's cuirassiers following up their advantage advanced; our last horsemen had already passed by the Field Marshal: an Adjutant alone remained with him, and had just alighted, resolved to share his fate. The danger was great, but heaven watched over us. The enemy pursuing their charge passed rapidly by the Field Marshal without seeing him; the next moment a second charge of our cavalry having repelled them, they again passed by him with the same precipitation, not perceiving him any more than they had done the first time.

shal was disengaged from under the dead horse, and he immediately mounted a dragoon horse.

On the 17th in the evening the Prussian army concentrated itself in the environs of Wavre. Napoleon put himself in motion against Lord Wellington, upon the great road leading from Charleroi to Brussels. An English division maintained on the same day, near Quatre Bras, a very severe contest with the enemy. Lord Wellington had taken a position on the road to Brussels, having his right wing leaning upon Bruerie la Leu, the centre near Mont St. Jean, and the left wing against La Haye Sainte. Lord Wellington wrote to the Field Marshal that he was resolved to accept the battle in this position, if the Field Marshal would support him with two corps of his army. The Field Marshal promised to come with his whole army. He even proposed, in case Napoleon should not attack, that the Allies themselves with their whole united force should attack him the next day. This may serve to show how little the battle of the 16th had disorganized the Prussian army or weakened its moral strength—thus ended the day of the 17th.

Battle of the 18th.

At break of day the Prussian army again begun to move.—The 4th and 2nd corps marched by St. Lambert, where they were to take a position, covered by the forest, near Frichemont, to take the enemy in the rear when the moment should appear favourable. The 1st corps was to operate by Onain, on the right flank of the enemy. The 3rd corps

in case of need. The battle began about ten A. M.

The English army occupied the heights of Mont St. Jean, that of the French was on the heights before Planchenoit; the former was about 80,000 strong, the enemy had above 130,000. In a short time the battle became general along the whole line; it seems that Napoleon had the design to throw the left wing upon the centre, and thus to effect the separation of the English army from the Prussian, which he believed to be retreating upon Maestrecht. For this purpose he had placed the greatest part of his reserve in the centre against his right wing, and upon this point he attacked with fury. The English army fought with a valour which it is impossible to surpass. The repeated charges of the old guard were baffled by the intrepidity of the Scotch regiments, and at every charge the French cavalry was overthrown by the English cavalry. But the superiority in numbers of the enemy was too great; Napoleon continually brought forward considerable masses, and with whatever firmness the English troops maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit.

It was half past four o'clock. The excessive difficulties of the passage by the defile of St. Lambert had considerably retarded the march of the Prussian columns, so that nearly two brigades of the 4th corps had arrived at the covered position which was assigned them. The decisive moment was come, there was not a moment to be lost. The Generals did not suffer it to escape. They resolved immediately to begin the attack with the troops which

they had at hand. General Bulow, therefore, with two brigades and a corps of cavalry, advanced rapidly along the rear of the enemy's right wing. The enemy did not lose his presence of mind, he instantly returned his reserve against us, and a murderous conflict began on that side. The combat remained long uncertain, while the battle with the English army still continued with the same violence. Towards six M. P. we received the news that General Thielmann with the 3rd corps was attacked near Wavre by a very considerable enemy's corps, and that they were already disputing the possession of the town. The Field Marshal, however, did not suffer himself to be disturbed by this news; it was on the spot where he was, and no where else, that the affair was to be decided. A conflict continually supported with the same obstinacy, and kept up by fresh troops, could alone ensure the victory, and if it was obtained here any reverse sustained near Wavre was of little consequence. The columns, therefore, continued their movements. It was half past seven, and the issue of the battle was still uncertain.

The whole of the 4th corps, and a part of the 2nd under General Pisch, had successively come up. The French troops fought with desperate fury; however some uncertainty was perceived in their movements, and it was observed that some pieces of cannon were retreating. At this moment the first column of General Ziethen arrived on the points of attack, near the village of Smouhen, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged. This movement decided the defeat of the enemy.

abandoned his positions. Our troops rushed forward at the pas de charge, and attacked him on all sides, while at the same time the whole English line advanced. Circumstances were entirely favourable to the attack formed by the Prussian army, the ground rose in an amphitheatre, so that our artillery could freely open its fire from the summit of a great many heights, which rose gradually above each other, and in the intervals of which the troops descended into the plain, formed into brigades, and in the greatest order, while fresh corps continually unfolded themselves, issuing from the forest on the height behind us. The enemy, however, still perserved means to retreat, till the village of Planchenoit, which he had on his rear, and which was defended by the guard, was, after several bloody attacks, carried by storm.

From that time the retreat became a rout, which soon spread through the whole of the French army, which, in its dreadful confusion, hurrying away every thing that attempted to stop it, soon assumed the appearance of the flight of an army of Barbarians.

It was half past nine—The Field Marshal assembled all the superior officers, and gave orders to send the last horse and the last man in pursuit of the enemy. The van of the army accelerated its march. The French army, pursued without intermission, was absolutely disorganized. The causeway presented the appearance of an immense shipwreck; it was covered with an innumerable quantity of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and wrecks of every kind. Those of the enemy

not expected to be so quickly pursued, were driven from more than nine bivouacks.—In some villages they attempted to maintain themselves; but as soon as they heard the beating of our drums, or the sound of the trumpet, they either fled or threw themselves into the houses, where they were cut down, or made prisoners. It was moon-light, which greatly favoured the pursuit; for the whole march was but a continued chase, either in the corn-fields or the houses.

At Genappe the enemy had entrenched himself with cannon, and overturned carriages at our approach. We suddenly heard in the town a great noise, and a motion of carriages; at the entrance we were exposed to a brisk fire of musketry; we replied by some cannon shot, followed by a *hurrah*, and an instant after the town was ours.

It was here that, among many other equipages, the carriage of Napoleon was taken; he had left it to mount on horseback, and in his hurry had forgotten in it his sword and hat. Thus the affair continued till break of day. About 40,000 men in the most complete disorder, the remains of the whole army, have saved themselves by retreating through Charleroi, partly without arms, and carrying with them only twenty-seven pieces of their numerous artillery.

The enemy in his flight has passed all his fortresses, the only defence of his frontiers which are now passed by our armies.

At three o'clock, Napoleon dispatched from the field of battle a courier to Paris, with the news that victory was no longer doubtful; a few hours after

any exact account of the enemy's loss; it is enough to know that two thirds of the whole army are killed, wounded, or prisoners; among the latter are Generals Duhesme and Campans. Up to this time, about three hundred cannon and above five hundred caissons are in our hands.

Few victories have been so complete, and there is certainly no example that an army two days after losing a battle, engaged in such an action, and so gloriously maintained it. Honour be to the troops capable of so much firmness and valour! In the middle of the position occupied by the French army, and exactly upon the height is a farm, called La Belle Alliance. The march of all the Prussian columns was directed towards this farm, which was visible from every side. It was there that Napoleon was during the battle—it was there that he gave his orders, that he flattered himself with the hopes of victory, and it was there that his ruin was decided. There too it was, that by a happy chance Field Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington met in the dark, and mutually saluted each other as victors.

In commemoration of the alliance which now subsists between the English and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their reciprocal confidence, the Field Marshal desired that this battle should bear the name of La Belle Alliance.

By the order of Field Marshal BLUCHER.

General GUEISENAW.

Proclamation addressed by Field Marshal Prince Blucher to the Army of the Lower Rhine, to be read at the head of every Battalion.

" Brave Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Lower Rhine !—You have done great things, brave companions in arms. You have fought two battles in three days. The first was unfortunate, and yet your courage was not broken.

" You have had to struggle with privations, but you have borne them with fortitude. Immoveable in adverse fortune, after the loss of a bloody battle, you marched with firmness to fight another, relying on the God of Battles, and full of confidence in your commanders, as well as of perseverance in your efforts against presumptuous and perjured enemies, intoxicated with their victory.

" It was with these sentiments you marched to support the brave English, who were maintaining the most arduous contest with unparalleled firmness. But the hour which was to decide this great struggle has struck, and has shown who was to give the law, whether an adventurer, or governments, who are the friends of order. Destiny was still undecided, when you appeared issuing from the forest which concealed you from the enemy, to attack his rear with that coolness, that firmness, that confidence, which characterizes experienced soldiers, resolved to avenge the reverses they had experienced two days before. There, rapid as lightning, you penetrated his already shaken columns. Nothing could stop you in the career of victory. The enemy in his despair turned his artillery upon you ; but you poured death into his ranks, and your progress caused in them disorder, dispersion, and at last a complete rout. He found himself obliged to abandon to you several hundreds of cannon, and his army is dissolved.

" A few days will suffice to annihilate those perjured legions, who were coming to consummate the slavery and the spoliation of the universe.

" All great Commanders have regarded it as impossible immediately to renew the combat with a beaten army: you have proved that this opinion is ill founded: you have proved that

resolute warriors may be vanquished, but that their valour is not shaken.

"Receive, then, my thanks, incomparable Soldiers—objects of all my esteem. You have acquired a great reputation. The annals of Europe will eternize your triumphs. It is on you, immoveable columns of the Prussian Monarchy, that the destinies of the King and his august house, will for ever repose.

"Never will Prussia cease to exist, while your sons and your grandsons resemble you.

"(Signed) BLUCHER."

SPANISH ACCOUNT.

Copy of a Despatch from General Miguel Alava, Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands from the King of Spain, to Don Pedro Cevallos, Principal Secretary of State to Ferdinand VII.

Supplement to the Madrid Gazette of Thursday, 13*th July,* 1815.

Lieutenant General of the Royal Armies, Don Miguel de Alava, Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty in Holland, has addressed to His Excellency Don Pedro Cevallos, First Secretary of State, the following letter:

Most Excellent Sir,

The short space of time that has intervened between the departure of the last post and the victory

of the 18th, has not allowed me to write to your Excellency so diffusely as I could have wished; and although the army is, at this moment, on the point of marching, and I also am going to set out for the Hague to deliver my credentials, which I did not receive till this morning; nevertheless, I will give your Excellency some details respecting this important event, which, possibly, may bring us to the end of the war much sooner than we had any reason to expect.

I informed your Excellency, under date of the 16th inst. that Bonaparte, marching from Maubeuge and Philippeville, had attacked the Prussian posts on the Sambre, and that, after driving them from Charleroi, he had entered that city on the 15th.

On the 16th, the Duke of Wellington ordered his army to assemble on the point of Quatre Bras, where the roads cross from Namur to Nivelles, and from Brussels to Charleroi; and he himself proceeded to the same point at seven in the morning.

On his arrival, he found the Hereditary Prince of Orange, with a division of his own army, holding the enemy in check, till the other divisions of the army were collected.

By this time, the British division, under General Picton, had arrived, with which the Duke kept up an unequal contest with more than 30,000 of the enemy, without losing an inch of ground. The British Guards, several regiments of infantry, and the Scots brigade, covered themselves with glory on this day; and Lord Wellington told me, on the following day, that he never saw his troops behave better, during the number of years he had command-

The French cuirassiers likewise suffered much on their part; for confiding in their breastplates, they approached the British squares so near, that they killed officers of the 42d regiment with their swords; but those valliant men, without flinching, kept up so strong a fire, that the whole ground was covered with cuirassiers and their horses.

In the meantime, the troops kept coming up; and the night put an end to the contest in this quarter.

During this time, Bonaparte was fighting, with the remainder of his forces, against Marshal Blucher, with whom he had commenced a bloody action at five in the afternoon; from which time, till nine in the evening, he was constantly repulsed by the Prussians, with great loss on both sides. But, at that moment, he made his cavalry charge with so much vigour, that they broke the Prussian line of infantry, and introduced disorder and confusion throughout.

Whether it was that Bonaparte did not perceive this incident, or that he had experienced a great loss; or, what is more probable, that Marshal Blucher had re-established the battle, the fact is, that he derived no advantage whatever from this accident, and that he left him quiet during the whole of the night of the 16th.

Lord Wellington, who, by the morning of the 17th, had collected the whole of his army in the position of Quatre Bras, was combining his measures to attack the enemy, when he received a despatch from Marshal Blucher, communicating to him the events of the preceding day, together with the incident that

that the loss he had experienced was of such a nature, that he was forced to retreat to Wavre, on our left, where the corps of Bulow would unite with him, and that on the 19th, he would be ready for any thing he might wish to undertake.

In consequence of this, Lord Wellington was obliged immediately to retreat, and this he effected in such a manner, that the enemy did not dare to interrupt him in it. He took up a position on Braine-le-Leud, in front of the great wood of Soignies, as he had previously determined, and placed his head quarters in Waterloo.

I joined the army on that morning, though I had received no orders to that effect, because I believed that I should thus best serve his Majesty, and at the same time, fulfil your Excellency's directions; and this determination has afforded me the satisfaction of having been present at the most important battle that has been fought for many centuries, in its consequences, its duration, and the talents of the chiefs who commanded on both sides, and because the peace of the world, and the future security of all Europe, may be said to have depended on its result.

The position occupied by his lordship was very good; but towards the centre it had various weak points, which required good troops to guard them, and much science and skill on the part of the general in chief. These qualifications were, however, to be found in abundance in the British troops and their illustrious commander; and it may be asserted, without offence to any one, that to them both belongs the chief part, or all the glory of this memo-

On the right of the position, and a little in advance, was a country house, the importance of which Lord Wellington quickly perceived, because, without it, the position could not be attacked on that side, and it might therefore be considered as its key.

The Duke confided this important point to three companies of the English guards, under the command of Lord Saltoun, and laboured, during the night of the 17th, in fortifying it as well as possible, covering its garden, and a wood which served as its park, with Nassau troops, as sharp-shooters.

At half past ten, a movement was observed in the enemy's line, and many officers were seen coming from and going to a particular point, where there was a very considerable corps of infantry, which we afterwards understood to be the Imperial guard: here was Bonaparte in person, and from this point issued all the orders. In the meantime, the enemy's masses were forming, and every thing announced the approaching combat, which began at half past eleven, the enemy attacking desperately with one of his corps, and, with his usual shouts, the country house on the right.

The Nassau troops found it necessary to abandon their post; but the enemy met such resistance in the house, that, though they surrounded it on three sides, and attacked it most desperately, they were compelled to desist from their enterprise, leaving a great number of killed and wounded on the spot. Lord Wellington sent fresh English troops, who recovered the wood and a garden, and the combat ceased, for the present, on this side.

The army then opened a horrible fire of artillery

from more than 200 pieces, under cover of which Bonaparte made a general attack, from the centre to the right, with infantry and cavalry, in such numbers, that it required all the skill of his lordship to post his troops, and all the good qualities of the latter to resist the attack.

General Picton, who was with his division on the road from Brussels to Charleroi, advanced with the bayonet to receive them: but was unfortunately killed at the moment when the enemy, appalled by the attitude of this division, fired, and then fled.

The English Life Guards then charged with the greatest vigour, and the 49th and 105th French regiments lost their respective eagles in this charge, together with from 2 to 3000 prisoners. A column of cavalry, at whose head were the cuirassiers, advanced to charge the Life Guards, and thus save their infantry, but the guards received them with the greatest valour, and the most sanguinary cavalry fight, perhaps ever witnessed, was the consequence.

The French cuirassiers were completely beaten, in spite of their cuirasses, by troops who had nothing of the sort, and lost one of their eagles in this conflict, which was taken by the heavy English cavalry, called the *Royals*.

About this time, accounts came that the Prussian corps of Bulow had arrived at St. Lambert, and that Prince Blucher, with the other, under the command of General Thielmann (Ziethen) was advancing, with all haste, to take part in the combat, leaving the other two in Wavre, which had suffered so much in the battle of the 16th, in Fleurus. The arrival of

consequence of the forces of the enemy being more than triple, and our loss having been horrid during an unequal combat, from half past eleven in the morning, till five in the afternoon.

Bonaparte, who did not believe them to be so near, and who reckoned upon destroying Lord Wellington before their arrival, perceived that he had fruitlessly lost more than five hours, and that in the critical position in which he would soon be placed, there remained no other resource but that of desperately attacking the weak part of the English position, and thus, if possible, beat the Duke before his right was turned, and attacked by the Prussians.

Henceforward, therefore, the whole was a repetition of attacks by cavalry and infantry, supported by more than 300 pieces of artillery, which unfortunately made horrible ravages in our line, and killed and wounded officers, artillerists, and horses, in the weakest part of the position.

The enemy, aware of this destruction, made a charge with the whole cavalry of his guard, which took some pieces of cannon that could not be withdrawn; but the Duke, who was at this point, charged them with three battalions of English and three of Brunswickers, and compelled them in a moment to abandon the artillery, though we were unable to withdraw them for want of horses; nor did they dare to advance to recover them.

At last, about seven in the evening, Bonaparte made a last effort, and putting himself at the head of his guards, attacked the above point of the English position with such vigour, that he drove back the

moment, the victory was undecided, and even more than doubtful.

The Duke, who felt that the moment was most critical, spoke to the Brunswick troops with that ascendancy which every great man possesses, made them return to the charge, and, putting himself at their head, again restored the combat, exposing himself to every kind of personal danger.

Fortunately, at this moment, he perceived the fire of Marshal Blucher, who was attacking the enemy's right with his usual impetuosity; and the moment of decisive attack being come, the Duke put himself at the head of the English foot guards, spoke a few words to them, which were replied to by a general *hurrah*, and his Grace himself leading them on with his hat, they marched at the point of the bayonet, to come to close action with the Imperial Guard. But the latter began a retreat, which was soon converted into flight, and the most complete rout ever witnessed by military men. Entire columns, throwing down their arms and cartouch boxes, in order to escape the better, abandoned the spot on which they had been formed, where we took possession of 150 pieces of cannon. The rout at Vittoria was not comparable to this, and it only resembles it, inasmuch as, on both occasions, they lost all the train of artillery and stores of the army, as well as all the baggage.

The Duke followed the enemy as far as Genappe, where he found the respectable Blucher, and both embraced in the most cordial manner, on the royal road of Charleroi; but finding himself in the same point as the Prussians, and that his army stood in need of rest after so dreadful a struggle, he left to

Blucher the charge of following up the enemy, who swore that he would not leave them a moment of rest. This he is now doing, and yesterday, at noon, he had reached Charleroi, from whence at night, he intended to proceed on after them.

This is, in substance, what has happened on this memorable day; but the consequences of this event are too visible for me to detain myself in stating them.

Bonaparte, now tottering on his usurped throne, without money, and without troops to recruit his armies, has received so mortal a blow, that according to the report of the prisoners, no other resource is left him, "than to cut his own throat."

For this reason, they say, they never saw him expose his person so much, and that he seemed to seek death, in order not to survive a defeat fraught with such fatal consequences to him.

I told your Excellency, under date of the 16th, that this manœuvre appeared to me extremely daring before such generals as Blucher and the Duke; the event has fully justified my prediction. For this reason, I conceive, that his executing it has arisen from nothing else than desperation, at the appearance of the enormous troops about to attack him in all quarters of France, and in order to give one of his customary blows before the Russians and Austrians came up.

His military reputation is lost for ever, and, on this occasion, there is no treason on the part of the Allies, nor bridges blown up before their time, on which to throw the blame; all the shame will fall upon himself.

Numerical superiority, superiority of artillery, all

was in his favour; and his having commenced the attack, proves that he had sufficient means to execute it.

In short, this talisman, which, like a charm, had enchanted French military men, has been dashed to pieces on this occasion. Bonaparte has for ever lost his reputation of being invincible; and, henceforward, this reputation will be preserved by an honourable man, who, far from employing this glorious title in disturbing and enslaving Europe, will convert it into an instrument of her felicity, and in procuring for her that peace she so much requires.

The loss of the British is horrid, and of those who were by the side of the Duke, he and myself alone remained untouched in our persons and horses.

The Duke of Brunswick was killed on the 16th, and the Prince of Orange and his cousin, the Prince of Nassau, aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, received two balls. The Prince of Orange distinguished himself extremely; but, unfortunately, although his wound is not dangerous, it will deprive the army of his important services for some time, and possibly he may lose the use of his left arm.

Lord Uxbridge, general of cavalry, received a wound at the close of the action, which made the amputation of his right leg necessary; an irreparable loss, for it would be difficult to find another chief to lead on cavalry, with the same courage and skill.

The Duke was unable to refrain from shedding tears, on witnessing the death of so many brave and honourable men, and the loss of so many friends and faithful companions, and nothing but the impor-

tance of the triumph can compensate so considerable a loss.

This morning he has proceeded on to Nivelles, and to-morrow he will advance to Mons, from whence he will immediately enter France. The opportunity cannot be better.

I cannot close this despatch, without stating to your Excellency, for the information of his Majesty, that Capt. Don Nicholas de Minuissir, of Doyle's regiment, and of whom I before spoke to your Excellency, as well as of his destination in the army, conducted himself yesterday with the greatest valour and steadiness; having been wounded when the Nassau troops were driven from the garden, he rallied them, and made them return to their post. During the action, he had a horse wounded under him, and by his former conduct, as well as by that of this day, he is worthy of receiving from his Majesty a proof of his satisfaction.

This officer is well known in the war-office, as well as to Gen. Don Josef de Zayas, who has duly appreciated his merits.

God preserve your Excellency many years, &c.

(Signed) MIGUEL de ALAVA.

Brussels, 20th of June, 1815.

To his Excellency, Don Pedro Cevallos, &c.

P. S. The number of prisoners cannot be stated, for they are bringing in great numbers every moment. There are many generals among the prisoners; among whom are the Count de Lobau, aid-de-camp to Bonaparte, and Cambrone, who accompanied him to Elba.

FRENCH OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

The Official Detail of the Battles with the Prussians and English, with Marshal Ney's Observations.

BATTLE OF LIGNY-UNDER-FLEURUS.

Paris, June 21.

On the morning of the 16th, the army occupied the following position :

The left wing, commanded by the Marshal Duke of Elchingen, and consisting of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, and the 2d of cavalry, occupied the positions of Frasnes.

The right wing, commanded by Marshal Grouchy, and composed of the 3d and 4th corps of infantry, and the 3d corps of cavalry, occupied the heights in the rear of Fleurus.

The Emperor's head quarters were at Charleroi, where were the Imperial Guard, and the 6th corps.

The left wing had orders to march upon Quatre Bras, and the right upon Sombref. The Emperor advanced to Fleurus with his reserve.

The columns of Marshal Grouchy being in march, perceived, after having passed Fleurus, the enemy's army, commanded by Field Marshal Blucher, occupying, with its left, the heights of the mill of Bussy, the village of Sombref, and extending its cavalry a great way forward on the road to Namur ; its right was at St. Amand, and occupied that large village

in great force, having before it a ravine which formed its position.

The Emperor reconnoitred the strength and the positions of the enemy, and resolved to attack immediately. It became necessary to change front, the right in advance, and pivoting upon Fleurus.

General Vandamme marched upon St. Amand, General Gerard upon Ligny, and Marshal Grouchy upon Sombref. The 4th division of the 2d corps, commanded by General Girard, marched in reserve behind the corps of General Vandamme. The guard was drawn up on the heights of Fleurus, as well as the cuirassiers of General Milhaud.

At three in the afternoon, these dispositions were finished. The division of General Lefol, forming part of the corps of General Vandamme, was first engaged, and made itself master of St. Amand, whence it drove out the enemy at the point of the bayonet. It kept its ground during the whole of the engagement, at the burial ground and steeple of St. Amand; but that village, which is very extensive, was the theatre of various combats during the evening; the whole corps of General Vandamme was there engaged, and the enemy there fought in considerable force.

General Girard, placed as a reserve to the corps of General Vandamme, turned the village by its right, and fought there with its accustomed valour. The respective forces were supported on both sides by about 50 pieces of cannon each.

On the right, General Girard came into action with the 4th corps, at the village of Ligny, which was taken and re-taken several times.

neral Pajol fought at the village of Sombref. The enemy showed from 80 to 90, 000 men, and a great number of cannon.

At seven o'clock, we were masters of all the villages situate on the bank of the ravine, which covered the enemy's position ; but he still occupied, with all his masses, the heights of the mill of Bussy.

The Emperor returned with his guard to the village of Ligny ; General Girard directed General Pecheux to debouch with what remained of the reserve, almost all the troops having been engaged in that village.

Eight battalions of the guard debouched with fixed bayonets, and behind them, four squadrons of the guards, the cuirassiers of General Delort, those of General Milhaud, and the grenadiers of the horse guards. The old guard attacked with the bayonet the enemy's columns, which were on the heights of Bussy, and in an instant covered the field of battle with the dead. The squadron of the guard attacked and broke a square, and the cuirassiers repulsed the enemy in all directions. At half past nine o'clock we had forty pieces of cannon, several carriages, colours, and prisoners, and the enemy sought safety in a precipitate retreat. At ten o'clock the battle was finished, and we found ourselves masters of the field of battle.

General Lutzow, a partizan, was taken prisoner. The prisoners assure us, that Field Marshal Blucher was wounded. The flower of the Prussian army was destroyed in this battle. Its loss could not be less than 15, 000 men. Ours was 3000 killed and wounded.

On the left, Marshal Ney had marched on Quatre Bras with a division, which cut in pieces an English division which was stationed there; but being attacked by the Prince of Orange with 25, 000 men, partly English, partly Hanoverians in the pay of England, he retired upon his position at Frasnes. There a multiplicity of combats took place; the enemy obstinately endeavoured to force it, but in vain. The Duke of Elchingen waited for the 1st corps, which did not arrive till night; he confined himself to maintaining his position. In a square attacked by the 8th regiment of cuirassiers, the colours of the 69th regiment of English infantry fell into our hands. The Duke of Brunswick was killed. The Prince of Orange has been wounded. We are assured that the enemy had many personages and generals of note killed and wounded; we estimated the loss of the English at from 4 to 5000 men; ours on this side was very considerable; it amounts to 4200 killed or wounded. The combat ended with the approach of night. Lord Wellington then evacuated Quatre Bras, and proceeded to Genappe.

In the morning of the 17th, the Emperor repaired to Quatre Bras, whence he marched to attack the English army: he drove it to the entrance of the forest of Soignies with the left wing and the reserve. The right wing advanced by Sombref, in pursuit of Field Marshal Blucher, who was going towards Wavre, where he appeared to wish to take a position.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the English army occupied Mont St. Jean with its centre, and was in position before the forest of Soignies; it would

have required three hours to attack it; we were therefore obliged to postpone it till the next day.

The head quarters of the Emperor were established at the farm of Oaillon, near Planchenoit. The rain fell in torrents. Thus, on the 16th, the left wing, the right, and the reserve, were equally engaged, at a distance of about two leagues.

Battle of Mont St. Jean.

At nine in the morning, the rain having somewhat abated, the 1st corps put itself in motion, and placed itself with the left, on the road to Brussels, and opposite to the village of Mont St. Jean, which appeared the centre of the enemy's position. The 2d corps leaned its right upon the road to Brussels, and its left upon a small wood, within cannon-shot of the English army. The cuirassiers were in reserve behind, and the guards in reserve upon the heights. The 6th corps, with the cavalry of General D'Aumont, under the order of Count Lobau, was destined to proceed in rear of our right, to oppose a Prussian corps, which appeared to have escapèd Marshal Grouchy, and to intend to fall upon our right flank, an intention which had been made known to us by our reports, and by the letter of a Prussian general, inclosing an order of battle, and which was taken by our light troops.

The troops were full of ardour. We estimated the force of the English army at 80,000 men. We supposed that the Prussian corps, which might be in line towards the right, might be 15,000 men. The enemy's force, then, was upwards of 90,000

At noon, all the preparations being terminated, Prince Jerome, commanding a division of the second corps, and destined to form the extreme length of it, advanced upon the wood of which the enemy occupied a part. The cannonade began. The enemy supported with 30 pieces of cannon the troops he had sent to keep the wood. We made also on our side dispositions of artillery. At one o'clock, Prince Jerome was master of all the wood, and the whole English army fell back behind a curtain. Count d'Erlon then attacked the village of Mont St. Jean, and supported his attack with 80 pieces of cannon, which must have occasioned great loss to the English army. All the efforts were made towards the ridge. A brigade of the 1st division of Count d'Erlon took the village of Mont St. Jean; a second brigade was charged by a corps of English cavalry, which occasioned it much loss. At the same moment, a division of English cavalry charged the battery of Count d'Erlon by its right, and disorganized several pieces; but the cuirassiers of General Milhaud charged that division, three regiments of which were broken and cut up.

It was three in the afternoon. The Emperor made the guard advance to place it in the plain upon the ground which the first corps had occupied at the outset of the battle; this corps being already in advance. The Prussian division, whose movement had been foreseen, then engaged with the light troops of Count Lobau, spreading its fire upon our whole right flank. It was expedient, before undertaking any thing elsewhere, to wait for the event of this attack. Hence, all the means in reserve were

ready to succour Count Lobau, and overwhelm the Prussian corps when it should be advanced.

This done, the Emperor had the design of leading an attack upon the village of Mont St. Jean, from which we expected decisive success; but, by a movement of impatience so frequent in our military annals, and, which has often been so fatal to us, the cavalry of reserve having perceived a retrograde movement made by the English to shelter themselves from our batteries, from which they suffered so much, crowned the heights of Mont St. Jean, and charged the infantry. This movement, which, made in time, and supported by the reserves, must have decided the day, made in an isolated manner, and before affairs on the right were terminated, became fatal.

Having no means of countermanding it, the enemy showing many masses of cavalry and infantry, and our two divisions of cuirassiers being engaged, all our cavalry ran at the same moment to support their comrades. There, for three hours, numerous charges were made, which enabled us to penetrate several squares, and to take six standards of the light infantry, an advantage out of proportion with the loss which our cavalry experienced by the grape shot and musket firing. It was impossible to dispose of our reserves of infantry, until we had repulsed the flank attack of the Prussian corps. This attack always prolonged itself prpendicularly upon our right flank. The Emperor sent thither General Duhesme with the young guard, and several batteries of reserve. The enemy was kept in check, repulsed, and fell back—he had exhausted his forces, and we had nothing more to fear. It was

this moment that was indicated for an attack upon the centre of the enemy. As the cuirassiers suffered by the grape-shot, we sent four battalions of the middle guard to protect the cuirassiers, keep the position, and, if possible, disengage and draw back into the plain a part of our cavalry.

The other battalions were sent to keep themselves *en potence* upon the extreme left of the division, which had manœuvred upon our flanks, in order not to have any uneasiness on that side—the rest was disposed in reserve, part to occupy the *potence* in rear of Mont St. Jean, part upon the ridge in rear of the field of battle, which formed our position of retreat.

In this state of affairs, the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle: our cavalry having been too soon and ill employed, we could no longer hope for decisive success: but Marshal Grouchy having learned the movement of the Prussian corps, marched upon the rear of that corps, which insured us a signal success for next day. After eight hours fire and charges of infantry and cavalry, all the army saw with joy the battle gained, and the field of battle in our power.

At half after eight o'clock, the four battalions of the middle guard, who had been sent to the ridge on the other side of Mont St. Jean, in order to support the cuirassiers, being greatly annoyed by the grape-shot, endeavoured to carry the batteries with the bayonet. At the end of the day, a charge directed against their flank, by several English squadrons, put them in disorder. The fugitives re-

seeing some troops belonging to the guard in confusion, believed it was the old guard, and in consequence were thrown into disorder. Cries of *all is lost, the guard is driven back,* were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points ill-disposed persons cried out, *sauve qui peut.* However this may be, a complete panic at once spread itself throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication: soldiers, cannoneers, caissons, all pressed to this point; the old guard, which was in reserve, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

In an instant, the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers of all arms were mixed *pele-mele,* and it was utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder, and such was the confusion, owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops, and point out to them their error. Thus a battle terminated, a day of false manœuvres rectified, the greatest success insured for the next day,—all was lost by a moment of panic terror. Even the squadrons of *service,* drawn up by the side of the Emperor, were overthrown and disorganized by these tumultuous waves, and there was then nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve, the baggage which had not repassed the Sambre, in short, every thing that was on the field of battle. remained in the power of the enemy. It was impossible to wait for the troops on our right; every

one knows what the bravest army in the world is, when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organization no longer exists.

The Emperor crossed the Sambre at Charleroi, at five o'clock in the morning of the 19th. Philippeville and Avesnes have been given as the points of re-union. Prince Jerome, General Morand, and other generals, have there already rallied a part of the army. Marshal Grouchy, with the corps on the right, is moving on the Lower Sambre.

The loss of the enemy must have been very great, if we may judge from the number of standards we have taken from them, and from the retrograde movements which he made; ours cannot be calculated till after the troops shall have been collected. Before the disorder broke out, we had already experienced a very considerable loss, particularly in our cavalry, so fatally, though so bravely engaged. Notwithstanding these losses, this brave cavalry constantly kept the position it had taken from the English, and only abandoned it when the tumult and disorder of the field of battle forced it. In the midst of the night, and the obstacles which encumbered their route, it could not preserve its own organization.

The artillery has, as usual, covered itself with glory. The carriages belonging to the head-quarters remained in their ordinary position; no retrograde movement being judged necessary. In the course of the night they fell into the enemy's hands.

Such has been the issue of the battle of Mont St. Jean, glorious for the French armies, and yet so

The Prince of Moskwa (Marshal Ney) to his Excellency the Duke of Otranto.

M. le Duc,

The most false and defamatory reports have been spreading for some days over the public mind, upon the conduct which I have pursued during this short and unfortunate campaign. The journals have reported these odious calumnies, and appear to lend them credit. After having fought for twenty-five years for my country, after having shed my blood for its glory and independence, an attempt is made to accuse me of treason: an attempt is made to mark me out to the people, and the army itself, as the author of the disaster it has just experienced.

Forced to break silence, while it is always painful to speak of oneself, and above all, to answer calumnies, I address myself to you, Sir, as the President of the Provisional Government, for the purpose of laying before you a faithful statement of the events I have witnessed. On the 11th of June, I received an order from the Minister of War to repair to the Imperial presence. I had no command, and no information upon the composition and strength of the army. Neither the Emperor nor his Minister had given me any previous hint, from which I could anticipate that I should be employed in the present campaign; I was consequently taken by surprise, without horses, without accoutrements, and without money, and I was obliged to borrow the necessary expenses of my journey. Having arrived on

the 14th at Beaumont, I purchased, in this last city, two horses from the Duke of Treviso, with which I repaired on the 15th, to Charleroi, accompanied by my first aid-de-camp, the only officer who attended me. I arrived at the moment when the enemy, attacked by our troops, was retreating upon Fleurus and Gosselies.

The Emperor ordered me immediately to put myself at the head of the 1st and 2d corps of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Generals d'Erlon and Reille, of the divisions of light cavalry of Lieutenant General Pine, of the division of light cavalry of the guard under the command of Lieutenant Generals Lefebvre Desnouettes and Colbert, and of two divisions of cavalry of the Count Valmy, forming, in all, eight divisions of infantry, and four of cavalry. With these troops, a part of which only I had as yet under my immediate command, I pursued the enemy, and forced him to evacuate Gosselies, Frasnes, Millet, and Heppegnies. There they took up a position for the night, with the exception of the 1st corps, which was still at Marchiennes, and which did not join me till the following day.

On the 16th I received orders to attack the English in their position at Quatre Bras. We advanced towards the enemy with an enthusiasm difficult to be described. Nothing resisted our impetuosity. The battle became general, and victory was no longer doubtful, when, at the moment that I intended to order up the first corps of infantry, which had been left by me in reserve at Frasnes, I learned that the Emperor had disposed of it without informing me of the circumstance, as well as of the divi-

direct them upon St. Amand, and to strengthen his left wing, which was vigorously engaged with the Prussians. The shock which this intelligence gave me, confounded me. Having no longer under me more than three divisions, instead of the eight upon which I calculated, I was obliged to renounce the hopes of victory; and, in spite of all my efforts, in spite of the intrepidity and devotion of my troops, my utmost efforts after that could only maintain me in my position till the close of the day. About nine o'clock, the first corps was sent me by the Emperor, to whom it had been of no service. Thus twenty-five or thirty thousand men were, I may say, paralyzed, and were idly paraded during the whole of the battle from the right to the left, and the left to the right, without firing a shot.

It is impossible for me, Sir, not to arrest your attention for a moment upon these details, in order to bring before your view all the consequences of this false movement, and, in general, of the bad arrangements during the whole of the day. By what fatality, for example, did the Emperor, instead of leading all his forces against Lord Wellington, who would have been attacked unawares, and could not have resisted, consider this attack as secondary? How did the Emperor, after the passage of the Sambre, conceive it possible to fight two battles on the same bay? it was to oppose forces double ours, and to do what military men, who were witnesses of it, can scarcely yet comprehend. Instead of this, had he left a corps of observation to watch the Prussians, and marched with his most powerful masses to support me, the English army had un-

Genappe; and this position, which separated the two allied armies, being once in our power, would have opened for the Emperor an opportunity of advancing to the right of the Prussians, and of crushing them in their turn. The general opinion in France, and especially in the army, was, that the Emperor would have bent his whole efforts to annihilate first the English army; and circumstances were favourable for the accomplishment of such a project: but fate ordered otherwise.

On the 17th, the army marched in the direction of Mont St. Jean.

On the 18th, the battle began at one o'clock, and though the bulletin, which details it, makes no mention of me, it is not necessary for me to mention that I was engaged in it. Lieutenant General Count Drouet has already spoken of that battle, in the House of Peers. His narration is accurate, with the exception of some important facts which he has passed over in silence, or of which he was ignorant, and which it is now my duty to declare. About seven o'clock in the evening, after the most frightful carnage which I have ever witnessed, General Labedoyere came to me with a message from the Emperor, that Marshal Grouchy had arrived on our right, and attacked the left of the English and Prussians united. This General Officer, in riding along the lines, spread this intelligence among the soldiers, whose courage and devotion remained unshaken, and who gave new proofs of them at that moment, in spite of the fatigue which they experienced. Immediately after, what was my astonishment, I should rather say indignation, when I learn-

ri vedto support us, as the whole army had been assured, between forty and fifty thousand Prussians attacked our extreme right, and forced it to retire.

Whether the Emperor was deceived, with regard to the time when the Marshal could support him, or whether the march of the Marshal was retarded by the efforts of the enemy, longer than was calculated upon, the fact is, that at the moment when his arrival was announced to us, he was only at Wavre upon the Dyle, which to us was the same as if he had been a hundred leagues from the field of battle.

A short time afterwards, I saw four regiments of the middle guard, conducted by the Emperor, arriving. With these troops, he wished to renew the attack, and to penetrate the centre of the enemy. He ordered me to lead them on; generals, officers, and soldiers, all displayed the greatest intrepidity; but this body of troops was too weak to resist, for a long time, the forces opposed to it by the enemy, and it was soon necessary to renounce the hope which this attack had, for a few moments, inspired. General Friant had been struck with a ball by my side, and I myself had my horse killed, and fell under it. The brave men who will return from this terrible battle, will, I hope, do me the justice to say, that they saw me on foot with sword in hand during the whole of the evening, and that I only quitted the scene of carnage among the last, and at the moment when retreat could no longer be prevented. At the same time, the Prussians continued their offensive movements, and our right sensibly retired; the English advanced in their turn. There

to protect the retreat. These brave grenadiers, the choice of the army, forced successively to retire, yielded ground foot by foot, till overwhelmed by numbers, they were almost entirely annihilated. From that moment, a retrograde movement was declared, and the army formed nothing but a confused mass. There was not, however, a total rout, nor the cry of *suave qui peut*, as has been calumniously stated in the bulletin. As for myself, constantly in the rear-guard, which I followed on foot, having all my horses killed, worn out with fatigue, covered with contusions, and having no longer strength to march, I owe my life to a corporal who supported me on the road, and did not abandon me during the retreat. At eleven at night, I found Lieutenant General Lefebvre Desnouettes; and one of his officers, Major Schmidt, had the generosity to give me the only horse that remained to him. In this manner I arrived at Marchienne-au-pont at four o'clock in the morning, alone, without any officers of my staff, ignorant of what had become of the Emperor, who, before the end of the battle, had entirely disappeared, and who, I was allowed to believe, might be either killed or taken prisoner. General Pamphele Lacróix, chief of the staff of the second corps, whom I found in this city, having told me that the Emperor was at Charleroi, I was led to suppose that his Majesty was going to put himself at the head of Marshal Grouchy's corps, to cover the Sambre, and to facilitate to the troops the means of rallying towards Avesnes, and with this persuasion I went to Beaumont; but parties of cavalry following on too near, and having already in-

I became sensible of the total impossibility of arresting a single soldier on that point, to oppose the progress of the victorious enemy. I continued my march upon Avesnes, where I could obtain no intelligence of what had become of the Emperor.

In this state of matters, having no knowledge of his Majesty nor of the Major-General, confusion increasing every moment, and with the exception of some fragments of regiments of the guard and of the line, every one following his own inclination, I determined immediately to go to Paris by St. Quentin, to disclose, as quickly as possible, the true state of affairs to the Minister of War, that he might send to the army some fresh troops, and take the measures which circumstances rendered necessary. At my arrival at Bouget, three leagues from Paris, I learned that the Emperor had passed there at nine o'clock in the morning.

Such, M. le Duc, is a history of the calamitous campaign.

Now I ask those who have survived this fine and numerous army, how I can be accused of the disasters of which it has been the victim, and of which your military annals furnish no example. I have, it is said, betrayed my country—I who, to serve it, have shown a zeal which I perhaps have carried to an extravagant height: but this calumny is supported by no fact, by no circumstance. But how can these odious reports, which spread with frightful rapidity, be arrested? If, in the researches which I could make on this subject, I did not fear almost as much to discover as to be ignorant of the truth, I would say, that all was a tendency to convince that

tempted to cover, with the pretence of treason, the faults and extravagances of this campaign; faults which have not been avowed in the bulletins that have appeared, and against which I in vain raised the voice of truth, which I will yet cause to resound in the house of Peers. I expect, from the candour of your Excellency, and from your indulgence to me, that you will cause this letter to be inserted in the Journal, and give it the greatest possible publicity.

MARSHAL PRINCE OF MOSKWA.

Paris, June 26, 1815.

FRENCH ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

Translated from the "*Relation fidele de la derniere Campagne de Bonaparte*," Paris, 1815.

"This relation is an incomparable history of the battle, and, indeed, the only authentic narrative of all the incidents of the battle of Waterloo." WALTER SCOTT.

UPON arriving at Beaumont, the army of the North joined that of the Ardennes, commanded by Vandamme, whose head quarters were at Furnay. The army of the Moselle, under General Girard, quitting Metz by forced marches, debouched in the same period by Philippeville, and brought itself likewise into line. Thus the army of the North was composed of five corps of infantry, under the respective commands of the Lieutenant Generals D'Erlon, Reille, Vandamme, Girard, and the Count de Lobau. The cavalry, commanded in chief by Marshal Grouchy, was divided into four corps, under the orders of General Pajol, Excelmans, Milhaud, and Kellerman.

The Imperial Guard, which was about 20,000

was followed by a considerable *materiel* of artillery, perfectly well equipped, and in the best possible condition, as well as a great many pontoons. Beside the battering train attached to each division, every corps of the army had its park of reserve. The Guards, in particular, had a magnificent artillery, almost entirely composed of new pieces.

These troops, all chosen men, and perfectly well disposed, might amount to about 150,000 effective men, 20,000 of which were cavalry, accompanied with 300 pieces of ordnance. But already in the heart of their own country, the troops discovered a want of discipline, which constitutes the strength of armies, and the safeguard of the countries to which they belong.

Without any regard for their unhappy countrymen, who showed the greatest zeal in furnishing them every kind of subsistence in their power, the French soldiers treated them with the utmost degree of rigour, and considered plunder as one of their most incontestable privileges, and made a sort of merit in giving themselves up to every kind of excess.

Every where they sacked the houses; and under pretext of searching for provisions, broke open the doors, burst open the closets, ill treated the peasants, and seized upon whatever suited them. "They had taken the field," they said, "the war could not be carried on without them;" consequently ever thing was allowed them, and they gave a full scope to their taste for *brigandages*—a taste which had been refined by ten years of wars, which can only be compared, for the ravages committed, to those excursions of the barbarous hordes

upon the lands of their neighbours. In this manner, running from house to house, from granary to granary, from one cellar to another, the soldiers returned to their camp loaded with plunder, after having destroyed what they could not carry away. The peasant considered himself unusually fortunate, if, after being the *butt* of all sorts of abuse and ill treatment, for having concealed his money too well, if he escaped their vengeance, by leaving his all to their discretion.

It is truly afflicting to acknowledge, that the greater part of the officers opposed only a feeble resistance to this infamous pillage, and even tolerated, if not encouraged it, under the ready excuse,—"We must not be too severe; the soldier must live. Why were there no magazines?" And whilst the soldier had his subsistence; the officer, it may be imagined, had abundance, and was only perplexed by the difficulty of choice.

Do we recognize here, it may be demanded, the frank and loyal character of the French officer? No, certainly not. But let not the French name be disgraced with posterity because the officers of Bonaparte were not those of Turenne and Villeroi. In the midst of this herd of lawless and unprincipled devastators, there were doubtless not wanting many men of honour and principle, who most grievously lamented over this frightful disorder, and who served with profound regret in this rebellious army, but who endeavoured to persuade themselves that it was their duty to defend their country under any leader. A principle of military honour kept them firm to their post. They were indifferent to

Nor was it, perhaps, possible to repress those disorders in an army which had been formed to them by the habit and example of twenty years. It was in fact by this system of brigandage, that the Emperor Napoleon had succeeded in so firmly attaching the soldiers to his name and cause.

The country which the army was traversing, covered with wheat already browning, promised a rich harvest: but this abundance existed in vain; woe to the fields, through which was the passage of the troops; and still more so to those which became the position of a camp. In a few moments the labour and gift of the year were trodden under the feet of men and horses, or torn up by the roots for fodder.

The interior of the army was torn by intestinal divisions and anarchy. It seemed as if the different corps were animated with a hatred for one another, and that open war existed between them. Above all, there was no agreement between the chiefs.

When a commander of a column, or a regiment, arrived at the place which it was to occupy, he seized upon whatever was found there, without any regard to who might come after him. A guard was placed upon those houses which furnished any supplies, and without any other right than that of being the first occupier, every share was denied. Frequently indeed they fell upon the sentries, and an actual fight ensued. There were in this manner a number of men wounded, and even some killed.

The *Imperial Guard* behaved very arrogantly towards the other troops, and were particularly hated by them; and for the disdain which they showed

and tormented in their turn, whenever they were not strong enough to give the law.

The cavalry, in like manner, insulted the infantry with every kind of outrage; and the infantry threatened the cavalry with their bayonets, and affected to despise them. Such was the condition of the army which was marched upon the frontiers to protect and defend the citizens; they had put them in a condition not to dread the presence of a most ferocious enemy.

In this state they proceeded by forced marches: the weather, although constantly showery, had nevertheless kept tolerably fine, so that the roads did not impede the march of the artillery and carriages. The movements were effected with a celerity which bordered upon precipitation. It was evidently the intention to surprise the enemy by an unexpected appearance, and these rapid marches gave great reason to suspect a sudden irruption into Belgium.

On the 14th, the whole army was found united in line upon the extreme frontier.

Our uncertainty respecting the intention of all these manœuvres, caused the publication of a proclamation, which was inserted in the order of the day, and read at the head of each regiment.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that this proclamation was received with transports of joy and loud acclamations by the multitude of ignorant soldiers, to whom a few high-sounding words they do not comprehend, seem the very height of eloquence. Nor need we mention that ridiculously pompous

proclamation. It wears the same stamp with all his other productions, and only differs from them in greater extravagance and absurdity. Whoever weighed the incoherent declamation of that vain-glorious prophet, looked on it with pity. Meanwhile it augmented the public inquietude by laying open the whole extent of the dangers Bonaparte meant to brave. The chiefs, however, were enraptured with the precision of their routes, and recognized, they said, the presence of the *great man* in those scientific combinations, by which all the masses of the army, after encumbering each other's march, seemed all at once to rise from the ground, and find themselves ranged in line by the effect of magic. So great is the power of prepossession.

On the 15th, at break of day, this army broke up for the Belgic territory. The 2nd division attacked the Prussian outposts, and pursued them with vigour as far as Marchienne-au-Pont; the cavalry of this body had to charge several corps of infantry at different times, which they drove back, took some hundreds of prisoners, and the Prussians hastened to recross the Sambre. The light cavalry of the centre followed the 2nd division on the road to Charleroi, and, brushing away in different charges such of the enemy as they met, drove the whole to the other side. While numerous sharp-shooters defended the approach to the bridge, the Prussians were employed in rendering it impassable, in order to retard our march, and afford them time to evacuate the city; but being too closely pushed, they were not able to destroy it effectually, and our men soon

About noon their work was finished, and the light cavalry took possession of Charleroi.

In the mean time, the second corps, having effected its passage lower down the river at Marchienne, advanced upon Gosselies, a large town upon the opposite side of the river, and through which was a road to Brussels. The purpose of this movement was to prevent the Prussians from retiring upon this point, when they should be forced from Charleroi by the attack which was then proceeding. The Prussians, thus forced in front, and anticipated upon our flank, retired upon Fleurus, where they began to occupy themselves in concentrating their army.

Whilst the Prussians were employed in this operation, they had to sustain themselves against the repeated attacks of our divisions, who unceasingly interrupted them whilst taking their position.

The presence of Bonaparte so electrified the French troops, that the divisions, as fast as they arrived, threw themselves upon the enemy; and with such irresistible impetuosity, as to bear every thing before them. They scarcely discharged a musket, but, bayonet in hand, dashed into the thickest of the enemy's masses.

The squadrons of the body-guard of Napoleon made several charges upon the Prussian infantry; it was in one of these charges, that the General Letort, Colonel of the Dragoons of the Guard, received a mortal wound. The French finally succeeded in driving the enemy from all his positions on the Sambre.

Towards night the combat ceased; and Bonaparte, after having left the third corps

the road to Brussels, returned to Charleroi as his head-quarters. The remainder of the army occupied the surrounding villages. The results of these several engagements were a thousand prisoners, the passage of the Sambre, and the possession of Charleroi and its magazines.

But it was a still more signal advantage, that it confirmed the courage of the troops by success. Napoleon availed himself of this success, and of its fruits, according to his usual system.

The prisoners were paraded with the artifice of a procession at a theatre, by the effect of which a few bands, carefully repeated, and systematically re-introduced, appear to be an army. Thus the prisoners were marched in presence of different divisions from the front to the rear. It may be imagined that the air resounded with the cries of *Vive l' Empereur*, and the soldiers believed every thing done in this auspicious beginning. In the beginning of this day, the Prussian army, consisting of four corps, were encamped on the line of the Sambre; they fell back to their points of concentration, Fleurus, Namur, Cincy, and Hannut. The principal corps engaged with us was that of General Ziethen. This General was at Fleurus, where he received us bravely.

Blucher was made acquainted with these events in the course of the afternoon, and (as was afterwards learned) immediately ordered his other three corps (those at Namur, Cincy, and Hannut) to make a forced march to Sombref, about four miles from Fleurus, where he proposed to put himself at their head, and give us immediate battle on the next day.

The whole French army were now in the terri-

tory of Belgium, in the midst of the new subjects of the kingdom of the Netherlands, who welcomed us with loud cries, as their deliverers, and saying that they only waited for our arrival to rise *en masse* in favour of our cause.

We found, in fact, a few groups of peasants at the entrance of the villages we passed through, who came to meet us with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* but they did not appear to be animated by a sincere enthusiasm; and, to speak freely, they rather resembled hired criers, than citizens, who endeavoured to speak their true sentiments.

They received us as conquerors, whose good will it was of importance to secure; or rather, they were the friends of the strongest party, and their exclamations evidently meant thus: "We are willing to be French subjects, if your bayonets give the law; for God's sake do not plunder us, do not lay waste our fields; treat us as your countrymen."

But their supplications were not attended to, and notwithstanding the confidence our soldiers gave to these amicable demonstrations, they treated them as their most decided enemies: devastation and rapine every where marked the march of the army. No sooner had the troops taken up a temporary position in the neighbourhood of some village, than they rushed like a torrent on the ill-fated houses; provisions, drink, furniture, clothes, all disappeared in an instant. A village near which they had encamped, when they quitted it the next morning, presented only a vast heap of ruins, around which lay dispersed, all that had served as the furniture of the houses.

The surrounding country, which we further

part covered with the richest harvests, seemed to have been destroyed by a storm of hail, and the places where the bivouac fires had been made, remained black, and scattered over the meadows and corn-fields, now reduced to stubble, appeared like places struck with lightning.

The instant they departed, the inhabitants, terror-struck, the women weeping, the children half naked and seized with horror, emerged in swarms from their hiding places, and ran over their devastated fields, to recognize the various utensils which constituted their property, and to collect the wreck.

We now learned, that the Prussian out-posts, although on their guard, were surprised; and that, far from expecting an aggression so hasty and so serious, the Allies were intending, in the course of a few days, to enter the French territory.

The inhabitants themselves were thunder-struck at our appearance, at a time when they thought us employed in securing our own frontiers from invasion. They spoke very ill (and with sufficient reason) of the Prussians, whom they represented as very extortionate, and who daily ill-treated them.

From these reports, which conveyed no positive information, every one formed his own opinion upon the probable result of the campaign. The general idea was, that the allied army not being united, could not possibly effect its concentration; that the divided corps, sharply pursued, and turned on every side, would make but a feeble defence. That Lord Wellington would be totally disconcerted by this unexpected movement, and all his plans for the campaign rendered useless.

Beside this, a perfect confidence in Bonaparte, whose combinations were as certain as they were admirable; nothing was thought of but the destruction of the English, or a precipitate embarkation, a speedy arrival upon the Rhine, amidst the shouts of the Belgians, risen in mass, and eager for the opportunity of passing into the ranks of their old companions in arms.

The 16th, at 3 A. M. the columns which remained on the right bank of the Sambre, put themselves in march, and passed the river, when the whole army advanced forward. The command of the left wing, consisting of the 1st and 2nd divisions of infantry, and four corps of cavalry, was given to Ney, who arrived the evening before at head-quarters, and received orders to march by Gosselies and Frasnes on the road to Brussels.

The centre, composed of the 3rd, 4th, and 6th divisions, the reserve, and a numerous body of cavalry, forming the mass of the army, directed itself upon Fleurus. Marshal Grouchy, with the cavalry of Pajol, and some battalions of foot, manœuvred towards the village of Sombref on the Namur road.

They presently descried the Prussian army; the chief masses of which appeared in close columns, crowning the upland levels that surround the mill of Bussi, and stretching in amphitheatre through the whole length of a sloping hill, in front of which was a deep ravine, tufted with thickets, that extended in front of the entire line. Its right rested on the village of St. Amand, its centre at Ligny, and its left stretched beyond the reach of sight towards

these villages, which are large, and built on uneven and broken ground, are in front of the ravine, and were lined with infantry.

Having duly recognized the position (an art in which he excels every man of his age) Bonaparte ordered the suitable dispositions to attack it. His mind, his eye, his whole deportment, were now on fire.

The *first corps*, which made a position of our left, together with two divisions of heavy cavalry, was posted in the rear of the village of Frasnes,—that is to say, a little to the right of the high road to Brussels, so as to be in readiness to move itself to any point in which it might be wanted. The *third corps* was directed in columns of attack upon the village of St. Amand.

The *4th* advanced upon Ligny, having the guard, the *sixth corps*, and a numerous cavalry in reserve. Marshal Grouchy, with the divisions on the right, made his advance towards Sombref. The third corps began the fire in attacking the village of St. Amand, where it met with an obstinate resistance. It carried it, however, at the point of the bayonet, but was again charged by the enemy, and compelled to abandon it.

In the mean time, the fourth corps precipitated itself with great alacrity upon Ligny, and a most obstinate conflict was commenced upon this point. Each party fought with the utmost desperation, and for a long time there appeared no yielding or thought of yielding on either side.

In the same moment, our two wings had come to the engagement with the opposite wings of the enemy; our right, directing itself against the

enemy at Sombref, whilst our left advanced against Frasnes.

Every part of both armies (our reserve alone excepted) was thus engaged; the affair therefore was now general, and the cannonade, increasing every instant, roared in tremendous horror along the lines.

The combat was kept up on both sides with equal obstinacy. It is impossible to form an idea of the fury which animated the soldiers of the two parties against each other; it seemed as if each of them had a personal injury to revenge, and had found in his adversary his most implacable enemy. The French would give no quarter; the Prussians, they said, had vowed to massacre all the French that should fall into their hands; these threats were particularly addressed to the guard, against whom they appeared to have an uncommon spite. In fact, on both sides the carnage was extreme.

The villages which formed the theatre of action were taken and retaken several times with a horrible butchery; those of St. Amand and Ligny were especially disputed with invincible obstinacy.

The French however contrived to lodge themselves in the church-yard of St. Amand, and to maintain themselves there in spite of the reiterated attempts of the Prussians to dislodge them. But there was one terrible moment, where the success was so doubtful on that point that Bonaparte sent in all haste for the 1st corps to reinforce them.

The left wing, which was now sharply engaged with the English army, against which it had the advantage, and had driven them from the heights of Frasnes to the farm of Quatre Bras, where they had

But what had nearly caused the total loss of the battle, was the imprudence of Bonaparte in not giving information to Marshal Ney of his having withdrawn a part of his troops.

The first corps had set off about an hour to march towards St. Amand, when the English army, to which the Prince of Orange had brought numerous reinforcements, took again in turn the offensive, and vigorously repulsed our riflemen and the columns of attack which followed them. The English horse, which was formed along the Brussels road, occupied the whole border of an extensive wood on the left of it.

Along the whole length of this border there was a hollow road, which had the appearance of a ravine, and plains covered with rye of a tolerable good size, separated this wood from the road, the right of which was occupied by the French, to a certain extent. In a moment these plains were covered with numerous battalions formed in squares, supported by a very formidable cavalry, who advanced with great confidence, and threatened to force our line. Our troops appeared intimidated, and recoiled with a sort of panic.

The moment was very pressing, and it was necessary to hasten the reserves. Marshal Ney, however, who was a little alarmed at these attempts, as he relied on the 1st corps, sent an order for them to march instantly to the spot, and to charge the enemy. But what was his astonishment, and extreme confusion, when he found that Bonaparte had otherwise disposed of them.

He immediately ordered the 8th and the 11th

charge the first battalions. This charge was executed with the greatest bravery; but these battalions, being supported from behind with the infantry which filled the wood, were enabled to return such a terrible fire upon us, that our cuirassiers, being repelled in their attempt to pierce them, were compelled to make a wheel round; and as always happens in such cases, retired in much disorder.

It was in this charge, which, however unfortunate, was executed with the greatest resolution, that a cuirassier of the 11th regiment took a colour of the English 64th regiment. The retrograde movement which was now sensibly beginning, and the multitude of wounded soldiers who threw themselves into the rear, began to excite a manifest terror amongst their comrades.

The waggoners, the servants, the attendants of the camp of all kinds, saved themselves with precipitation; and communicating their panic to all they met, soon clogged up the road to Charleroi. The rout indeed in this point (Ney's command) was beginning to be complete; every one was flying in confusion; and the cry of *the enemy! the enemy!* was general.

But the evil was not in fact so great as it appeared, and therefore was repaired. This Marshal, the bravest amongst the brave, was not to be daunted or confounded by a slight disaster. General Roussard, with his division of cuirassiers, hastened in a long trot into the front of the English, and reassured the fugitives by his presence, and in good part re-established the battle.

Our infantry, taking their position upon the

purpose of a more forward movement; they confined themselves, therefore, to maintaining this position, and they succeeded in it.

Such was the effect of Napoleon's withdrawing the first corps from Marshal Ney. And the first corps was as useless to the Emperor, as it would have been effectual to Marshal Ney. It was employed only in marching and in returning.

In the meantime the fire continued with increased vivacity along the whole line, and particularly towards Ligny, where the greater part of both armies were assembled, and upon which therefore each directed its main efforts. The cannonade, indeed, never relaxed for an instant; and our artillery, as far as I could form a judgment from what I saw, made a most horrible havoc in the Prussian columns, which being posted in masses on the opposite ridge of hills, and upon *plateaux* just below our batteries and position, afforded us a point-blank aim at less than half cannon-shot.

On the other hand, our own troops, carefully posted in the sinuosities of the ground, and at the foot of the hills, were comparatively very little exposed to the Prussian artillery; which thus, like those troops themselves, made more noise than effect, and reminded every military man of the ferocious whiskers and cowardly hearts,—the warlike dress, and *insignificant minds*, of the Prussian Officers.

About seven in the evening, we were masters of the villages, but the Prussians still retained their positions behind the ravines. Bonaparte had all along manœuvred so as to be enabled to make a sudden movement upon the rear of the ravine; he saw that the occasion was now at hand, and he in-

stantly directed his Imperial Guard and all his reserve upon the village of Ligny.

This bold and most skilful movement had for its object to separate the right of the Prussians from the rest of their army, and thus to intercept it from making a retreat upon Namur.

Instantly the Guards, supported by a strong cavalry and powerful artillery, pressed forward to the ravine, which they cleared amidst a shower of balls, and the combat became dreadful. But nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the French Grenadiers, who cut their way with the most horrible carnage, our cavalry charging at the same time on every side. At length, after the most obstinate defence, the Prussians were driven back, and left us masters of the field of battle, covered with dead, the dying, the wounded, some prisoners, and a few field-pieces. The Guards immediately possessed themselves of the slopes and uplands which were evacuated, and our cavalry pursued the fugitives. During this decisive operation at Ligny, the 3rd corps were endeavouring to employ the Prussian right wing, in order to divert their attention from what had passed. But they readily saw through our design, and made good their retreat to Gembloux and Namur.

The French army prepared to push their success; but the approach of night, and fatigues of the day, prevented it. They contented themselves with taking possession of all the Prussian posts, and at ten o'clock the fire had ceased along the whole line.

A variety of extravagant reports circulated in our army respecting this battle. Marshal Blucher had,

by the fall, and surrounded by French cuirassiers; it was to the darkness of the night alone he owed his safety. But notwithstanding the Prussians must have severely suffered; their loss was never known, nor ever attended to in our orders. On the left, where the English were engaged, both parties maintained their ground and their positions.

The death of the Duke of Brunswick was announced, killed from the fire of the division commanded by Jerome Bonaparte; and also the death of General Hill. The first intelligence was confirmed the following day, and urged our French Generals to interweave, for the purpose of carrying favour with the Ex-King of Westphalia, some unbecoming pleasantries on the fatality that seemed to pursue the unfortunate Duke, who, placed in constant opposition with the conqueror of his States, was condemned to die by his hand. And the latter, they augured hence, was again called to be his successor. It was added, that Jerome himself had been struck by a spent bullet. We will not stop to examine the truth of a fact of so trivial importance: but it is to be observed this sort of shots never reaches any but great personages, whose valour it is interesting to enhance.

But every one agreed that Bonaparte had obtained his end in separating the Prussians and the English, and that, having so much weakened the former, he had now only the latter to encounter.

It was to realize the hope of exterminating the English, that on the 17th, at day-break, Bonaparte, leaving behind him the 3rd and 4th corps, together with the cavalry of General Pajol, under command

ed with his reserve, and the 6th corps, towards Quatre Bras.

The English appeared to occupy the same positions as on the day preceding; and the French army remained till 11 o'clock A. M. observing them, and waiting for the troops from the right, whose arrival was delayed by heavy rains and cross-roads almost impracticable.

Arrangements were made for the attack, and the united corps advanced in front of battle, along the heights of Frasnes, when it was perceived that the English had manœuvred so as to mask their retreat. The troops we saw on the plain, at the entrance of the wood, and on the road, were only a strong rear-guard to cover the same. Bonaparte set out in pursuit of them with his cavalry, and all the army urged its march to Brussels.

During this very rapid march, the ardour of the troops was incredible; they saw only in the expert and perfectly well regulated retreat of the English, a total rout which would only finish by their embarkation. Already they were promising themselves that they would no more make a stand, but that given up to their own resources, they would push on, abandoning Brussels to us, and regain with all expedition their vessels.

The artillery, infantry, and carriages filed along with great embarrassment and precipitation in the high road, covered with a thick mud, while the cavalry marched by the sides, across corn-fields, which were every where very beautiful, and which they reduced to manure.

The horses plunged up to the belly into this

hesive, and could not be detached without great difficulty; which retarded greatly the march, and rendered it extremely painful. On the road were found several English *caissons*, which had been abandoned, and carriages with broken wheels.

We passed over the field of battle of Quatre Bras, which was covered with dead bodies, and with wrecks, on which was also found a tolerable number of wounded French who had not been carried off. We could here judge how destructive the affair had been to both parties; but, according to appearances, the English had lost a great many more than we; the plains which separated the wood where they were posted, from the high road, and particularly the borders of this wood and the hollow road before mentioned, were concealed from view by heaps of dead bodies, the greatest part of which were *Scotch*. Their costume particularly attracted the attention of the French soldiers, who called them *sans culottes*.

Bonaparte with his advanced guard pursued the English till night, and did not halt till he arrived at the forest of Soignies, where they opposed to him a resistance which he despaired of overcoming that day. After cannonading, and harassing them as long as the day-light permitted him, he caused his troops to take up a position, and fixed his head-quarters at the farm of Caillou, near Planchenoit.

The principal masses of the Army encamped at Genappe, and in the neighbourhood of that small town. The night was tremendous; a continual rain which fell in torrents, made the troops suffer cruelly, who were bivouacked in the midst of the mud, and

selves shelter. But if this night was terrible to the soldiers, how much worse was it to the unfortunate inhabitants of the country, occupied by the armies, who, panic-struck on all sides, had abandoned their houses, which were given up to all kinds of rapine, which caused them to ask, if the banditti thus let loose upon them were Tartars escaped from the deserts of Asia.

It was generally believed that the English would consecrate the night to continue their retreat, and no one had the least doubt but we should arrive at Brussels the next day; thus they amused themselves with considering the campaign as at an end, as they already considered themselves masters of that town, and that Marshal Grouchy, who, they supposed, would halt that night at Namur, could not fail to arrive at Liege, at the same time that Bonaparte entered the capital of the Netherlands.

Some *soi-disant* deserters, who were no better than spies, assured us that the Belgian army was only waiting for an engagement to go over in a body to our side, but that as their dispositions were known, they were always kept in the rear, ever since the commencement of hostilities; that it was nevertheless thought that they would rise upon the Prussians unexpectedly, against whom they had a mortal antipathy.

Our first surprise, as the day broke, was to see that the English had not only not fled,—had not only resumed their position, but seemed moreover resolved to defend it. Bonaparte, who had no apprehension during the night, but that they would escape the punishment which he designed for them,

them at their post; he was too fond of the game of war, and thought that he played it too well to have any pleasure in a game only abandoned to him. He could not retain the expression of his feeling to those who were around him.—"Bravo!" said he, "The English!"—*Ah! Je les tiens donc,—ces Anglais,* —(I have them then,—these English.)

Without further circumstance, he now hastened up, with all that imprudent impatience which characterizes him, the march of all the columns in the rear; and without any other information than what his eye afforded him, without knowing either the position or the forces of his enemy, without ascertaining that the Prussian army was held in check by Marshal Grouchy, he resolved to attack them on the spot.

The French army, which consisted of four corps of infantry, (including the guard) and of three corps of cavalry, formed an effective force of 120,000. About ten in the morning of this day (the 18th of June) the whole of this force was assembled in advance of Planchenoit. The position was upon two eminences, or short ranges of heights, parallel to two opposite ranges occupied by the English army, the English having taken their position upon some *plateaux* situated in advance of the forest of Soignies, to which forest it was appuyed.

Towards the centre of the line, which was upon Mont St. Jean, in the rear of the mount, and around the farm of the same name, we perceived some strong and deep masses of infantry; they crowned a vast *plateau* or platform of ground, in the front of

having been recently dug and heaped, seemed of a different colour from the soil.* This *plateau* extended itself on both sides along the edge of the forest, but the line, to appearance at least, diminished in depth as it extended, and was covered with batteries.

The right of the English army extended itself upon the village of Merke Braine, having in front of it, the farm of Hougoumont, surrounded with intersected ravines or deep descents; their left was extended towards Wavre, and was likewise covered in front by a ravine and the farm of La Haye Sainte.

We could not follow this line with our eyes through its whole extension; but it appeared to us to terminate behind the village of Smouhen, where was the position of the Brunswick troops. Generally speaking, with the exception of the great *plateaux* in and about Mont St. Jean, which formed the centre of the English line, we saw but a few troops; but naturally supposed what the event afterwards justified, that they were stationed, and thereby hidden, in the gorges which separated the plats from the forest, and in the forest itself.

The head quarters of the Duke of Wellington were at Waterloo in the rear of all his lines; and the lines, as may be seen by the plan which accompanies my journal, were so established as to cross and to cover the roads of Brussels and Nivelles.

Scarcely had the French troops all assembled, when Bonaparte, who was stationed on a hillock, situated at a very short distance from the place

where he slept, on the right of the road, near the farm of La Belle Alliance, whence he could discover all the movements, sent an order to commence the action: he was walking alone, with his arms crossed upon his breast, in front, and at a short distance from his staff, who were ranged in a line behind him.

The day was stormy; and there fell at intervals a few showers, which were not of long continuance. This weather continued during the day.

The 2nd corps was placed on the left, and marched against the farm of Hougoumont. The 1st rested its left upon the high road, and extended towards the centre. The 6th occupied the right. The guard remained in reserve upon the heights. The cavalry was divided between the different points, but the strongest columns of those troops occupied the two wings, and especially the right.

Towards noon, the first discharge of cannon resounded from the French lines, and numerous riflemen detached themselves in order to commence the action. The left attacked smartly the farm of Hougoumont, the buildings of which had been looped by the infantry, who occupied them in great force, and who fought with extreme obstinacy. The battalions and squadrons marched against the masses stationed behind this farm, and who sent continually reinforcements to it.

The engagement soon grew serious upon the right, with the same ardour; and the centre, advancing gradually to follow the movement of the two wings, and to act in concert with them, an extremely heavy firing was instantly perceived along the whole of

mised, from the very beginning, to be very hot and serious.

After an hour's murderous conflict, during which the artillery and musketry of both sides were served in the most gallant style, the English appeared to retire a little, and the French army pressed its approaches: the artillery advanced in front throughout the whole line, and the columns followed it.

Our troops were thus all engaged by degrees, not without suffering great losses amidst the difficulties of an uneven ground, hilly and intersected with hollows, deep ditches, and ravines, where they were stopped at every step by fresh masses, which, being concealed by the ground, were not perceived till they fell upon them.

Every foot of ground was disputed, and only yielded on either side till all the means of resistance were exhausted; the smallest hillocks, the most inconsiderable hollows, were often taken and retaken several times. Repeated charges of cavalry were carried into execution; the field of battle was heaped with dead bodies; and the firing, far from relaxing in the least, was increasing continually in violence.

The combat was sustained on either side with equal fury; the defence was as obstinate as the attack was impetuous. In a short time it was announced that very strong columns were marching, the bayonet in front, upon Mont St. Jean, at the same time that the cavalry of the wings were to charge the batteries, which appeared to be very little protected. This grand movement, from the result of which so much might be expected, was impatiently

English in maintaining their position in the villages which flanked their wings, retarded it.

They successively sent battalions towards the farms of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, which our cavalry as frequently drove back; yet those villages, though pressed with unparalleled vigour, still defended themselves. Eager to drive the enemy from Hougoumont, who appeared resolved not to retire, we decided to set fire to it, at the same time sending a reinforcement against La Haye Sainte, which we carried after a most sanguinary contest.

The English artillery made dreadful havoc in our ranks: we were so completely exposed, that their rockets passed easily through all the lines, and fell in the midst of our equipage, which was placed behind on the road, and its environs. A number of shells too burst among them, and rendered it indispensable for the train to retire to a greater distance. This was not done without considerable disorder, which the English clearly perceived.

Our artillery re-opened their fire with equal vivacity; but probably with much less effect, as their masses could only be levelled against by approximation, being almost entirely masked by the inequalities of the ground. The continual detonation of more than 600 pieces of artillery; the fire of the battalions and light troops; the frequent explosion of caissons, blown up by shells which reached them; the hissing of balls and grape-shot; the clash of arms; the tumultuous roar of the charges, and shouts of the soldiery—all created an effect of sound, the pen is impotent to describe; and all this within a narrow space, the two armies being close to each other, and their respective lines contracted

into the shortest length possible. However in spite of obstacles and dangers, the French army was sensibly gaining ground.

The support of the two British wings being carried we passed the ravine, and made our advances amidst a deluge of balls and grape shot. A strong column approached Mont St. Jean, whence a terrific fire was pouring. The French cavalry at the same time rushed to carry the guns on the plains, but was charged in its turn by the enemy's horse, who issued in a body from the hollows where they had lain in ambuscade, and the slaughter became horrible. Neither side gave way one step; fresh columns reinforce them; the charge is repeated. Three times the French are on the point of forcing the positions, and three times they are driven back.

These three assaults, made without interruption, and with all the impetuosity which distinguishes the French, caused the enemy considerable loss, and obliged him to make the greatest efforts of resistance. Lord Wellington exposed himself considerably; and, in order to be able to direct all his means himself, threw himself frequently into the midst of the conflict, to show himself to his soldiers, and give them confidence by his presence.

The Prince of Orange, who was in the right wing, was wounded at the head of his troops.

If, however, witnesses, very worthy of credit, may be believed, the English were very near being forced. It has also been confidently asserted, that the greatest disorder reigned in their rear for some time, and that their carriages were made to retrograde precipitately, which filed on the Brussels road with great confusion, amidst a general panic.

But, be that as it will, it is not less certain, that they repulsed, with an insurmountable firmness, all our attempts, and succeeded in rendering them fruitless, by concealing from our observation the derangement and fears, which such furious attacks, repeated so often, and with so much obstinacy, certainly inspired.

At the same instant as they began to be troubled, and to conceive violent alarms, there was also in the French army a hesitation and evident uneasiness; some battalions that had been overthrown retreated: great numbers of wounded detached themselves from the columns, and spread ideas of the greatest uncertainty respecting the issue of the battle: a profound silence had succeeded to the acclamations and cries of joy of the soldiers, who made sure of victory.

Excepting the infantry of the guard, the whole of the troops were seen to be exposed to the most murderous fire; the action was still kept up with the same violence, but brought no results.

It was near seven o'clock: Bonaparte, who hitherto had remained where he was first stationed, and whence he could very well see all that passed, was contemplating, with a ferocious aspect, the hideous spectacle of such a horrid butchery. The more the difficulties increased, the more obstinate he was. He became angry at these unforseen obstacles; and, far from fearing to push too far the trial of an army, whose confidence in him had no bounds, he continued to send fresh troops, and to give the orders, to advance, to charge *bayonet*, to *carry* every thing. Several times he was in-

formed that different points of the army were in a perilous situation; that the troops appeared to give up. He only answered, *En avant! en avant!* (Forward! forward!)

A general gave him notice, that he was in a position which could not be kept, being mowed down by a battery. He asked of him, at the same time, what he should do to withdraw himself from the destructive fire of this battery. *Storm it!* he answered, and turned his back on the aid-de-camp.

An English officer, who was wounded, and a prisoner, was brought before him. He endeavoured to obtain some information from him, and asked, among other things, what was the force of the English army? The officer told him that it was very numerous, and that it had just received a reinforcement of 60,000 men. "So much the better, (says he) the more there are, the more we shall beat." He sent off several estafettes with dispatches, which he dictated to a secretary, and repeated several times with distraction, "See that he does not forget to say every where that the victory is mine."

In short, it was at this epoch, and at the moment when all his enterprizes had completely miscarried, that it was announced to him, that some Prussian columns had appeared on our right flank, and were threatening our rear; but he would never give any credit to this report, and replied several times, that they had observed very ill, and that these pretended Prussians were nothing else than the corps of Grouchy. He even ill treated, and sent back with ill humour, several of the aides-de-camp, who successively brought him these tidings. "Go along," said he, "you have been frightened; approach

without fear to the columns which have appeared, and you will be convinced that they are those of Grouchy."

After so positive an answer, several of them, in confusion for their mistake, returned with confidence towards the Prussian advanced corps, and notwithstanding the warm fire which these directed against them, approached so near as to run the risk of being taken or killed.

It was necessary therefore to yield to evidence, and it was besides impossible any longer to mistake the truth of what was stated, when these columns, filing off as they arrived, made a fierce attack on our right. Part of the sixth corps was sent to support this new shock, in expectation of the arrival of Marshal Grouchy's divisions, which were continually reckoned upon; the report was even spread in the army that they were already in line.

It results from the accounts, that part of Marshal Blucher's army, which after the battle of the 16th, had carefully concentrated itself near Wavre, had carefully concealed its march from Marshal Grouchy; and that after being rejoined by the fourth Prussian corps under General Bulow, had with great expedition re-approached the English line to co-operate with the Duke of Wellington.

Marshal Grouchy had, in fact, pursued the Prussians closely in their retreat upon Wavre, and had in that place attacked the portion of their army which remained there. He was fighting, at the very time that we were also engaged, against some small corps, which he mistook for the whole of the Prussian army, over which he continued to gain signal

These corps, however, being favoured by the difficulties of a mountainous country, opposed him with a resistance obstinate enough, if not to arrest his march, at least to retard it considerably. They thus succeeded in engaging him at a sufficient distance from the place where the business was really to be decided, and thus prevented his having any share in that decision. For this reason he was of no assistance to us; and thus the English received a considerable reinforcement, whose intervention, which they knew well how to value, and which besides was foreseen, enabled them not only to be fearless of our most vigorous attempts, but to resume against us the offensive, and shortly to overpower us. They therefore re-assumed an entire confidence; and calculating their dispositions from the favourable circumstances which presented themselves, they resisted with all their strength, and with an ardour incessantly renewed.

It is besides evident that this operation had been concerted between the two commanders in chief, and that the English defended their position with a steadiness so insuperable, only to give time to the Prussians for effecting this combined movement; on which depended the success of the battle, the commencement of which they hourly expected.

Bonaparte, who in despite of all, appeared to have no doubt concerning the speedy arrival of Marshal Grouchy, and who, undoubtedly, persuaded himself that he pressed closely on the Prussian army, judged with a determination which nothing could alter, that the moment for deciding the day was arrived. He accordingly formed a fourth column of attack, composed almost entirely of the guard, and after send-

ing off to every point instructions for supporting this movement on which the victory depended, directed it at the *pas de charge* on Mont St. Jean.

These old warriors rushed upon the plain with the intrepidity one might expect from them: the whole army resumes its vigour, the fire is again lighted up along the line, the guard made several charges, but their efforts were constantly repulsed; being destroyed by a formidable artillery, which appeared to multiply.

These invincible grenadiers beheld their ranks shattered by the grape-shot; they closed them quickly and with great coolness, still marching on without being intimidated; nothing arrested their progress, but death or serious wounds; but the hour of defeat was come; enormous masses of infantry, supported by an immense cavalry, to which we could no longer oppose any, our own being entirely destroyed, pour upon them with fury, and surrounding them on all sides, summon them to surrender: "*the guard never surrender, they die,*" was their reply. From that time no more quarter was given them; almost the whole fell, fighting like desperadoes, beneath the strokes of sabres, or of bayonets: this horrible massacre continued as long as their resistance, but at length overpowered by forces vastly superior, and discouraged besides, from opposing themselves in vain to certain destruction, they quitted their ranks, and fell back in disorder to their first positions, with the intention, no doubt, of there rallying again.

Whilst things were thus passing in the centre, the Prussian columns having arrived on our right, con-

troops that were found on that point; a cannonading and a very brisk fire of musketry was heard in the rear of our line, and approached nearer and nearer; our troops sustained the combat as long as possible, but they gradually lost ground. At last our right wing retrograded sensibly, and the Prussians, who were turning it, were on the point of bursting on the high road, when the report was circulated that the guard had been repulsed, and that its battalions scattered, and reduced to a small number, were seen to retire with precipitation; a general panic spread itself throughout the army, who dispersed in every direction, and sought their safety in the most precipitate flight: in vain did Bonaparte in despair collect together, for one last effort, a few battalions of the young and old guard, who had not yet given way, and conducted them once more against the enemy, who had already issued *en masse* from their positions; all is in vain; intimidated by what was passing around them, and overwhelmed by numbers, this feeble reserve was soon overthrown.

Then the whole army, spontaneously and at the same instant, abandoned their positions, and retire like a torrent; the gunners abandoned the pieces, the soldiers of the train cut away the traces of the horses; the infantry, cavalry, all kinds of arms mixed and confounded together, no longer present the appearance of any thing but an unformed mass, which nothing could stop, and which was flying in disorder along the high road and across the fields; a crowd of carriages on the sides of the road, follow the movement with precipitation, jostling all together, and blocking up the road to such a degree that there

Nevertheless, no cry of *sauve qui peut* was to be heard, and this general rout was the consequence of a spontaneous movement, the causes of which are unknown, or which it would be very difficult to assign, if it was not natural to attribute them to the account which the soldier knew how to render to himself, of the perilous position in which we were.

The French soldier is never like almost all those of other nations, entirely passive; he observes, he reasons, and in no case does he give a blind obedience to his chiefs, so as to neglect submitting their operations to his own judgment; no point of direction had been given, and there was no word of command to be heard; the general and other chiefs, lost in the crowd, and hurried on by it, were separated from their corps. There did not exist a single battalion in the rear of which they could rally; and since nothing had been provided to insure a reasonable retreat, how could they struggle against so complete a rout, such a one as they had not even an idea of, and what was never heard of, hitherto in the French army, already assailed by so many disasters.

The guard, that immoveable phalanx, which, in the greatest disasters had always been the rallying point of the army, and had served it as a rampart, the guard, in fine, the terror of the enemy, had been appalled, and was flying, dispersed with the multitude.

Every one saves himself as he can; they push, they crowd, groups more or less numerous form, and follow passively those which precede them.

Some dare not deviate from the high road, and

endeavour to force themselves a passage through the carriages, with which it was covered: others conceive it dangerous, and direct their course to the right or left, as fancy leads them; fear exaggerates every danger, and night, which was now gaining upon them, without being very dark, contributed greatly to increase the disorder.

The enemy, perceiving the confused flight of the army, instantly detached a large body of cavalry in pursuit. While some squadrons proceeding along the road, fall suddenly on the *ambulances* (medical stations) which had not time to be prepared for this assault; other formidable columns advance on our flanks.

The carriages of the Bonaparte family, seized near the farm-house in which he had lodged, become almost the first booty of the Prussians, together with a quantity of other baggage. All the cannon which had been formed into batteries, remaining on the ground where they had been used, as well as the caissons which belonged to them, fell at the same time into the enemy's hands. In less than half an hour, all the *materiel* had vanished.

The English and Prussians having completely effected their junction, the two commanders, Wellington and Blucher, met at the farm of La Belle Alliance, and concerted the means of following up their good fortune. The English had materially suffered in the conflict. Their cavalry, in particular, being exhausted with fatigue, would have found it difficult to have followed up the French with sufficient vivacity to prevent their rallying; but the Prussian cavalry being fresh hastened its advance,

and pressed closely upon us, without allowing us a moment's relaxation.

The mass of fugitives, being thus urged, rapidly passed over the space of two leagues, which divides Genappe from the field of action, and arrived at that small town, most of them hoping that they should be able to halt there for the night. With the intent of opposing the enemy's progress, they hastened to accumulate carriages in the road, and to barricade the entrance of the principal street.

Some pieces of artillery were formed into a battery; bivouacs were established in the town and its vicinity, and the soldiers dispersed themselves among the houses in search of food and lodging. But scarcely are these dispositions formed, when the enemy appears. A few cannon-shot, fired at the cavalry as it came in view, spread a general consternation. The camp instantly breaks up, each individual takes to flight, and the tumultuous retreat is resumed with increased confusion and embarrassment.

During these movements, the fate of Bonaparte was unknown. Some asserted that he had fallen in the combat. When this intelligence was stated to a well-known general officer, he replied in the words of Megret, after Charles the Twelth was killed at Frederickstadt, "*Thus ends the tragedy.*" It was stated by others, that after charging several times at the head of his guards, he was dismounted and taken prisoner. The same uncertainty prevailed as to the fate of Marshal Ney, of the Major-General, and of most of the principal generals.

The former, who had under his particular com-

rected the different attacks at the centre; and had been constantly in the heat of the battle.

It appears, that to the very instant when it became certain that it was not Grouchy's corps which was advancing to the right, he had looked forward with hope for the event; but on perceiving that Bonaparte maintained against all evidence that Grouchy was marching into line, and that he caused this false intelligence to be ostentatiously circulated throughout the ranks, he imputed to him the design of imposing on his troops, and of inspiring them with a confidence prejudicial to their security.

From that time his opinion changed, and he no longer acted with the same coolness and self-collection; but it must be avowed that not one reproach was made against him by the army on his change of conduct, and his bravery was never suspected; he merely partook the general anxiety and discouragement. It was indeed obvious, that from the opening of the campaign, he appeared profoundly dissatisfied, but dissimulated his feelings in presence of the public.

There subsisted between him and Bonaparte a certain misunderstanding, and a kind of reciprocal distrust very difficult to fathom, but not the less evident. There is every reason to believe too, that he entertained a jealousy of Marshal Grouchy, which Bonaparte himself seemed manifestly to adopt. Such dissensions between the principal chiefs, must necessarily have cramped the course of their operations, and disturbed the unity of their plans.

A great number of persons declared to have seen Bonaparte in the midst of the crowd, and perfectly

distinguished him by his grey capotte and pie-bald horse.

This last story was the true one. When the last battalions of the Guard were overthrown, Bonaparte was hurried away with them, surrounded on all sides by the enemy, into a cyder-orchard, near the farm of Caillou. There he was met by two cavaliers of the Guard, who conducted him cautiously through the Prussian parties that were scouring the country, but who, fortunately for him, were all employed in stopping and plundering the equipages. He was known and recognized in many places, and often heard the whisper run: "The Emperor!—the Emperor!"— words of alarm which caused his instant removal from the spot wherever heard.

After a flight harassed by the enemy through the whole night, the sad relics of our army reached at the point of day, part of them Charleroi, and the rest Marchienne, where they hastened to repass the Sambre. The remaining equipages, meanwhile, impeded by their gradual accumulation on the two roads which lead to the bridges of Charleroi and Marchienne, were overtaken by the Prussians, abandoned by their train and drivers, and thus the last cannon and military carriage fell into the power of the enemy, who made at the same time, a great number of prisoners.

The Sambre once crossed by the fraction of our army, we hoped to be able to halt, and bivouacs were established in the orchards and meadows on its right bank; but an alarm was given, that the Prussians were nigh. Without waiting orders; without attempting to destroy, or even turn adrift

the bridges; without making a single recognisance, the flight recommenced with all its disorder; the whole started at once, and each for his own account directs his steps he knows not where.

At a short distance from Charleroi, there are two roads, one leading to Avesnes, the other to Philippeville. Having no instructions as to the direction they were to take, and not seeing any of their chiefs, the army here divided itself into two parties, the most considerable of which took the road by which they had come, and which led to Avesnes; the other partly directed their march towards Philippeville.

A very great number, cut off from the rest with no other design than that of escaping the enemy's cavalry, threw themselves into the large woods in the neighbourhood. In this manner did the army become more and more dispersed, and almost disappeared altogether.

It was this last road which Bonaparte had chosen for his retreat. Once more did he desert his army; he abandoned it without making a single effort to rally it, in the midst of dangers which he seems to delight in, aggravating still more by delivering them up to anarchy, and a total dissolution.

Wandering at random, and issuing in crowds from the woods, thousands of straggling soldiers spread themselves over the fields, and carry with them alarm.

The unfortunate inhabitants are confounded to learn, almost at the same moment, the success and the irreparable defeat of the French army, and to find themselves the prey of an enemy, whom a victory bought with their blood ought to render more

ferocious, at a moment too when they were rejoicing to see the theatre of war removing to a distance from them.

The strong places every where shut their gates, and repelled by force the fugitives who presented themselves for admission, obliging them to fall back into the neighbouring communes, where they were guilty of every kind of excess.

It was in his quality of fugitive, that Bonaparte, more confused and less confident than all the rest, came as a suppliant to request admission to Philippeville; he stood in need of the protection of the ramparts of that place to conceal him from the active pursuit of the Prussians, who had tracked him with great caution, and who had already dispatched towards this point numerous parties, into whose hands he was fearing to fall.

On his arrival at the gates, he supported the humiliation of seeing himself interrogated by a guard, before whom he laid aside his quality of Emperor, and who did not allow him admission till he was at length recognized as such by the governor, who was called upon to identify him. As soon as he had entered with his scanty suite, the barriers were closed.

A short time afterwards, orders were issued to disperse the collection of soldiers which every moment increased around the city and its entrances. It being rumoured among them that their *illustrious* Emperor was at length found, and that he was in the place, they considered it their duty to encamp around him, flattering themselves likewise, that through his protecting care, the fortress would at length be opened to them.

But Bonaparte's prudence is too well known. According to his judgment, such a collection of troops might attract the enemy towards this point, and cause his asylum to be discovered; he therefore sent orders to them to continue their route. But having, as an able general, profoundly analyzed the means of acting on the *moral* of his troops after a defeat, in order to insure complete and speedy obedience to his command, he adopted a little stratagem, the result of which was certain. A few emissaries, issuing from the town, ran towards the camp in great confusion, crying out, "Save yourselves, here come the Cossacks; make haste, here come the Cossacks." It may easily be imagined that more was not requisite, and that they all instantly disappeared.

This mob of expelled wretches were the persons, who in despairing accents, and overwhelmed with anguish, circulated the lamentable news, that thir Emperor was blockaded in Philippeville. This was considered as a positive fact, nor had any persou along the roads to Mezieres and Laon the sagacity to conclude that it was nothing more than a well concerted combination, a *ruse de guerre* of quite a new description, invented by the great man to cover the wise march on which his security depended.

Fortunately, however, the public mind was not long oppressed by the inauspicious rumour of an event so fatal. Bonaparte left Philippeville after resting some hours there, and proceeded to Mezieres. At the approach of night, he passed by the walls of Rocroi, where it was believed that he would stay.

Great part of the inhabitants ascended the ram-

with shouts of *vive l'Empereur*, as long as he continued in sight; he appears, however, to have deemed it more prudent to take advantage of the night in making the best of his way, and therefore made no delay.

A few only of the officers who attended him, together with the small number of those of his suite who had survived the disaster, entered the town; two or three horses were all that remained, the carriages of every description having all fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The large body of the army, which had directed its course towards Avesnes and Laon, likewise felt the strongest uneasiness for the fate of Bonaparte; and in this direction, more particularly, they were entirely ignorant of what had befallen him. Convinced that he was not amongst them, he must have sunk on the field of honour, where he had led so many brave men to death, they mourned over the frightful destiny reserved for a person so much valued by them. On learning of his arrival at Paris, in full health and vigour,—eternal disgrace!—how is the indignation to be described, which could not fail to impress their minds.

Since the affair of Ligny, all communication with the right of the army had been cut off; we were perfectly ignorant of what had become of them, and the most unpleasant rumours were circulated about them. Where then was this fine army, recruited from the wrecks of many brilliant armies that Bonaparte had already sacrificed?

It would have seemed that, enraged at seeing a few thousand brave fellows who had escaped his

the rest. But the faults that he committed, ought rather to be attributed to his want of skill, accompanied by an extraordinary rashness, and to his incorrigible and well-known manner of advancing always with a blind confidence, without any plan, and without calculating any chance.

It is evidently from a knowledge of this system of warfare, that the hostile generals laid this snare for him, into which he plunged himself with such a lamentable security; for whatever foreign journals may say on this subject, with a view, no doubt, to raise the glory of their generals, and the courage of their troops, it is clear that the position of Mont St. Jean had been reconnoitred, designed, and prepared, as the spot where it was proposed to arrest the progress of Bonaparte, and give him battle.

A man must be like Bonaparte himself, not to perceive this. The retreat of the English evidently calculated upon so strong a position; the obstinacy with which they maintained themselves in it; the facility of masking, in an immense forest, troops and artillery; and, more than all that, the redoubts and batteries they had thrown up, and which were very apparent, would have inspired any other general with a distrust well founded, or would at least have made him fear, that this arrangement, instead of being a position arising from circumstances, had been the effect of deliberate choice.

What ought still to confirm this suspicion was, the construction of an observatory of wood, which had been erected on a hillock situate in front of the forest, from which, with a good glass, whatever was passing upon the plain, as far as the Sambre, could be discovered, and which, evidently designed for

the purpose of exploring our movements, could not have been the work of twenty-four hours.

With all these hypotheses, did not prudence require the examination of the ground, and of the enemy's positions? would the most inexperienced general have ventured an attack before having insured a communication with his right wing, or at least being informed of the result of its operations? Besides, supposing even that the English should be forced, a thing which could not be done without considerable loss, what great advantage could reasonably be expected, since they had in their rear a forest, occupying an extent of fifteen leagues in length and five in breadth? Ought not the road running through it to be considered as a very narrow defile, where 10,000 men and a few pieces of artillery could easily keep the greatest forces in check? Was it then indispensable to attack in front a position naturally very strong? or was there an utter impossibility in turning it?

Such considerations would naturally have presented themselves to the mind of the man the least skilful in the art of war; but Bonaparte was resolved to see nothing upon Mont St. Jean but a numerous rear guard, already intimidated, who put a good face upon it, merely to give time to the different carriages to defile through the forest. He firmly believed, that he was not about to fight a battle, but to follow up his pursuit. He would neither believe his own eyes, nor listen to the advice of some of the Generals, who recommended him to allow the English to effect quietly their evacuation of the forest, or at least to wait till the next day for the attack

Scarcely had his troops come in sight, harassed as they were with the continual rains, than, without allowing a moment of repose, he makes them rush on the enemy. Persuaded that nothing could resist them, he made them attack in front an impregnable position, and disdaining to have recourse to a few manœuvres in order to render the approach less dangerous, exposes them with perfect indifference to the destructive fire of numerous batteries.

In a short time he grew angry at the resistance opposed to him; and determining, in his delirium, to break, to force the enemy's line, he pushes on the whole of his cavalry, and obliges them to charge at all hazards. In less than an hour it disappeared, having been overwhelmed by the English cavalry, or mowed down by their artillery. Thus had he deprived himself of the means of following up the pursuit, had he even gained the victory.

Instead of gaining experience from the enormous loss he sustained, respecting the strength and intention of the enemy, and taking means to prevent the total ruin of his army, he descends furiously from the station where he had been directing the operations, places himself at the head of his guards, and persists in demanding of them impossible things, until at length, overthrown and lost in the mass which overwhelmed them, they vanished, as we may say, and escaped from his hands in the midst of the carnage.

From that moment all was lost, and the destruction of the army was so much the more inevitable, as its right was turned, and no provision was made for its retreat. Who would believe that Bonaparte

that menaced him. He still determines on pushing forward; and collects all his remaining force to repeat his attempts upon the centre. Inconceivable folly! He cherishes the hope of overturning with a few battalions those forces which had withstood his whole army.

And this is the man who is esteemed the greatest captain of the age! Undoubtedly, and without contradiction he is so, if to gain battles it is only necessary to shed the blood of thousands, by making them rush against each other without a calculation. Yet it cannot be doubted that Bonaparte has shown at Mont St. Jean the extent of his capacity; victory was there too much needed by him, that he should not bring into action his full powers.

Thus we find ourselves now reduced to the alternative, either of allowing that he owes all his victories to chance, or that his intellects had forsaken him during the battle of the eighteenth of June; for his combinations on that day can only be considered as well conceived, by imputing to him the decided intention of causing his army to be assassinated. Such at least is the judgment formed of them by some generals, whose ability to appreciate them is unquestionable, who even during the contest, being unable to recover from their astonishment, or to repress their indignation, exclaimed aloud, "Surely this man is beside himself! What will he do? His head is turned!"

Yet there are some who are of opinion, that setting aside every thing relative to the dispositions of the ground, the manner in which he directed the attacks, and the movements which he caused to be

curred at Marengo; so that if suddenly, at the precise moment when the victorious English forsook their positions to fall upon us, a formidable column commanded by a Desaix had sprung from the ground, it is highly probable that the affair would have turned in our favour.

If therefore Marshal Grouchy had appeared at this instant, he would in reality have performed the part of Desaix, and it is beyond a doubt that victory would have been ours. But he was at too great a distance from the scene of action, to have made so decisive a figure in it. This consideration is a further aggravation of the unaccountable errors of which Bonaparte was guilty at Mont St. Jean, as he was not by any circumstances compelled to attempt so abruptly an affair of such consequence; and as instead of reducing this right wing to an absolute nullity, by neglecting to make good his communications with it, he might without inconvenience have waited until its junction had been effected.

A single day, perhaps a few hours, would have been sufficient for the attainment of this essential object; every probability of success would have been in our favour. Nor in this circumstance can the occurrences which happened, be attributed to unforeseen misfortune, since it is evident, that without the possession of any precise information concerning the march of Grouchy's corps, and of the difficulties it encountered, the measures adopted were such as would have been used, had it been ascertained that the whole Prussian army was fully occupied by that corps, or that it was impossible for any thing to prevent their co-operation, or to retard

It is acknowledged by all, that when Bonaparte perceived affairs taking an unfavourable turn, he charged at the head of his guards with great courage; that two horses were killed under him, and that he threw himself several times into the midst of the English in search of death. This act of desperation can only be regarded as a fresh instance of madness, and so far from weakening the proposition above, of his deficiency of military judgment, on the contrary, it corroborates it with fresh proofs.

This battle of Mont St. Jean was one of the most sanguinary that was ever fought. The French army composed of 120,000 men, after performing prodigies of valour, was almost entirely destroyed; 200 pieces of cannon, all the *caissons* and carriages fell into the hands of the enemy, as well as a very great number of prisoners. More than 20,000 dead bodies of Frenchmen covered the field of battle, horribly mutilated by grape and musketry. The English likewise experienced a great loss, though less considerable than that of the French, on account of the advantageous position they occupied. The whole number of killed, however, in the allied armies, was computed at 20,000.

Every circumstance induces us to believe, that in the beginning, the two armies were of the same force; but the English army was in reality much the strongest, because they waited for us within their entrenchments; and they became still more so by the co-operation of the Prussians at the moment when the affair was just about to be decided.

It was not difficult to foresee the consequences of this battle, and nobody doubted, but that in a very short time the Allies would be in the capital of

France. Nothing could, after this, stop or arrest their progress. The French army, though partly rallied near Laon and Rheims, was too much enfeebled to oppose their march; and they did not fail to arrive quickly under the walls of Paris, where they met with some resistance, only in consequence of the arrival of the corps forming the right of the French army.

This right wing, which was considered to be lost, had retreated with great good fortune by the way of Namur, and after marching eight days in the midst of the Allies, and on a parallel with them, had effected, contrary to the general opinion, and to all probability, its junction with the rest of the army, without experiencing any great loss.

Seventy thousand men were therefore concentrated before Paris, and threatened to defend that capital. But what was so small a force able to effect against the combined forces of all Europe, now rapidly advancing towards this central point? After a resistance of a few days, highly terrifying to the inhabitants, whose safety was greatly endangered by it, the obstinacy of the troops was overcome. They had resolved on holding out to the last extremity, and conceived themselves entitled to demand the greatest sacrifices.

In gradually disposing them to accept a capitulation, and in thus extorting from them their consent to evacuate Paris, France gained in reality a signal victory, the advantages resulting from which are beyond calculation. It is this likewise, which in all probability preserved the capital from complete destruction.

occupation of Paris, and the re-establishment of legitimate authority in France, has been the means of terminating the frightful struggle in which Bonaparte had involved us. Undoubtedly, the speedy destruction of so many thousands of men is a most horrible catastrophe; but if on the other hand it be considered as the prompt and unexpected issue of a dreadful war, to the ravages of which all France was about to be given up for an incalculable period of time, there is reason for conviction, that it is in reality the least fatal occurrence which could possibly befal us, in the melancholy situation to which we were reduced.

Supposing, however, that France were unanimous in her efforts, it is evident, that it was impossible for her to resist the force of all Europe united against her. She must of necessity have fallen after a defence of greater or less length, more or less destructive, but at all events most disastrous to herself. The decisive results of the battle of Mont St. Jean have spared her, therefore, if not all the evils, at least great part of the horrors and calamities into which she would have been plunged, if she had become the theatre of an active and bloody war.

MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES

OF

INDIVIDUAL BRAVERY,

&c. &c.

And various Letters from Officers and others.

Two British Officers.

THESE officers were most intimate friends, who after doing their duty calmly through nearly the whole of the murderous day, found themselves both unhurt at a late hour in the evening; when one of them playfully called to the other, who stood at a little distance, "I always told you they never would hit me; they never did it in Spain; and they have not done it to-day." He had hardly spoke, when he was shot dead on the spot. His friend stood for a few moments motionless; then burst into tears; flew to the body, threw himself down beside it, and sobbed over it, inarticulately repeating several times, "My only friend." The officer who relates the affecting story, says that, so completely did the scene overcome every one who witnessed it, there was not a dry eye among them.

Colonel Halket takes a French General.

A French General was giving his orders with great confidence to a large body of troops; and had come to their front unattended. Colonel Halket made a dash at him at full gallop; and, putting a pistol to his breast, seized his horse's reins, and brought him off from the very beards of his wonder-struck soldiers!

The Duke of Wellington nearly killed by reconnoitering.

By ten o'clock on the 16th, the Duke, with General Alava, and his staff were in advance, and near Quatre Bras. They were soon recognized by the enemy, and the artillery was brought to play on the spot: but such was the bravery of the Duke, that he would not quit his exposed situation, until he had satisfied his mind, which he did at twelve o'clock of that day.

Bravery of the English.

The English troops arriving about two from different directions, to Quatre Bras, had been most of them up all the night of the 15th, and had been marching all the next day, which was the hottest known, then without halting, they were immediately engaged, and had to sustain repeated attacks of horse and infantry. The battle was continued the whole of that day, the 16th, by the English, and their Allies, without the artillery and horse,

evening, and the cavalry had then advanced by forced marches, upwards of fifty miles. The Scotch regiments suffered extremely.

General Labedoyere in Brussels.

In the disguise of a Belgian officer he came into Brussels late on the 15th, when dark, with one or two others, who were Belgians, and in the pay of Bonaparte. They went with an intention of observing the movements of the Duke, but the Duke going to the ball, was well attended by officers, and he actually seeing Labedoyere, (who was the Adonis of Paris) walked up to him, and shook hands with him, thinking him a Belgian officer, praised his alacrity, and said, "We shall soon have sharp work —I am glad to see you—I hope all will imitate so good an example."

The Duke of Wellington.

Soon after three o'clock, on the 17th, the Duke of Wellington rode into that part of the field of battle which is close to the village of Quatre Bras. He was followed by his staff, which was not however very numerous. He halted a few yards in front of the 92nd regiment, exposed to a very heavy fire of round shot and grape. He spoke little or nothing; his look was that of a man quite cool, but serious, and perhaps something anxious. He looked intently at various parts of the field where there was firing going on, and often pulled out his watch, as if calculating on the arrival of the

one of these times, about when the cavalry might be expected. The shot, in the meanwhile, was plunging into, and along, the ground, close to him. He had not been long in the field before the arm of a gentleman, with whom he had just been in conversation, was carried off by a ball. The sufferer was instantly removed,—but his Lordship was not observed to take any notice of the unpleasant affair.

The 12th Light Dragoons.

This regiment, which was posted near the Prince of Orange, made several charges of the most spirited kind; and nothing but the cuirasses enabled the French dragoons to resist them. In the account of so much pure valour without trick or cover, against so much iron, it is not difficult to decide where honour would award the balance. Many brave men were sacrificed to the iron cases, and taffeta flags which frightened their horses.

Extract of a Letter from Serjeant C. W. of the third Battalion, first Regiment of Foot Guards.

Camp, Bois du Bologne, Paris, 29th, July, 1815.

On the 16th of June, we marched at four o'clock in the morning the distance of about twenty-four miles, and then rushed into action. We arrived just in time, or the enemy would have forced the Belgians. With one hour and a half's hard fighting, we maintained our position, with some little advantage, but our loss was great.

As you have received a more perfect account in the public dispatches, I shall only, as briefly as possible, insert a few facts which have not yet been mentioned.

On the 18th of June, the day of Waterloo, we took up a good position, at the same time leaving the enemy one they would accept. We opened on the enemy seven guns before they returned an answer; then, most tremendously the action commenced, but God was with us.

I addressed my company in a few words, to "be steady, and attentive to orders—keep perfect silence, and put your whole trust in God's help, for he is with us;—be strong and determined;—use all your skill in levelling;—make sure your mark,—and in the charge, use all your strength;—and you shall see, by the close of this day's sun, your enemies fly, and the shout of victory shall be yours." I felt my mind stayed upon God; and my confidence was so firm, that neither the thunder of our enemy's cannon and musketry,—nor the boast of his guards,—nor the threats of his cavalry (in mail) either alarmed my breast, or concerned my mind: God, I knew, was my Father,—my shield,—and refuge. I cannot say that I attempted to boast myself with confidence of escape unhurt, as I now experience.

The enemy fired round shot and shell,—grape and canister,—and new horse nails, tied up in bundles, nine bundles in a gun; these I saw and handled on the 19th,—my eyes have seen much. Sir, I have the happiness to serve in the third battalion of the first Guards, who in a particular manner distinguished themselves, determined to shout

"Victory!" or return no more; and God blessed their endeavours. Our third battalion and a battalion of rifle of the K. G. L. [say 1200 men] advanced three hundred paces in front of the whole line, into a valley which lay between the two positions, and within one hundred yards of about 6000 cavalry and 3000 infantry of the enemy. They viewed us with astonishment; and to prove that God had filled them with fear, they formed squares, and neither charged nor fired upon us, except from the heights of their position; but we suffered much from those guns. We remained firing at them for half an hour, and then retired into our post in line. The cavalry in armour charged us many times in the course of the day, but made no impression: we repulsed them with great slaughter. We never fired at the cavalry till they came within about thirty yards of us. Towards the evening, Bonaparte directed against us his choice 105th regiment; and, in half an hour, we cut them all to pieces, and took one stand of colours. He then sent against us his Grenadier Imperial Guards; they came within one hundred yards of us, and ported arms to charge; but we advanced upon them in quick time, and opened a brisk file fire by two ranks—they allowed us to come within about thirty yards of them—they stood still then, looking at us, as if panic-struck, and did not fire—they then, as we approached, faced about, and fled for their lives, in all directions—they did not like the thought of the British bayonets, for we had just commenced the charge—they ran very fast, but many of them fell, while we

I have the honour to wear a Colonel's sword of the French Imperial Guard.*

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* The Serjeant, in a letter to his wife, had mentioned a particular fact of his waving an officer's coat, and cheering the men in a critical moment of the battle. A friend who had seen this letter made some inquiry respecting the circumstance; and the Serjeant in a subsequent letter, adds the following particulars:—

"When the French 105th regiment advanced up the low ground, their cannon at the same time raked us with grape, canister, and horse nails; and our line at two different times was so shattered, that I feared they could not stand: in fact, I was for a moment really afraid they would give way; and if they had it would have gone hard with the whole line, as our third battalion and the rifle battalion of the K. G. L. were the manœuvrers of the day. Our Officers exerted themselves to the very uttermost, as also the Serjeants. Major General Maitland, Colonel Lord Saltoun, Colonel Reeve, and Brigade Major Cunthorp, were in the front face of the square, in the hottest part of the contest. Our loss at this time was most tremendous. It was at this juncture that I picked up Ensign Pardo's coat, which was covered with his blood, lying on a horse. The Ensign belonged to our battalion; he was killed and stripped by the plunderers during some of our manœuvres. I stepped about twenty-five paces before the line, and waved the coat, cheering the men, and telling them that while our Officers bled we should not reckon our lives dear. I did this a second time, when the Imperials came up against us, and I believe it had its desired effect. I thought if any thing would stimulate the men, this would be effective. An officer having just sacrificed his life for his country's safety—ours were pledged for the same. The men fought with all their might; and in half an hour, as I mentioned, we cut the 105th regiment all to pieces, and took one stand of colours. Had I known, however, that the coat would have been mentioned farther than to my wife, I should not have inserted it, but let that well known fact have been mentioned by others. I do not like to commend myself, as this is empty praise: I only mention facts to describe the manœuvres, and our thoughts and experience, and how the action terminated. I had nothing in view but the safety and honour of my country, and to

Though not mentioned in the dispatch (they all fought so well,) yet it was our third battalion of the first Guards, and the rifle battalion of the K. G. L. that first completely turned the day in our favour. It was at this moment of the charge that I prayed thus, "Lord, stretch forth thine arm;" and this I did unceasingly, until the enemy was driven. When the Imperial Guards, the dependence of Bonaparte, ran, his defence departed from him, and his whole line, as has been stated, became confusion. Much to the honour of his Grace (as in every case throughout the day) he seized the moment, and in the space of five minutes formed a line in the valley for a general charge, and then the shout of "Victory! Victory!" was heard. The very elements rang with voices and cannon on Britain's side—and what was my shout? In a loud tone of voice, I cried out, "Glory be to God! He is with us! I now rejoice: My prayers are answered fully, and my labours crowned!"

The fight, at one time, was so desperate with our battalion, that files upon files were carried out to the rear from the carnage, and the line was held up by the serjeants' pikes placed against the rear: not for want of courage on the men's part, (for they were desperate,) only for the moment our loss so unsteadied the line.*

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support I feared no man; no, nor death itself, nor any thing in league with it. I believe this was the animated spirit of the British line, and they did their duty; but no more. This our country expects, and is ever worthy of it.

* In a subsequent letter the serjeant mentions, that if the Se[illegible]nts

I lost of my company, killed and wounded, three officers, three serjeants, and fifty-four rank and file out of ninety-seven. Several of them, after their wounds were dressed, returned to the field, and fought out the battle.

On the 16th of June I was informed of an officer, belonging to the French, who was wounded and fell, and being unable to make his escape, he ripped out his bowels with his own sword, and beat his head against a gate rather than be taken prisoner. It chilled my blood to hear of so desperate an act. I have good reason to credit the fact.

The Duke has greatly endeared himself to the British soldiers; more so in these than in all before. I ever loved and reposed confidence in him as my commander; but the example he gave us on the 18th, and again on the 26th of June, was sufficient to influence every man with that fortitude and determination, "With Wellington we will conquer, or with Wellington we will die!" He was continually on the first line, and frequently with our battalion. I have seen some of the enemy's cavalry charge within fifty yards of him. I prayed to God most earnestly for his protection; and I bless the Lord for his preservation. I hope his heart will rejoice in

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placed their pikes against the men's backs in line (for they were getting eight or ten deep) and bore them up by their shoulders by main strength. Some of the men kept up firm in the line, but others fell back to get ammunition, and others were begging ammunition in the rear as all their own was spent, which with our continual loss, quite unsteadied the line; so the pikes were intended to prevent any from falling back for ammunition, as we wanted the men to use the bayonet, for now depended the honour of Britain, and the safety of

the fruit of his labour, giving God the glory due for his many signal victories.

I am happy to say, that Major-General Maitland is safe and well; he is an example to all around. I lament the sufferings of my late Colonel Cooke: he was severely wounded on the 18th; I pray God to spare his valuable life. You have often heard me speak of him.

But what shall I say in honour of my late Lieutenant Colonel, William Miller? My great friend, my helper, a servant to the cause of Christ (in the Isla de Leon, and to his latest breath.) He is no more to be seen in this world: he was mortally wounded on the 16th of June, and on the 18th he breathed his last. He was the son of Sir William Miller, Bart. of Scotland. Britain regrets the loss of those memorable men Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton and Sir William Ponsonby, and so do I; and to myself, and to every good soldier and every officer that knew him in this regiment, with many others, the name of Miller is dear; and we regret in him the loss of a man, a gentleman, an officer, and a soldier; a father, and a friend: he was an example of good, and a terror to evil. His study was to do good; and, as to military tactics, perhaps few excelled him. He was a pupil of Lieutenant General Sir H. Clinton, under whose care he received much valuable instruction and experience, well known to many valuable generals in our service, whose names I could mention, but prudence forbids at this moment. His penetration was deep, his judgment sound, and his principles firm and good; he was very liberal, and a subscriber to many charitable institutions; and, if he had lived,

he would have been so to moge on his return to England. I have carried for him as much as ten pounds at one time to a charitable institution.

As for Colonel Miller's attention to his company, none excelled. He was continually inquiring what could be done to make them more comfortable. "I do not care for the expense," he would say, "money is no object to me." On the close of a day's march, his first care was to see his men comfortable, and then he considered himself; and after an absence of any time, his first inquiry was concerning their health and conduct. Before the enemy he was cool and deliberate, vigilant and brave, firm and determined; and on the 16th of June, at the head of his company, in very close action, cheering his men, he received a wound in his breast, which proved mortal. As he passed to the rear, borne by four men, he said, "Let me see the colours." The last office I could do for him was to place the colours in Ensign Batty's hand, to pay him his funeral honours, while living. He then said, "I thank you,—that will do;—I am satisfied." His meaning was, that he died for his country, and in a just cause.

I have lost my greatest friend, and my company a father, England a valuable officer, his parents a beloved son, and the church of Christ a friend; but may our loss be his eternal gain! Serjeant Clarke, who attended him, informs me that his last breath was prayer. I hope his soul is at rest! His labours of love and charity follow him. I shall see him no more in this world, but his name will be a lasting treasure to my heart. Believe me, Sir, I never felt

a loss like this before; I cannot find words to express the feelings of my heart.

I am very sorry for the commanding officer of our battalion, and First Major Lieutenant Colonel Stuart, and Lieutenant Colonel the Honourable H. Townshend, who are severely wounded: they are most excellent officers, and brave soldiers. May God in mercy restore them shortly to health!

On our march to Paris, we passed through a most beautiful and fruitful country; we met with but little opposition. At Peronne, on the 26th of June, after a long day's march, on our arrival, his Grace gave the first brigade a job. Our second battalion carried fascines, and the third battalion stormed the out-works in a most masterly manner, and the citadel surrendered immediately. Major General Maitland commanded; and here again the Duke was himself in the midst of it. It has been expressed, that our beloved Commander is not much exposed. I can fully contradict that assertion, for he is often first, and always in the midst: he will not permit others to do his duty. I believe Britain is his treasure, and his life he has pledged for its safety. Several villages on the road were deserted, for which the inhabitants suffered the loss of all things. Protection was given to those that remained. Much damage has been done to the corn. We expect to go into barracks at Paris in a few days, and then I hope to be able to open a place for Divine worship, and in my next to give you a more full account of the blessed cause in which my soul delights; but I must confess I never felt the separation from God's people in England, as I have on

this service. Though I am blessed with great strength of body and mind, and union and communion with God, yet my heart is at home. Oh! happy, happy England! If thou didst but know thy exaltation and privileges, both great and small would love and adore the Author of all thy mercies.

I am, Sir,

Your most dutiful and obliged Servant,

C. W.

Colour Serjeant, third battalion, 1st Foot Guards.

Adventure of a Knapsack.

Shortly after the first mentioned accident occurred at Quatre Bras, the Duke of Wellington dismounted from his horse, and causing his staff to do the same, sat upon the ground for a short time. The regiments, as they came up, entered the field by the road near which his Grace was: the balls were perpetually flying in amongst them, one carried off the knapsack of a private from his shoulders; it went to a considerable distance, but the man ran after it, and brought it back, amidst the loud laughter of all those who saw the thing happen.

Sang-froid of a Cuirassier.

The cuirassiers received some terrible fires as they approached our infantry: men and horses came tumbling down in heaps. One of them fell wounded, a few yards before our bayonets: a Scotchman

him. The Frenchman was sitting on the ground: he saw his destroyer coming with the point of the bayonet extended towards him,—yet he did not change countenance, except to put on a smile of whimsical remonstrance just as his enemy came up close:—shrugging up his shoulders, and extending his hands, he exclaimed, in a tone of good humoured appeal,—"*Ah, Monsieur Anglais!*" The Highlander was softened. "Go to the rear, you b——," was the reply. The poor Frenchman made a shift to crawl, but with smiles on his face, where his conqueror directed.

Some of the cuirassiers made their way to the very rear of our lines, and two or three came back galloping, shouting, and brandishing their swords. They received the whole fire of a battalion. One man still kept on his horse. He had the hardiness to cut with his sword at the infantry as he passed. A Hanoverian met him in combat and wounded him: he would not give up his sword but to an officer,—his enemy was on the point of putting him to death, when one of our officers interfered, and saved his life.

The Duke of Wellington.

An officer belonging to the battalion close behind the Duke, suddenly observed a large column of French infantry approaching. He exclaimed hastily and loudly—"There is a body of them!" The Duke heard what was said, and gently, without any alteration of manner, turned his horse's head in the direction to which the officer pointed, and moved slowly that way. "Yes," said he, "there is a con-

siderable body there—a considerable number indeed." Then, without altering his quiet tone,—"Colonel, you must charge." The charge was made, and other charges succeeded, the whole of which were successful, but scarcely a wreck of that gallant battalion returned,—and that small remainder was reduced to a remainder of itself on the glorious but dreadful 18th.

Strange Encounter.

In the course of various charges, an officer pressing on, keeping his men up, felt a Frenchman throw his arms about his legs, and heard him imploring his protection to save his life. The person thus addressed, was too much occupied with his work, to pay instant attention to the supplication, but the wounded man entwining his grasp still more closely, and entreating by the love of God, the officer put back the soldier who was about to plunge his bayonet into the breast of the unfortunate Frenchman, who remained on the ground. His preserver was very soon in a situation of similar distress: he was struck by a grape-shot, and, when scarcely supporting himself to the rear, he again passed the Frenchman, who was then sitting up gazing about him at the battle;—they exchanged silent looks, and parted, to remain in utter ignorance of each other's fates, though the one had been the object of a service rendered by the other, the most important that man can render to his fellow.

WATERLOO POETRY.

Lines written while in the Hospital at Brussels, in the agony of bleeding wounds, by a PRIVATE SOLDIER *in the Scotch Greys, who received eighteen sabre-wounds in the Battle of Waterloo, on the* 18*th of June,* 1815.

Happy the bard by nature made,
And bless'd with learning's friendly aid;
Does gratitude inspire his song,
In happy rhymes it runs along.
But though this gift I ne'er possess'd,
And why? because God saw it best;
Yet I'll endeavour to rehearse,
A miracle in homely verse:
For He, who gave me life and breath,
Has snatch'd me from the jaws of death.
'Twas in the battle's hottest rage,
When fully host did host engage;
I fell, through oft-repeated blows,
Beneath the sabre of my foes.
There faint, and smear'd in blood I lay,
Till ev'ning shades shut in the day:
While loud the thund'ring cannons roar,
And stain'd the ground with human gore.
In this distress I made my moan,
To God, my God, and HIM alone.
And lo! when life was almost spent,
A friend was to my succour sent;
From Prussia's land the stranger came,
Unknown to me his house or name:
Suffice, he knew the healing art,
And lov'd to act a friendly part.
He first with bandage gently tied,
The balm he to my wounds applied—
And then when I of thirst complain'd,

Then flew with sympathizing speed
To all he could that stood in need.
And thus a monument I stand,
A proof of God's almighty hand,
That those who on his strength rely,
Hosts may assail, but can't destroy.
Oh that I had an angel's tongue,
I'd tell his pow'r to old and young—
I'd tell them how he rescu'd me,
And shout his praise from sea to sea.
But wait my soul, the time will come
When God will say, '*Enough, come home.*'
Then how I'll make heav'n's arches ring
With songs of praise to God my King,
Methinks I'll *all the Saints outsing.*"

Devotion of a common Serjeant to Prince Blucher.

In the famous battle of Ligny, the Prussian cavalry, led on by Blucher, attacked the French cuirassiers, and were repulsed. In the retreat, the commander's horse, which was given him by the Prince Regent when in England, received a mortal wound. He galloped with a wonderful speed, and then fell down dead. Friedland, a common serjeant, seeing the fall of his beloved commander, resolved to participate his fate, and dismounted to die by the side of Blucher. The French continued their pursuit, and this man then pretended to be slain, and they actually galloped on each side of the dead horse, covering the Prince. He then used every assistance in his power to extricate the general in vain, when he saw the French cuirassiers returning at full gallop, repulsed in their turn, and flying from the pursuing Prussians in some disorder. He

again affected to be dead, lying upon his face, with his arms stretched out, and when he thought the French had passed, he rose up to call the Prussians, "*Here* is your commander, he is not dead, he is safe," when a general acclamation resounded on every side, and it was a most affecting sight to see this brave Prince liberated from the danger he was in by his own captains covered with contusions, and embracing the soldier, who was willing to share his fate, whom he immediately presented with his belt, and advanced him in the army. "It was the loss of our commander that inspired us with new courage," said one of the bye-standers, "and made us repulse the cavalry of the enemy, and we were resolved to have gone forward in search of our Prince, and would have penetrated even to the spot where Bonaparte was stationed, or have all perished in the attempt."

The Cuirassiers.

A letter from a Life Guardsman, speaking of the havoc made among the *Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guards*, contains the following homely, but emphatical description:—"Until we came up with our heavy horses, and our superior weight of metal, nothing was done with the cuirassiers; unless one got now and then a cut at their faces, not one of them gave way; we therefore galloped at them, and fairly rode them down; when they were unhorsed, *we cracked them like lobsters in their shells*, and by the coming up of the cannon afterwards, thousands of them were squeezed as flat as *pancakes*."

The Inniskilling Dragoons.

The *Irish howl*, set up by the Inniskilling Dragoons, and other Irish regiments, is reported to have carried almost as much dismay into the ranks of the enemy as their swords. The stubborn bravery and conduct of these regiments contributed much to the success of the day; it having been their lot to find themselves in the hottest part of the action, innumerable opportunities were afforded them of showing their devotion to their country's honour, and exalted sense of gallantry and duty. An officer of the Inniskilling says, "Our brigade charged, upset, and completely destroyed three large columns of infantry; at least 9000. The old Inniskillings behaved most gallantly; they went into the field 1050, after the action they mustered about 100; some however were sent to escort prisoners."

A Prussian Hussar.

A Prussian hussar made a capture at the battle of Waterloo of five thousand napoleons, which he has sent to his family, by the Intendant General and Counsellor of State, Ribbentrop: a soldier of the landwehr also obtained possession of five hundred napoleons.

Blucher and the Miller of Ligny.

Nov. 24*th*, 1815.—Prince Blucher, on his way to the Prussian dominions, gave occasion to several feats. In passing through Belgium, he desired to see again, at Ligny, the place where, thrown from

suit and hasty return of a part of the French army. After remaining there some time conversing with his aid-de-camp, he generously recompensed a miller who had assisted him in his critical situation. The miller at Ligny recompensed by Prince Blucher on his return from France, addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Brussels Oracle*:—"Prince Blucher, on his return, called at my house with his aid-de-camps; his modesty concealed his illustrious name, and I did not recollect him. He asked me many questions concerning my losses, and my melancholy situation. Alas! it was easy for me to answer that I had saved nothing, either in my house, or on the lands which I farm, and that the war had reduced my family to misery, so that I could not pay my contributions. He asked me the amount of them; I told him eighty francs, which he immediately gave me. He departed, and when he got to Namur, he sent me four pieces of forty francs each, and one of twenty francs. It was from this messenger, that I learnt the name of this great Prince; his generosity honours him; his modesty ennobles him; and my heart thanks him.

"P. M. CARPENE."

Waterloo Child.

A private of the 27th, wounded very severely, was carried off the field of battle by his wife, then far advanced in pregnancy; she too was severely wounded by a shell, and both of them lay a long while in one of the hospitals at Antwerp in a hopeless state. The poor man has lost both his arms,

daughter, to which the Duke of York, it is said, has stood godfather, by the name of Frederica M' Mullen Waterloo.

Fraternal Affection.

A serjeant of the Cold-stream Guards, near the close of the dreadful conflict, impatiently solicited the officer commanding his company, for permission to retire from the ranks for a few minutes; the latter expressed some surprise at this request; the other said, "Your honour need not doubt of my immediate return." Permission being given him, he flew to an adjoining barn, to which the enemy in their retreat had set fire, and from thence *bore on his shoulders his wounded brother*, who he knew lay helpless in the midst of the flames. Having deposited him safely for the moment, under a hedge, he returned to his post in time to share in the victorious pursuit of the routed enemy.

This brave man now enjoys a freehold estate of ten pounds, (were it one hundred!) per annum, voluntarily given to him by the worthy Rector of Framlingham, in Suffolk, for his heroic and affectionate conduct.

Glory gained, and Peace restored:

A Gratulatory Address to the British Army and Navy returning home from the War, by John Mayne.

Gallant troops from Waterloo,
Wellington's companions true—
All to whom our thanks are due

Glory gain'd, and Peace restor'd,
Welcome home to sheathe the sword,
Bless your King, and praise the LORD
For wonders he hath done!

When the French, a fiendlike band,
Threaten'd to despoil the land—
When their chief, with fiery brand,
Was Europe's deadly foe—
Britain, with her flag unfurl'd,
From his throne the usurper hurl'd—
Britain sav'd a falling world,
And laid the tyrant low!

Sailors of great Nelson's crew,
Wealth and fame we owe to you!
Trafalgar, like Waterloo,
The war with glory crown'd!
See, brave heroes of the Nile,
Commerce re-illumes our isle!
PROVIDENCE still deigns to smile,
And gladdens all around!

Should the foemen, bold again,
Dare us to the battle-plain,
Heart and hand with might and main,
We'll arm by land and sea!
Waterloo, or Trafalgar,
In our minds a leading star,
Guiding fleets and hosts afar,
Shall urge to victory!

Gallant troops from Waterloo—
Sailors of great Nelson's crew—
All who would, like Britons true,
The race of glory run—
Hail your Prince with one accord,
Bless the King and praise the LORD!
Ever be HIS name ador'd,

Enthusiasm of the French Army.

The charges were all made with the acclamation of *Vive l'Empereur*, and the wounded soldiers were seen uttering the same cry, and dying with that expression in their mouths. In operations they all shouted out, "*Vive l' Empereur*," and rejoiced at losing any part of their body for their commander, whom they had followed in so many battles, and by whom they had been so often led on to victory.

The 30th and 73d Regiments.

These regiments, brigaded under the gallant Sir Colin Halket, greatly distinguished themselves. To no square did the artillery, and particularly the cuirassiers, pay more frequent and tremendous visits; and never was it shaken for a moment. The almost *intimacy* of the soldiers, with these death-bringing visitants, increased so much as the day advanced, that they began to recognize their faces. Their boldness much provoked our men. They galloped up to the bayonet points, where of course their horses made a full stop, to the great danger of pitching the riders into the square. They then rode round and round the fearless bulwark of bayonets; and in all the confidence of panoply, often coolly *walked* their horses, to have more time to search for some chasm in the ranks, where they might ride in. The balls absolutely rung upon their mail; and nothing incommoded the rider, except bringing down his horse, which at last became the

self, and was received within the square, till he could be sent prisoner to the rear.

Conduct of the Cuirassiers.

These men came out singly from their ranks, and often challenged individuals to the attack: some of our brave fellows wished to be allowed to accept the invitation, but were refused. If any of our men fired, they immediately rushed into that spot, and endeavoured to break the square. The 42d opened and suffered them to come in, and in the centre destroyed a vast number. They rode round the squares, as if they were fortified towns, and on neither sides did any one fire, until they were certain of their aim. Never was a battle fought with such conduct and desperation. Every Englishman had made up his mind to find his grave where he stood.

Women in the Field of Battle.

Several Belgian women followed their husbands, mounted on horseback, and they encouraged the soldier to exert his utmost; and one heroine in particular, from *Brussels*, after attending to the wound of her husband, advanced again to the field of action, and was foremost in danger, until she received herself an honourable wound on the shoulder. After the battle several were found dead, one in particular with a child at her breast, who had brought refreshments to the field, and was struck by a cannon shot, the child being found by her side.

Sufferings of British Officers.

More than fifteen hundred officers either died on the field of battle, or were destined to linger out a painful existence! The dazzling splendour of gay robes induced many of these to follow a line of life, which only leads to a premature grave, and these *splendid military decorations* were the causes of so many being marked out for slaughter by the enemy's sharp-shooters. When we contemplate a battle, let us never lose sight of the miseries thereby produced. If the word "*killed*" meant "*experienced an easy death,*" it would not excite such horror in the human breast: but it means being trampled on, being bruised, having a leg broken, and this leg incessantly trampled upon, in all the agonies of excruciating torment, and then lying in the field, without a morsel of bread, or a drop of cold water, with thousands of blow-flies seizing upon the putrefying flesh. Some were taken out alive amongst the heap of dead bodies, about to be burnt in one funeral pile. Some deemed past medical aid, in vain implored to be selected from this field of carnage.

WATERLOO!

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

We do not curse thee, Waterloo;
Though freedom's blood thy plain bedew;
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—
Rising from each gory trunk—
Like the water-spout from ocean,
With a strong and growing motion—

It soars and mingles in the air,
With that of lost LABEDOYERE—
With that of him whose honour'd grave
Contains the "bravest of the brave;"
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,
But shall return to whence it rose;
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—
Never yet was heard such thunder
As then shall shake the world with wonder—
Never yet was seen such lightning
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!
The Chief has fallen, but not by you,
Vanquishers of Waterloo!
When the soldier-citizen,
Swayed not o'er his fellow men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smil'd on Freedom's son—
Who of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated
Till lone tyranny commanded?
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The Hero sunk into the King?
Then he fell—so perish all,
Who would men by man enthral!
And thou too of the snow-white plume!
Whose realm refus'd thee even a tomb;*
Better hadst thou still been leading
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
Than sold thyself to death and shame
For a meanly royal name;
Such as he of Naples wears,
Who thy blood-bought title bears.—
Little didst thou deem when dashing
On thy war-horse through the ranks,
Like a stream which bursts its banks,
While helmets cleft and sabres clashing,

Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—
Of the fate at last which found thee!
Was that haughty plume laid low
By a slave's dishonest blow?
Once it onward bore the brave,
Like foam upon the highest wave.—
There, where death's brief pang was quickest,
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner
  Of the Eagle's burning crest—
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,
  Who could then her wing arrest—
  Victory beaming from her breast?)
While the broken line enlarging
  Fell or fled along the plain;
There be sure was MURAT charging;
  There he ne'er shall charge again!
O'er glories gone, the invaders march,
Weeps triumph o'er each levelled arch—
But let Freedom rejoice,
With her heart in her voice;
But her hand on her sword,
Doubly shall she be ador'd.
France hath twice too well been taught
The "moral lesson" dearly bought—
Her safety sits not on a throne,
With CAPET or NAPOLEON;
But in equal rights and laws,
Hearts and hands in one great cause—
Freedom, such as God hath given
Unto all beneath his heaven,
With their breath, and from their birth,
Though guilt would sweep it from the earth;
With a fierce and lavish hand,
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;
Scattering nations' blood like water,
In imperial seas of slaughter!

But the heart and the mind,
And the voice of mankind
Shall arise in communion—
And who shall resist that proud union?
The time is past when swords subdu'd—
Man may die—the soul's renew'd:
Even in this low world of care,
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir,
Millions breathe, but to inherit
Her unconquerable spirit—
When once more her hosts assemble
Let the tyrant's only tremble;—
Smile they at this idle threat?
Crimson tears will follow yet.

LORD BYRON.

Mont St. Jean.

All the inhabitants had fled from the little village of Mont St. Jean previous to the action, and even Waterloo was deserted; but in a farm-house, at the end of the village, one solitary woman remained during the whole of the day, shut up in a garret, from which she could see nothing, and without any means of gaining information of what was passing, while they were fighting man to man, and sword to sword, at the very doors; while shells were bursting in at the windows, and while the cannon balls were breaking through the wooden gates into the farm-yard, and striking against the walls of the house. This woman was the farmer's wife: and when asked her motives for this extraordinary conduct, she replied with great simplicity, that she had a great many cows and calves, and poultry, and pigs —that all she had in the world was there; and that

she thought, if she did not stay to take care of them, they would all be destroyed or carried off. The three rooms in the lower part of the house, nay, even the stables and cow-houses, were filled with wounded British officers.

La Belle Alliance.

This celebrated spot (see the Plate) is a small farm-house, pierced through in every direction with cannon-ball. The offices behind it are now a heap of ruins, from the fire of the British artillery. Numbers of wounded French officers crawled in here the night after the battle, and on the morning of the 19th it was filled with the dead and dying. Near this spot it was that Napoleon Bonaparte stood in the proud confidence of success, after dispatching a courier to Paris, with intelligence, that the battle was won—it was here, a few hours afterwards, when the battle was really won, that Lord Wellington and Marshal Blucher accidently met, in the very moment, when the flying Napoleon, followed by his panic-struck army, was driven along by their victorious troops.

Ruse de Guerre.

The cuirassiers were repeatedly driven off by the 30th, and their comrade regiment reduced themselves, by painful degrees, more and more every attack. Line was always again formed with unwearied alacrity; no complaint escaped the patient sol-

dier's lips, if we except an occasional cry to be led on. The storm was seen again gathering and rolling on. The serious command, "*re-form, square prepare to receive cavalry,*" was promptly and accurately obeyed. The whole were prostrate on their breasts, to let the iron shower of the artillery fly over, and erect in an instant, when the cannon ceased, and the cavalry charged.—Their country do not know one-tenth of the merit of "the *men* of Waterloo."

Unable to break in upon the square by open force, a commanding officer of cuirassiers tried a *ruse de guerre;* he lowered his sword to General Halket. Several of the officers called out, "*Sir, they surrender.*"—"BE FIRM AND FIRE," was the promptly obeyed answer. The General justly suspected an offer of surrender to a body of infantry fixed to the spot in a defensive position, by a body of cavalry, who had the option of galloping off with all the plain open behind them. The volley sent the colonel and his cuirassiers, as usual, about, with a laugh of derision from the men he had meant to cut to pieces; and many a ring from their balls, upon the back pieces of the mails.

This gallant brigade was honored with several visits from the illustrious chief. In one he inquired, "*how they were?*" The answer was, that two thirds of their number were down, and that the rest were so exhausted, that leave to retire, even for a short time, was most desirable; and some of the foreign corps, who had not suffered, to take their place. General Halket was told that the issue depended on the unflinching front of the British troops; and that even a change of place was hazardous in the extreme.

He impressively said, ENOUGH, *my lord, we stand here till the last man falls.*"

At the close of the battle, this fine and gallant general received a ball in his cheek, which carried away the *palate*, and has incapacitated him from *tasting* the food which he swallows.

Letter from an Officer of the Life Guards to his Father.

The infantry retreated in regular order on the 16th. The Duke particularly requested that this might not become a rout. The fame of our commander has been equal when retreating as when victorious, and perhaps the general is better seen under the former circumstance. Bonaparte hazards all, and never prepares for a retreat; hence Moreau and Wellington are esteemed better commanders. The 7th Hussars were left to cover this retreat. They charged a body of the enemy's cuirassiers; the horses were too small to produce any effect, and their swords shivered into atoms like glass, when they struck the steel armour of these men. Musket balls had no effect, the armour being also proof against them. Although the officers and men displayed great valour, they were unequal to the contest, wholly so. It was like a small boat endeavouring to run down a man of war, or a frog in the fable fancying he was a match for a bull. They were, however, more rapid in their motions than their antagonists, and appeared, to use another comparison, like butterflies before the wind.

The French cuirassiers hurried on their pursuit,

and the rear squadron actually surrendered themselves prisoners. The advance was so bold and rapid, that there was even a danger of the Duke himself being made prisoner, who now, like a prudent general, remained in the rear. The weather was very sultry, and there came on such a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, as I have seldom or never before witnessed. The road was one entire sheet of water, and the unpaved margins, which resemble our roads, were nearly impassable.

The enemy still advancing, the Duke ordered us (the Life Guards) to make a charge to cover the retreat of the 7th Hussars, and secure the safety of the retreating army. Our horses being superior to the French, which are tall, but lean, and mostly grey, and our men being of the same height as the cuirassiers, and our swords equalling those of the enemy in length, we met them with a most determined valour.

The men were more like lions than human beings; and being informed that the cuirassiers made a thrust, after firing their pistols they parried this thrust, and made what we call cut *six*, and this being a back-handed chop, cut the face asunder, and, in some instances, the head was literally severed from the body. The charge being made, and oftentimes the horses literally dashing down their opponents, we made our retreat, but turned, and made a second and third charge, and drove them back nearly three quarters of a mile.

When we returned, those who survived amongst our own people (the Life Guards) were welcomed

Duke of Wellington, the Marquis of Anglesea, and the Staff, who declared they had never seen such courage before displayed at any time, and gave them thanks, which was communicated to the troops.

At two o'clock the cavalry of the enemy pressed very forward, and the Duke ordered a waggon load of rockets to be blown up, which blinded for a time the pursuers, and astonished them. As we proceeded on to our bivouac, I cannot give you further particulars of what others did on that day; but we lay all that night (the 17th) up to our knees in mud, without any canvass or covering, and our horses were not in a better state, it raining tremendously during the whole of that night, so that we were all wet through.

Marquis of Anglesea.

When the army under the Duke of Wellington was retreating on the 17th, to keep up its correspondence with the Prussian army under Prince Blucher, that had been worsted by Bonaparte,—some very extraordinary instances of *personal heroism* were shown by the commanders of our cavalry who covered the retreat.

The Marquis of Anglesea, (then Lord Uxbridge) was in the rear of the last troop of cavalry, when, looking behind him, he observed a French regiment formed across the road to charge. He instantly turned round, and alone galloped back towards the enemy, waving his hat to his soldiers who had advanced some way on their retreat, and were at a

considerable distance from their General. Major Kelly, of the Horse Guards, was the first person to join his Lordship at full gallop, and these two heroes remained alone for a minute or two, close in front of the French, who stirred not, amazed as it would seem, by the gallantry which they witnessed. The regiment soon came up, and dashed pell-mell amongst the enemy, who were entirely overthrown. The Marquis was at one time so near Bonaparte, that he would have captured him, had it not been for the cannon-ball which took off his leg, at that very instant.

Letter from a Serjeant of the Scotch Greys.

June 15, 1815.

The enemy began forming their line of battle, about nine in the morning of the 18th: we did not commence till ten. I think it was about eleven when we were ready to receive them. They began upon our right with the most tremendous firing that ever was heard, and I can assure you, they got it as hot as they gave it; then it came down to the left, where they were received by our brave Highlanders. No men could ever behave better; our brigade of cavalry covered them. Owing to a column of foreign troops giving way, our brigade was forced to advance to the support of our brave fellows, and which we certainly did in style; we charged through two of their columns, each about 5,000; it was in the first charge that I took the eagle from the enemy; he and I had a hard contest for it; he thrust for my groin—I parried it off, and

cut him through the head; after which I was attacked by one of their lancers, who threw his lance at me, but missed the mark, by my throwing it off with my sword by my right side; then I cut him from the chin upwards, which went through his teeth; next I was attacked by a foot soldier, who, after firing at me, charged me with his bayonet—but he very soon lost the combat, for I parried it and cut him down through the head; so that finished the contest for the eagle. After which I presumed to follow my comrades, eagle and all but was stopped by the General, saying to me, "You brave fellow, take that to the rear: you have done enough until you get quit of it;" which I was obliged to do, but with great reluctance. I retired to a height, and stood there for upwards of an hour, which gave a general view of the field; but I cannot express the horrors I beheld: the bodies of my brave comrades were lying so thick upon the field, that it was scarcely possible to pass, and horses innumerable. I took the eagle into Brussels, amidst the acclamations of thousands of the spectators that saw it.

Expressions of Bonaparte.

Bonaparte, during the battle of the 18th of June, with the poor farmer Lacoste pinioned on horseback beside him, was unable to conceal his astonishment at the recoil, and almost flight of his finest troops; and constrained, in spite of himself, repeatedly to mutter compliments to the spirit, rapidity, and steadiness of the British cavalry. "*These English fight admirably,*" said he to Soult; "*but*

they must *give way*."—" *No, Sire, they prefer being cut to pieces*," was the answer of one who knew something of them. The grey horses especially struck him, and he often repeated, " *quelles superbes troupes!* (what fine troops!)

A Cuirassier.

A cuirassier on the point of being cut down by a soldier of the Greys, called out, " *Vive le Roi.*" " Gude faith, freend," said his pursuer in purest Scotch, " gif ye cry *that*, ye shu'dna be here."

Sir William Ponsonby.

He led his brigade against the Polish Lancers, checked at once their destructive charges against the British infantry, and took two thousand prisoners; but having pushed on at some distance from his troops, accompanied only by one aid-de-camp, he entered a newly-ploughed field, where the ground was excessively soft. Here his horse stuck, and was utterly incapable of extricating himself. At this instant a body of Lancers approached him at full speed. Sir William saw that his fate was inevitable. He took out a picture, and his watch, and was in the act of giving them to his aid-de-camp to deliver to his wife and family, when the Lancers came up: they were both killed on the spot. His body was found, lying beside his horse, pierced with seven lance wounds; but he did not fall unrevenged. Before the day was ended, the Polish Lancers were almost entirely cut to pieces by the

brigade which this officer had led against them. But this is not the only instance of the coolness and bravery of that family in the field of battle. The Hon. Major-General Ponsonby, who fell in the battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1745, at the head of his regiment, was also in the act of bestowing his ring and watch on his son Brabazon, who was his aid-de-camp, when a cannon-ball struck him dead. The watch and ring are still in possession of the family, and preserved with great veneration.

Shaw, the Life Guardsman, and the Scotch Greys.

This brave man distinguished himself peculiarly among the most distinguished. The line of cavalry, at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed: they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly amongst them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving. Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit, and wounded in the breast: his officer desired him to fall out: "Please God," said this brave fellow, "I sha'nt leave my colours yet." Shortly after, orders came down, that the cavalry should advance: the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillery-men running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed among ourselves," says a private, "that when we began to gallop, we should give three cheers,—but ours was not very regular cheering,—though we made noise

enough." The Scotch Greys made charges that were perfectly romantic: "Those brave fellows will get themselves utterly cut to pieces," said some of the British generals, when viewing them, a mere handful of men, plunging into vast solid masses of French horse. It was observed by a French Marshal to some distinguished British officers at Paris, that the British were the only troops in the world that could be trusted in lines against columns: they would stand or advance, two deep, against a mass some yards in thickness.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON THE VICTORY OF THE 18TH OF JUNE.

Turn thy gall'd steed, presumptuous Chieftain, turn!
Now Britain's pride, with rage and conquest burn:
Seize, while thou canst, the friendly shades of night,
To hide thy shame, and base ignoble flight.
Long hast thou strove, with bold impetuous shock,
To break our lines, but, like the steady rock,
Britannia's Son's thy headstrong fury braves,
Drives back thy host, as does her cliff the waves.
Fly, vain boaster, fly,
Thy forces round thee die;
They think of Spain,
Of Leipsic's plain,
And in a dire confusion reels;
Save those you may,
Ere break of day,
For War's bright Son,
Great WELLINGTON,
Sends BLUCHER thundering at your heels.

Now, while NAPOLEON flies the battle ground,
Through floods of gore, Death's victim's strew'd around,
Turn thou my Muse, and o'er the prostrate brave,
Who gave their lives another land to

Mourn those who fell, and let thy humble strains
Catch grace and honour from their heroic names
BRUNSWICK, o'er thy royal bier,
Flush'd Victory sheds a silent tear;
And tho' that hard contested day
Consign'd thee to the earth's cold womb,
Well did NAPOLEON'S minions pay,
His insult to thy father's tomb.

And PICTON, thou—Oh! for the sacred fire
That liv'd along immortal HOMER'S lyre,
That I with truth to after times might tell,
Thy dauntless deeds, Troy's heroes all excel.
Those who surviv'd of thy brave band,
And saw thee stretch'd upon the plain,
Would have thee, might their grief command,
In triumph at their head again;
But though my lay can scarcely tell
Where may they find just such another;
Brave PONSONBY! thou too hast fell,
Like him the soldier's friend and brother.
Grav'd be the names on History's brightest page,
Of those who fought, and won, that glorious day:
Thy heroic deeds may light a future age,
And teach them how to shun dark Slavery's way.

The Duke of Wellington.

The Duke of Wellington, in visiting different points, was often received with a shout of impatience to be led on. The gallant 95th were very tired of the iron cases, and the iron grape-shot. An immense body of French infantry happened to approach that noble regiment at one time, when the commander was paying them a visit; "Let us at 'em, my Lord," "Let us down upon 'em," quite regardless of their numbers. "Not yet," replied the chief, "not yet

The 92d Highland Regiment.

The 92d, when there did not remain to it much more than a hundred men, threw themselves over a hedge directly against a mass of the Imperial Guard. The latter stood till the Scotch came close up to them. Some firing took place: these terrible adversaries looked each other full in the face, while they coolly levelled their muskets. At length the few of the 92d made the final charge with the bayonet. The French Guards stood still, but it was but for a moment: before the steel reached them they had turned their backs,—but too late to avoid it. At this moment the Scotch Greys poured in upon the enemy as a flood; they took 1500 prisoners, and actually, as an eye-witness says, "*walked over the French.*"

Colonel Miller and Captain Curzon.

Colonel Miller of the first Guards requested a last sight of the colours under which he had fought. He kissed them fervently, and begged they might be waved over him till he expired. The lamented Captain Curzon, Lord Scarsdale's son, met his fate with almost "military glee." In falling from his horse, he called out gaily to Lord March, who was riding with him at a full gallop,—"Good b'ye, dear March." And by one effort more, when his friend had left him for the urgent duty of animating a foreign corps in very critical circumstances, he look-

The Wounded.

On the day after the battle, numbers of the desperately wounded and dying, in the midst of the dead, raised their heads, when visiters to the scene passed them, to implore water, or to beg death at their hands, to end their agonies. Many of the wounded were not removed till Thursday, the fourth day after the battle.

Armour of the Cuirassiers.

The cuirassiers of the *French Imperial Guard* are all arrayed in armour: the front cuirass is in the form of a pigeon's breast, so as effectually to turn off a musket shot, unless fired very near, owing to its brightness; the back cuirass is made to fit the back; they weigh from nine to eleven pounds each, according to the size of the man, and are stuffed inside with a pad: they fit on by a kind of fish-scaled clasp, and are put off and on in an instant. They have helmets the same as our Horse Guards, and straight long swords and pistols, but no carbines, All the accounts agree in the great advantage that the French cuirassiers derived from their armour. Their swords were three inches longer than any used by the Allies, and in close action the cuts of our sabres did no execution, except they fortunately came across the neck of the enemy. The latter also feeling themselves secure in their armour, advanced deliberately and steadily, until they came within about twenty yards of our ranks, as a musket-ball could not penetrate the cuirasses at a

greater distance. The cuirass, however, was attended with one disadvantage; the wearer, in close action, cannot use his arm with perfect facility in all directions; he chiefly thrusts, but cannot cut with ease. They are all chosen men, must be above six feet high, have served in three campaigns, twelve years in the service, and of a good character; and if there is a good horse to be found, they have them. It is to be observed, that a wound through a cuirass mostly proves mortal.—Specimens of the cuirasses, together with a number of French arms of all sorts, are to be seen at the *Waterloo Museum* in Pall Mall.

Sensibility of a wounded Horse.

The horses, when wounded in battle, stop short, tremble in every muscle, and groan deeply, while their eyes show wild astonishment. The horse of a very distinguished officer of the Horse Guards, still retains the lively recollection of his hurts and surprises sustained in this engagement: the clamour and bustle of it seem to have perpetuated themselves in his ears:—when any one approaches him in the stable, he puts himself on the alert for a charge, and starts as if to get out of the way of a sabre cut. Some of the horses, as they lay on the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them,—thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others of these interesting animals, to whom man so strongly attaches himself, were observed quietly grazing in the middle of the field, between the two

backs, and the balls that flew over their heads, and the roaring behind, and before, and about them causing no respite of the usual instincts of their nature.

A French Skirmisher.

It is affirmed, as an anecdote of the battle, that a French skirmisher took frequent advantage of the *body of a wounded British officer*, who had fallen far in advance during a charge made by his regiment. The Frenchman loaded his piece crouching down behind his fallen foe, and then went a little way in front to discharge it, returning again to prepare for another fire. During the continuance of this process, a conversation went on between the parties. "You English will certainly be beaten by the Emperor,"—said the *tirailleur:* "You have no chance with us." This was repeated several times, as he returned to his old shelter; but at last, the Frenchman came back with a whimsical smile on his countenance, and, instead of stopping as before to load his musket, exclaimed hastily:—"*Ah ma foi*, (ah! indeed) I believe you English will beat the Emperor: *bon jour, mon ami!*" (good morning, my friend.)

Letter from an Officer, dated Brussels, June 18th.

I suppose you have already seen the Gazette, with the details of the severe action we had on the day before yesterday. It will, therefore, be some slight satisfaction to find that I am able to write to

trifling one in the leg, which it is likely will not confine him above a week; but alas, what can give consolation to poor——for the dreadful loss she has sustained in her dear——. A worthier fellow never breathed; I have been unable to learn the particulars, but I understand he fell early in the action. It was, perhaps, the most destructive ever fought. The loss fell almost entirely on our division, which, along with the Brunswick troops and some Prussians, was the only one up for the first two hours. The three Scotch regiments are nearly annihilated! Ours had only six officers who escaped! and some are so dangerously wounded, as to give little hope of their recovery. We were amply revenged, however, and gave the French a lesson which they will not soon forget; but they are so strong on this point, that notwithstanding our giving them such a drubbing, his Grace has found it necessary to occupy a better position by retiring about a league and a half in the rear. He expected another attack yesterday, but it did not take place; and this will give time to Lord Hill and Blucher to operate upon the enemy's flanks, which must oblige him to retrograde. His Grace is strong enough now to repel any attack that may be made upon him, and had those cursed Russians been at hand, we should have given such an account of our adversaries, that very few would have returned to relate the tale of their companion's destruction.

With respect to my wound, I have strong assurances from surgeons that it is not dangerous. It was by a *round shot!* a six pounder or grape-shot, I think. It gave me a slap obliquely on the *front* of the left shoulder, and had it been the eighth part of

an inch more *direct*, it would have done for me effectually. I was within a hundred yards of the gun, which we were in the act of charging.

You would be astonished how we could have borne the fatigue which we suffered. We marched from Brussels at one o'clock in the morning, and arrived at three that afternoon at the place of action, having marched nine leagues. We were engaged in five minutes after, and continued so till ten at night. I was wounded about half past eight, when I was obliged to walk six miles to the nearest village, where I lay in pain and sleepless till daylight. I was again obliged to walk to Brussels, seven leagues; not being able to bear the motion of a waggon. The exertion has done me no good. I am indeed surprised that I was able to make it out. The poor fellows who had escaped, bivouacked in the field without tents or baggage; last night the same, and it has rained incessantly. I am unable to give you the particulars of the action—it was altogether brilliant and decisive. The Highlanders and Royals, in particular, behaved admirably. Our regiment was charged by a body of cuirassiers of the guard, and we gave them a noble peppering. We also charged a column of infantry, which we dispersed; but on getting behind some hedges, they rallied, and gave us a terrible fire. It was here that our regiment suffered most. Cameron, our gallant colonel, and four other officers, fell almost at the same instant—this was about six o'clock. We drove them, however, from all the hedges, and advanced upon two guns, which began to open upon us with grape. These we also drove from two dif-

ferent positions. The French suffered prodigiously, but our cavalry and artillery not being up, we could do no more than repel their attacks.

19th.—I felt so feverish last night, that I was obliged to stop short.—I am rather easier this morning, and in better spirits; for the grandest, though perhaps most sanguinary battle on record, was gained last night, nearly 300 pieces of cannon being taken, and many thousand prisoners, Bonaparte's equipages, baggage, &c. The pursuit is continued, and our advance, I dare say, by this time, in France. The courier arrived in the Duke of Bassano's carriage. Our regiment was again engaged, and suffered severely. There is scarcely one officer left. Never was there a sight so touching, so extraordinary as this town presents;—the people in crowds going out to meet the wounded with refreshments, bandages, &c.—all the women employed in the kindest offices. I returned to the house of my former landlord, where I am treated as if I were his own brother. The French prisoners are treated by the populace in the most violent manner; the escort can with difficulty protect them from being attacked.

Shaw, the Life Guardsman.

A *horse-guardsman* was left upon the ground within the French lines, desperately wounded in a charge: he threw his helmet from him, for his enemies were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons, by whom they had suffered so much. After some time, he raised his head: two French lancers saw the movement, and, galloping up to

they left him for dead,—but he still retained life, and shortly afterwards a plundering party came down from the enemy's position, and stripped him. After this, they sent him to the rear, and being too weak to walk, he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground for fourteen miles; being occasionally struck by those about him, to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow prisoners murdered. But the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians; they at last permitted the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn, in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing. Here he lay with his blood running about him;—he was awakened from a kind of dose consisting partly of sleep, and partly of bodily extinction, by one creeping down by his side:—he turned his head, and saw his comrade, *the famous* SHAW, before mentioned,* who could scarcely crawl to the heap, being almost cut to pieces: "Ah, my dear fellow, I'm done for," faintly whispered the latter;—but few words passed between them,—and my informant told me that he soon dropped asleep: in the morning he awoke, and poor Shaw was indeed done for: he was lying dead, with his face leaning on his hand, as if life had been extinguished, while he was in a state of insensibility. This brave man carried destruction to every one against whom he rode; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a show against the list of slain furnished for any of Homer's he-

roes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts, than the magnitude of any one: he had been riding about, fighting a great part of the day, with his body streaming,—and at night he died, as has been described.

Women and Girls died fighting in the Ranks of the French Army.

Several *women,* the wives of soldiers, were killed, and found lying in their plain female dress by the sides of their husbands, to whom they had brought water on hearing that they were wounded. Among the French dead, on the other hand, were found the bodies of several French girls and women in male attire; who had gone forth with their brothers, fathers, husbands, or lovers; and had actually fought in their company. This is no uncommon event in the French armies; such is the romantic devotion of the French women to those whom they love.

The 92d Highland Regiment.

The following facts respecting this gallant corps are particularly worthy of notice.

Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine of Cardross, the first commanding officer of this corps, fell gloriously at the head of this brave corps, on the 13th of March, 1801, in Egypt.

Lieutenant-Colonel Napier of Blackstone, his successor, fell in the same manner at Corunna, January, 1809.

the manner described in the Duke of Wellington's dispatch.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, who then took the command of the regiment, was soon afterwards wounded, and carried off the field, resigning the command of the battalion to Captain Holmes, the senior officer present, but Captain Holmes had not been long in command, when he was also carried off wounded.

Captain Dugald Campbell then took the command, and he was soon after wounded, and carried off the field; the command then devolved again on the next senior officer present.

In the afternoon of the 18th ult. the regiment, which was then reduced to about two hundred men, found it actually necessary to charge a column of the enemy which came down on them, from 2 to 3000 men. They broke into the centre of the column with the bayonet, and the instant they pierced it, the Scotch Greys dashed in to their support, when they and the 92d cheered and huzzaed, "Scotland for ever!" By the effort which followed, the enemy to a man were put to the sword, or taken prisoners, after which the Greys charged through the enemy's second line.

Flight from Brussels.

A gentleman and lady who fled from Brussels on the 18th, had the extraordinary fortune to reach Malines, about 15 miles, unhurt. They got a place in the track-boat on the canal; and being close to the road saw all its horrors. When horses fell, the waggon wheels crushed the rider: baggage was

thrown off, and carried away by the peasants, to be cut open and plundered. Great sums of money were in this way lost; and clothes, and other property, spread over the fields. An English officer, who had lost a foot, and was carried on his servant's back, came and begged to be taken into the boat. At Malines, they found it very difficult to obtain admission into a house; but most providentially they procured a carriage to Antwerp next day. Many of the wounded were travelling the same road; some had lost a hand or an arm; thousands were on foot; and all sorts of carriages and horses crowded the road, and increased the danger. The scene was beyond description horrible: but a feeling of terror and self-preservation, much diminished the concern for the sufferers. This is very common in the horrors of war. The persons trodden down or crushed to death, in the flight to Antwerp, were thrown into the ditches; and all this was witnessed by the gentleman and his wife. When they arrived at Antwerp, the first sight they saw was heart-rending. An officer's lady had just learned that her husband's head had been shot off at Quatre Bras. The poor woman was running about the market-place, hysterical and delirious, with a little boy crying and running after her. In her distraction, she often repeated, "My husband is not dead, he is coming; his head is not shot off."

LA COSTE'S NARRATIVE.

[*From a conversation with him in the Public House, known by the sign of the Jean de Nivelles.*]

J. B. La Coste is aged about 53; he was born in the village of Corbeck-loo, near Louvaine, and has inhabited Walloon for 33 years: he is five feet ten inches high, and of a robust florid complexion; he is intelligent, and there is great appearance of truth in the answers he makes to questions put to him: he understands French very well, and expresses his ideas with great facility.

Before the invasion of Napoleon, La Coste occupied a small ale-house *(cabaret)* with about six acres of land. Upon the approach of the French army, on the 17th of June, he retired, with his family, consisting of his wife and seven children, into the wood of the Abbey d'Awyiers, where he passed the night (Saturday;) at six o'clock on Sunday morning he went to church, and from thence to his brother's, who lived at Planchenoit. He met there three French generals, who inquired of him if he had lived in the country a long time, and if he was well acquainted with the environs. Upon his answering in the affirmative, one of them sent him to Bonaparte with a letter, and accompanied by a servant.

Bonaparte slept on the 17th of June in a farm called the Caillon, and left it at six next morning. La Coste found him at a farm, named Rossum, where he (Bonaparte) arrived at eight, A. M. and

standing in a room about 20 feet by 16, in the midst of a great number of officers of his Staff. Bonaparte asked him, if he was well acquainted with the local situation of the country, and if he would be his guide? La Coste having answered him satisfactorily, Bonaparte told him he would accompany him, adding—"Speak frankly with me, my friend, as if you were with your children."

Rossum farm is near La Belle Alliance. The Emperor remained there till mid-day. During this time, La Coste was closely watched in the farm-yard by one of the Garde, who, whilst walking with him, informed him of the force of the army (French) and told him, that upon passing the frontiers, they had an army of 150,000 men, of which 40,000 were cavalry, among which were 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 of the new and 8 or 9000 of the old Guard. This soldier praised much the bravery displayed by the English at Quatre Bras. He particularly admired the *sang froid* of the Scotch Highlanders, who, says he, in his military style, "*ne bougeoient, que lors qu'on leur mettait la baionette au derriere.*"

During this time, Bonaparte had La Coste called three different times, to obtain information as to the maps of the country, which he constantly consulted. —He questioned him chiefly upon the distance of several towns of Brabant from the field of battle, and made him explain those he had seen in his youth. La Coste named fourteen which appeared to please Bonaparte; he seemed very much satisfied to find that La Coste was Flemish, and that he spoke the language; he advised him, above all, to give only well authenticated information, and not to

Engraved by Thos Crabb, from a Drawing by R.M.Bright

BONAPARTE AT HIS ADVANCED POSITION,

Viewing the entré of the Prussians;

With La Coste & Marshal Bertrand to his Right.

London, Published by R.H.Swarde, Crane Court, Fleet Street, 1816.

ging his shoulders at the same time. He repeated often these instructions, adding, "That if he (Bonaparte) succeeded, his recompence should be a hundred times greater than he could imagine."—He dispensed with every particular mark of respect, telling him, that instead of taking off his cap, he need only put his hand to his forehead.

At mid-day Bonaparte went out with his staff, and placed himself upon a bank on the side of the road, which commanded a view of the field of battle. Shortly afterwards news arrived, that the attack upon the farm and chateau of Hougoumont, which he had commenced at 11 o'clock, was unsuccessful.

At one the battle became general; Bonaparte remained in his first station with his staff until five; he was on foot, and constantly walked backwards and forwards, sometimes with his arms crossed, but chiefly behind his back, with his thumbs in the pocket of a dark coloured great coat; he had his eyes fixed upon the battle, and pulled out his watch and snuff-box alternately. La Coste, who was on horseback near him, observed frequently his watch. Bonaparte perceiving that La Coste took snuff, and that he had none, gave him several pinches.

When he found that his attempts to force the position of the Chateau of Hougoumont had been made in vain, he took a horse, left the farm Rossum at five P. M. and riding foremost, halted opposite La Coste's house, about one hundred yards from La Belle Alliance. He remained there until seven. At this moment he, by means of a telescope, first perceived the Prussians advance, and communicated it to an aid-de-camp, who, upon turning his

an officer came to announce that Bulow's corps approached. Bonaparte replied that he knew it well, and gave orders for his guard to attack the centre of the English army ; and riding at full gallop in advance, he placed himself with his staff in a hollow made by the road, half way between La Belle Alliance and Haye Sainte. This was his third and last position.

Bonaparte and his suit ran great risks to reach this hollow : a bullet struck the pommel of the saddle of one of his officers, without touching him or his horse. Bonaparte contented himself by coolly observing, "*that they must remain in this hollow.*"

Here there was on each side of the road a battery, and perceiving that one of the cannons of the left battery did not play well, he dismounted, ascended the height of the road, advanced to the third piece, and rectified the error, while the bullets were hissing around him.

Whilst in this position, he saw eight battalions of his Old Guard, to whom he had given orders to force the centre of the English army, advancing upon Haye Sainte. Three of these battalions were annihilated in his sight, whilst crossing the road, by the firing from the farm and batteries. Nevertheless, the French made themselves masters of the farm, and the Hanoverians, who occupied it, were obliged to surrender for want of ammunition. To support the foot guards (*garde a pied*) Bonaparte made his horse guards, composed of eight or nine regiments, advance; he waited the result of this charge with the greatest anxiety ; but he saw the flower of his army destroyed in an instant, whilst

tuated. This was his last trial; for on seeing his Old Guard destroyed, he lost all hope, and on turning towards his officers, said, "*A present c'est fini, sauvons nous.*" (It is now finished, let us save ourselves.)

It was half-past eight o'clock; and, without pursuing any steps, or giving any orders, and taking all possible care to avoid the Prussians, he, accompanied by his staff, rode off at full gallop to Genappe. In passing before a battery of fourteen guns, that was near the Observatory, he ordered that, before they abandoned it to the enemy, they should fire fourteen rounds.

When he arrived at Genappe, it was half-past nine o'clock P. M. The only street which forms this village was so encumbered with caissons and cannons, that it required an entire hour to pass them alongside the houses; all the inhabitants had forsaken their dwellings. There was no other road to take, because the Prussians occupied the left, and there was no other bridge but that of Genappe, by which to pass the river that flowed there.

From Genappe he advanced towards Quatre Bras, hastening his pace, always afraid lest the Prussians would arrive before him; he was more tranquil when he had passed this last place; and when arrived at Gosselies ,he even dismounted and walked the remainder of the road to Charleroi (about one league.) He traversed Charleroi on horseback for two hours and a half, and stopped in a meadow called Marcenelle, at the other end of the town. There they made a large fire, and brought him two glasses and two bottles of wine,

nourishment. They spread upon the ground a sack of oats, which his horses eat in their bridles. At a quarter before five o'clock, after having taken another guide (to whom he gave the horse that had served La Coste) he remounted, made a slight bow to La Coste, and rode off. Bertrand gave La Coste, for his services, a single napoleon, and disappeared, as also the whole Staff, leaving La Coste alone, who was obliged to return home on foot.

During the whole time that he was with Bonaparte he was not maltreated, except whilst they were retreating, on their arrival at Quartre Bras; when one of the officers, finding that a second guide which they had with them had escaped, tied the bridle of La Coste's horse to his own saddle as a precautionary measure.

From the moment that Bonaparte began to retreat, until his arrival in the meadow of Marcenelle, he did not stop, nor did he speak to any one. He had taken no nourishment from the time he left the farm Rossum, and La Coste even thinks he had taken nothing from six in the morning.

The dangers of the battle did not appear to affect him. La Coste, who was greatly agitated through fear, lowered his head frequently on the neck of his horse, to avoid the balls which hissed over his head. Bonaparte appeared displeased at it, and told him that those motions made his officers believe that he was wounded, and also added, that he would not escape the balls more by stooping than by holding himself upright.

During the battle, he often rendered justice to the opposing army: he principally praised the Scotch Greys, and expressed much regret to see

them suffer so severely, when they manœuvred so well, and wielded the sword so dexterously.

Until half-past five P. M. he had the greatest hope of success, and repeated every moment, "All goes well." His generals entertained the same hope. He was perfectly calm, and showed much *sang froid* during the action, without appearing out of humour, and always spoke very mildly to his officers.

He was never in danger of being taken prisoner, being always surrounded; even in the third station, where he was nearest to the enemy, he had with him twelve pieces of cannon, and 3000 grenadiers of his guard.

He made no use of the observatory which had been constructed for him, six weeks before the battle, by the engineers of Holland.

In his flight he frequently received news from the army, by officers who came up with him in their escape from the pursuit of the Allies.

The house of La Coste, having served as a bivouac for the French, they burnt all the doors, windows, and wood they could find. The rent that he paid was one hundred francs. The proprietor, after having repaired it, has let it to another person for one hundred and twenty-five francs. La Coste lives at present at a hamlet, called Soli Bois, situated upon the causeway between Waterloo and Mont St. Jean.

Sir Thomas Picton.

This gallant general fell gloriously in the thickest of the fight, leading up his division to a charge

attacks made by the enemy was defeated. A musket-ball, which passed through his right temple, was cut out with a razor, on the lower and opposite side of his head, where it appeared just breaking through the skin: he never spoke a word after he received the wound.

After the 16th, this gallant officer's coat was observed to be most dreadfully cut. After his lamented fall, it was discovered that he had been wounded in the hip on the 16th by a musket-ball, a circumstance which he carefully concealed from every one but his servant; the wound had assumed a serious aspect for want of surgical assistance, having been only bandaged by himself and servant, as well as circumstances would admit. Towards the afternoon, when the 92d were reduced to scarce 200 men, a column of 2000 of the enemy bore down upon them, when this chosen band charged this overwhelming force with their bayonets, penetrating into the centre of them; the Scotch Greys cheering the brave Highlanders, rushed forward to support them, driving the enemy back with great loss. At the battle of Quatre Bras, in a similar manner the 71st repulsed the Imperial Guard, and when they were retreating, the piper suddenly struck up the pibroch: at the well-known sounds, the Highlanders charged their astonished enemies, still followed into the thickest of the fight by the piper, who was hurried forward by the impulse of valour, and the French were almost to a man cut to pieces.

Graves of the Dead.

After the battle, huge graves, or rather pits, were filled with hundreds of dead, where the victors and

the vanquished were promiscuously laid; so lightly had the clay been thrown over them, that from one a hand had forced its way above the ground, and in another, a human face was distinctly visible. Indescribable was the horror of these objects. Three weeks after the battle, the very gales of heaven were tainted with the effluvia arising from them: besides these tremendous graves, of which several hundreds might be counted, immense heaps of the dead were burnt in different places, and their ashes, mingled with the dust, were scattered over the field.

Last Attack made by the French.

This took place about seven in the evening, and was the most terrible and alarming of any: it burst like an inundation to the top of our position; it caused our artillerymen to withdraw their guns; but on the elevation of the ridge our brave remnants of regiments met it, and stemmed it. It was at this moment that the few Scotch left of the ninety-second drove back an enormous column: it was at this moment that the heavy dragoons of the French rode in small bodies about our infantry, watching for opportunities to plunge into their ranks, and occasionally fighting hand to hand with parties of our cavalry.

It was at this moment that devotion took the place of animation, and each individual of Wellington's army felt that he had but to fall without flinching; it was at this moment that the Duke is said to have prayed for the Prussians or for night, and to have exposed himself as much as the most forward grenadier of a crack corps,—rallying

the Brunswickers in person,—throwing himself into the centre of infantry battalions charged by cavalry, and giving a few encouraging words to the exhausted soldiers, as he sat on his horse, exposed to the shower of all sorts of bullets, watching for the proper instant to give the command for them to rise from their place of partial shelter, to stand to their arms as the enemy's column approached near. "We must not be beat, my friends,—what would they say in England?" was one of his short and pithy addresses.

This grand charge is well described by Walter Scott, in his "Field of Waterloo."

On came the whirlwind—like the last,
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind— steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke,
The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,
The Cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

The effects of this tremendous attack on the British soldiers, and the closing of the two armies in battle, are painted with so much truth and spirit.

that we cannot withhold the following very beautiful passage from our readers :—

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply,—
Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.
Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were piere'd, and pennons rent ;
And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horseman's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,*
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;

* A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending*

And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Rag'd the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

Humanity of French Officers.

The following authentic anecdotes, we trust, will serve to give our readers a better idea of French humanity, than is usually afforded by the false and unmanly scandal, so widely circulated, respecting their treatment of British prisoners.

The Hon. Col. Ponsonby, of the 12th Light Dragoons, fell in the first of the three charges of the light horse, at about 11 o'clock on the 18th. His wounds were desperate, and he was lying in a helpless state, when a lancer, probably to ascertain the fact of his existence, in the barbarous manner of all soldiers, plunged his lance at his shoulder, which penetrated to his lungs; meaning, as it is supposed, afterwards to plunder him, when an advance of another corps drove him away: in this state he lay for a considerable time, with seven severe wounds, and suffering great agony, particularly from thirst; at length his situation was noticed by a *French* officer, who lay severely wounded at some distance, and with great difficulty crept towards him, and presented a pocket *pistol* to his mouth, when he was at the last gasp, and from which he drank some kind of spirit: from this humanity he attributes his strength to go through his sufferings. After being

on the field for fourteen hours, he was taken up, and carried to Waterloo; while on the ground, he was first rifled by a French soldier, and afterwards by a *Prussian*, taking even the *segars* from his pocket.

The Colonel, after his recovery, made every endeavour to find this officer, that he might return his grateful acknowledgments.

Col. Hervey of the 14th, was in a charge of the light cavalry, when he found himself opposed to a *French* officer, who was proceeding to make a cut at him, when perceiving the colonel had but one arm, he dropped his sword, exclaiming, he would never use his sword against a man thus situated. In this instance also the gallant colonel has been unable to find his noble opponent.

British Military Discipline.

During the 18th, the cannon was all day roaring in the ears of the people of Brussels, and runaways from the field spread the most disastrous reports to excuse their own appearance. The superior discipline of the Duke of Wellington's troops was now rendered very apparent; there were scarcely any straggling British; but against bodies of fugitive Prussians, who clamoured for admittance into Brussels, it was necessary to oppose strong guards at each of the gates, for it was pretty well guessed that their object was to plunder the city, crying out in the meanwhile, that the French were coming. Many of these fellows came with their arms and legs bound up as if they were wounded,—though nothing was the matter with them,—but they thought

by this means to get access to where they might steal.

Sufferings of a wounded Officer.

An officer, who was wounded on the 18th, says, that the horrors of his walk to Brussels, were almost too much for recollection. The rain fell in torrents; the roads were deep; he was in severe agony with his hurt; the motion of a carriage he could not bear; his strength scarcely sufficed for him to drag himself along. He was often forced out of the road, to avoid being crushed to death, and compelled to crawl along through the deep wet grass and entangling briars of the forest of Soignies. Once, a Brunswick soldier ran against his wounded arm with violence, giving him great pain;—he threw off the man, who hastily lifted a sabre to cut him down;—seeing his wound, however, the fellow showed great signs of commiseration, and passed on.

Humanity to the Wounded at Brussels.

After the battle, Brussels gradually filled with wounded: all her doors were thrown open, and not more so than her hearts. Every one was employed in some fitting office of compassionate relief. Here was found what is most amiable, and even enchanting, springing from almost unexampled rage, slaughter, and misery. Into whatever house you went, you found only the enthusiasm of doing good: the females were all employed in making lint, who were

not actually engaged in dressing wounds: the soldiers who could not at first be taken into the houses, were laid along on straw in the streets, and the ladies of Brussels were seen, during the whole night and morning, stooping over these poor sufferers, supplying them with refreshments, and, in the absence of medical assistance, doing their best to relieve their agony.

The priests went round *collecting for the hospitals;* the wealthy sent out carts laden with supplies for the unhappy wretches, who, for several days and nights, remained on the field of battle, in the most awful state,—it being a labour almost inconceivable, to bring in the thousands that fell there. The appearance of the field, just after the engagement, has been described, but the scene is almost too dreadful for contemplation.

At Quatre Bras, men who had sunk through weakness in the midst of the corn-fields, came crawling out five or six days after the battle, emaciated, and in a state of wildness, nay, of actual derangement, in consequence of pain, hunger, and cold. Those who visited the plain of Waterloo, during the first few days after the battle, saw exhibitions to which the mere heaps of the bodies of the slaughtered were pleasant sights. In some cases, those who had visited the wounded, had supplied them with spirits, or other strong fluids; and what with pain, intoxication, and the recollection of the battle, these poor creatures displayed an extravagance in their wretchedness, which had a tremendous effect.

The liberality and kindness shown to our unfortunate defenders, friends, and relations, went far

beyond their bare necessities, and were extended into a zeal and solicitude, that could not in fairness have been asked for, nor even hoped for by those most interested in the gallant victims. A young lady of one of the first families in Brussels, persisted, even against advice, in dressing the wound of a veteran serjeant-major, after it had assumed the appearances of mortification, and was in a state requiring the utmost precaution for the safety of its dresser, as well as rendering it extremely offensive to the senses. A slight puncture in her finger admitted some of the poisonous matter, and her life very nearly paid the forfeit of her humanity.

The mayor of Brussels literally gave *wine* and *beer*, when *water only* was required. An inhabitant of the name of Troyaux, *made his whole establishment a complete hospital*, finding gratuitously, every possible comfort and subsistence for the unfortunate wounded. A female, who had realized a little independence by selling lace, lodged and relieved the distresses of a great many. The fair sex, indiscriminately, in high or low circumstances, were animated with the most solicitous attention.

Enthusiasm of the French wounded Soldiers.

A French soldier in an hospital at Antwerp, tossed his amputated arm in the air, with a feeble shout of "*vive l'Empereur.*" Another, at the moment of the preparations to take off his leg, declared, that there was something he knew of which would cure him on the spot, and save his limb and the operator's trouble. When asked to explain this strange remark, he said, "a sight of the Emperor!" The in-

dispensable amputation did not save him; he died in the surgeon's hands; and his last words, steadfastly looking on his own blood, were, that he would cheerfully shed the last drop in his veins, for the great Napoleon! A singularly wild and almost poetic fancy, was the form in which a third bore his testimony; he was undergoing, with great steadiness, the operation of the extraction of a ball from his side; and it happened to be the left; in the moment of his greatest suffering, he exclaimed, "an inch deeper, and you'll find the Emperor!"

Prussian Marauders.

Four gentlemen who came from Brussels, and were viewing the field on the Thursday after the battle, had reached the road about a quarter of a mile beyond *Belle Alliance*, when round a rising ground galloped a Prussian hussar with drawn sabre, who was amongst them in an instant:—"Your watches, your money, or I will cut you down!" Such was the insatiate thirst after plunder of these barbarians, that many of the humane inhabitants of Brussels, who came to seek the wounded, were robbed and cut down by these Prussian marauders.

Heroic Conduct of a fair Belgian.

She was the wife of a British officer, and was living with him in cantonments at Nivelles. The unexpected advance of the French called him off on a moment's notice to Quatre Bras; but he left with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family bag-

at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by her servant, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and made off with the horse, which had been left for the use of the latter.

With a firmness becoming the wife of a British officer, she boldly commenced on foot *her own* retreat of 25 miles, leading the ass, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by any one to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could afford to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the columns of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery. Her fatigue was great; it rained in water-spouts, and the thunder and lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army on the Saturday evening were taking up their line for the awful conflict.

In so extensive a field, and among 80,000 men, it was in vain to seek her husband: she knew that the sight of her *there* would only have embarrassed and distressed him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the way choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of native fugitives on the road, and flying into the great wood; and numbers of the wounded working their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last. Many persons were actually killed by the others, in the desperate efforts of the latter to remove impediments to their es-

cape; and to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning raged as if the heavens were torn in pieces. Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched, up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt, she continued to advance; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, and without the loss of an article. In a few hours after her arrival, commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday; exposed to which, for ten hours, she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night of agony, she was amply rewarded by finding herself in his arms, he unhurt, and she nothing the worse, on the Monday.

The Highland Soldiers.

In Antwerp much was said of the Highland soldiers. At Brussels, and indeed in every part of the Netherlands, when the English troops were mentioned, whom they likewise much admired, the natives always returned to the Scotch, with, "*Mais les Ecossais*, (But the Scotch); *they are good and kind as well as brave;*" they are the only soldiers who become "*enfans de la famille,*" (members of the family) in the houses in which they are billeted; they even carry about the children, and do the domestic work. The favourite proverbial form of compliment was, "*Les Ecossais sont lions dans la battaille, et agneaux dans la maison,*" (The Scotch are lions in the field, and lambs in the house.) There was a competition among the inhabitants who should have them

in their houses; and when they returned wounded, the same house they had left had its doors open, and the family went out to meet "*Notre Ecossais,*" (Our own Scotsman.)

Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at the Belle Alliance.

After the flight of the French, the Duke pursued them to the *Belle Alliance,* where by accident he met with Prince Blucher. It was a delightful sight to see these two heroes embrace each other. Colonel Blucher, the son, says, "that all the by-standers burst into tears; his father cried, and down the cheek of the Duke poured the large tear." "My children, (said the Duke) have done wonders. They are too tired to pursue." "I will lead on the pursuit," said the old veteran. "I will order for it the last man and the last horse," and he obeyed fully his promise. They gave no intermission to the French. At several *bivouacs,* or restings to refresh, standing on their arms, Blucher advanced upon them. The troops cried, "*Vive le Roi,*" (long live the King.) "*Vive le Diable,*" (long live the Devil) was the cry of the old warrior, and every one was instantly murdered in cold blood. Thus ended the destruction of this immense army, except about 40,000, who escaped by flight, and these disbanded, selling their horses, and arms, returned disorganized to their homes.

Sutlers in the Field of Battle.

Scarce had the news of the victory reached Bru-

Drawn by C.M. Bright, & Engraved by Thos. Crabb.

The Meeting of the Duke of Wellington and Prince Blucher, near La Belle Alliance.

sels, and the adjoining parts, before women lost all every sense of shame, and men, as callous in their hearts as these, on *Sunday night*, repaired to the field of battle. The groans of death, and screams of agony resounded on every side; and many, who but a few hours before had been enjoying every luxury of life, would have given at this moment all they possessed, for a cup of cold water, to touch their parched quivering lips.

But instead of that, wretches were every where spread over the field, knocking out the brains of those who were disabled, of all nations, not from motives of humanity, but to rob them of what they might have about them. After this, they would tear off the epaulets and lace from the clothes, and decorations of honour smeared with blood, made more dismal by the glimmering light of the moon: with weary steps they stole from body to body; and some of the common soldiers were also engaged in the same acts.

The fields were made slippery with blood, and here and there were seen horses limping, and seeking to find a blade of uncontaminated grass, but in vain. All the waters were tinged with blood, which added to the horror of the scene. The countenances of the men, with large mustachoes, smeared with sweat, dust, and blood, and with features still expressive of horror and ferocity, would in any other hearts have inspired an awful dread.

Every where were seen the fragments of guns, broken swords covered with blood and human hair, parts severed from the human body; here a carcase without a head, there a body without an arm, a leg,

over the field. All distinctions had now ceased, and in promiscuous heaps lay the victors and the vanquished, German, Englishman, Dutch, Hanoverian, Belgian, Prussian, and Frenchman, all near each other, silent as the grave, but before full of animosity, and desire of slaughter.

The brave man and the coward lay side by side; the implorer for mercy, and he who refused it; the man who braved God and Satan; and he, who had his prayer-book in his pocket, and uttered many a fervent ejaculation to his God and Saviour; the men who volunteered in such a business, and those who were forced into the service, not from will, but through power. In one short day, 60,000 persons were, in the vigour and pride of youth, made mute for ever, and their souls gone to that bourn whence no traveller returns. Here also were found many who, forgetting the weakness and tenderness of their nature, were hunting over the dead, to have a last farewell look of their slaughtered husbands, or if they could be happy enough to bind up their wounds, and save them, for themselves and family.

When the morning dawned, what were the frightful appearances of those who had been murdering and robbing the dying, besmeared with blood, and carrying away a soldier's coat, filled with the treasure they had taken. As the number became augmented, the search was more eager—fingers and ears were cut off for the rings—some of these poor wretches were then alive; and, unable to carry off a sufficient number of heavy firelocks found in the field, the women were seen, laden with the ramrods, thinking them more valuable: and these were col-

from their naked bodies, and a new scene of horror displayed itself to those who had humanity to feel.

God of the mourner! cheer the woe
  Which thou alone hast power to cheer!
Thy arm of vengeance dealt the blow
  That stopp'd th' Oppressor's red career:
Perchance on that contested height,
  Earth's angel, by thy bidding, stood,
And wav'd, like Moses, o'er the fight
  His hand, to sway the scene of blood.

Father and Champion of our Sires,
  Our warrior on an hundred plains,
May Britain's thanks, like mounting fires,
  Meet thee from all her throng'd domains!
Temp'rer of human destiny,
  Thou gav'st the joy, thou gav'st the woe;
And, while our raptures mount to thee,
  Hallow'd by thee our tears should flow!

State of the Wounded.

Every village, and every house, was afterwards filled with the dying, the dead, and the wounded: carts, streaming with blood, conveyed many to Brussels. Some few had crawled so far from the field of battle. But the numbers were so great, that neither the hospitals nor private houses were sufficient to receive the wretched victims. The French too often were denied admittance, and were seen perishing in the streets from hunger; a cruel distinction, indeed, if room could have been found for them. The majority even of the English, could not be received into houses, and lay in the open air

The hospitals were so crowded, that the legs and arms, as they were taken off, were thrown under the beds, and lay in putrefied heaps. In the same bed were seen the dying and the dead, and the same waggons were employed to bring in the wounded from the field of battle, and in carrying away for *Christian* burial the dead. Here was a man with a locked jaw, hungry, but incapable of eating—then a wound opened afresh, and the poor wretch was seen bleeding to death for the want of medical aid, which was otherwise employed. These wounds had been festering for many hours unattended, and each countenance looked pale and ghastly.

In the streets and hospitals of Brussels, the most distressing scenes occurred every instant. Who could forbear to weep, when he beheld *mothers* mourning over their beloved *children*. *Wives* who came to attend upon their wounded *husbands*, who were then too ill to be seen, and died at the first sight of their beloved partners. *Lovers*, who deplored the deaths of those whom they were engaged to marry. The field of battle was strewed with affectionate letters of this sort. *Brothers* who possessed the strongest affections, came to weep over their dead brother's body. Some had lost five sons; in short, the feelings of distress no one can picture. It was the flower of the human race cut off in the bud, leaving disconsolate mourners upon the earth.

Here piled in common slaughter sleep,
Those whom affections long shall weep;
Here rests the sire that ne'er shall strain
His orphans to his heart again;
The son who on his native shore,
The parent's voice shall bless no more;

The bridegroom who has hardly press'd
His blushing consort to his breast;
The husband, whom through many a year,
Long love and mutual faith endear.
Thou canst not name one tender tie,
But here dissolved its relics lie.

WALTER SCOTT.

British Military Discipline.

A Scotch gentleman, who was travelling in France last autumn, stopped at Peronne, and seeing some Highland soldiers lying asleep on the bare stones in the open air at midnight, he asked one of them if it was not usual to receive billets on the inhabitants for quarters? "Na, Sir," was his composed reply—"we seldom trouble them for billets. The' ca' this *bivouacking*, you see." "It does not seem very pleasant, whatever they may call it.—How do the people of the country treat you?" "Ow! gailies: particularly we that are Scotch: we ha' but to show our *petticoat*, as the English ca' it,—an' we're ay weel respected." "Were you in the battle of Waterloo?" Aye, 'deed was I, and in Quatre Bras beside. I got a skelp wi' a bit o' a shell at Waterloo." "And were all your companions who are asleep there also wounded?" "Aye ware they,—some mare, some less. Here's ane o' 'em wakening, you see, wi' our speeking."

A robust soldier rose slowly from his hard resting couch, shrugging his shoulders, and stretching his joints, as if his bones ached. He said not a word on seeing a stranger, but deliberately placed himself by the side of my first acquaintance. I continued the conversation, (says the narrator) for

of the death of a brave officer, for whose fate I had been much concerned, in consequence of knowing his closest connexions. This lamented person belonged to the regiment in which these men were privates;—they said he was the first who fell in their ranks on the 16th,—and, in two or three homely words, gave me proof how much he had been esteemed.

The Scotchmen, having but small seduction to return to their beds, became quite inclined to talk, —particularly when they learned from what part of the land o' cakes "I cam' frae." "The Duke," they said, "was'na to be blamed as a general at a' nor wou'd the men ha'e ony cause to complain, if he wou'd but gi' them a little mare liberty." "Liberty!—What sort of liberty do you mean?" "Ow, —just liberty,—*freedom*, you see!" "What,—do you mean leave of absence,—furloughs?" "Na, na! De'il a bit: God! this has'na been a time for furloughs. I mean the liberty that ither sogers get;—the Prussians and them."

As I still professed ignorance of their meaning, one of them gave me, in a sudden burst, a very pithy explanation of the sort of liberty which the Duke was blamed for withholding. The other qualified it a little, by saying: "Aye, aye, he means that whan we've got the upper han' we shu'd employ it. There's nae use in our being mealy mou'd, if the ithers are to tak' what they like. The d——d Prussians ken better what they're about." "Well, but you find that the Prussians are every where detested,—and you have just now told me that you Highlanders are every where respected." "Ow,

aye, we're *praised* enuch. Ilka body praises us, but very few gie us ony thing."

More readily interpreting this hint than the last, I proved myself an exception to the general rule, by putting into their hands a franc or two to drink. The one who received the money looked at it very deliberately, and then raising his head, said, "Weel, Sir, we certainly did'na expect this—did we, John?" "Eh, na," echoed John: "the gentleman has our thanks, I'm sure."

I inquired if the Duke of Wellington took severe means of enforcing on his army that regard for the lives and property of the inhabitants of the seat of war, in maintaining which, he has evidently placed the pride of his ambition, not less than in beating his armed adversaries? "Na, Sir, no' here," was the reply,—"for the men ken him gailies now. But in Spain we aften had ugly jobs. He hung fifteen men in ae day there—after he had been ordering about it, God knows how lang. And d—n me if he did'na ance gar the Provost Marshal flog mare than a dizen of the wimen—for the wimen thought themselves safe, and so they were war' than the men. They got sax and therty lashes a-piece on the bare doup, and it was lang afore it was forgotten on 'em. Ane o' 'em was Meg Donaldson, the best woman in our regiment,—for whatever she might tak', she did na keep it a' to hersel'."

The noise of the horses, brought out to be harnessed to the Diligence, made me take a hasty leave of these Scotch soldiers.

The Duke of Wellington.

[FROM MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.]

While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For her's was the story that blotted the leaves,
But, Oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write
With a pencil of light,
That illum'd all the volume, her WELLINGTON'S name.

"Hail, Star of my Isle," said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies,
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For though heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of fame;—
"But, Oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my WELLINGTON'S name!

"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining—
"The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known:
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
"Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
"And bright o'er the flood,
"Of her tears and her blood,
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her WELLINGTON'S name!"

The Contest at La Haye Sainte.

[FROM SOUTHEY'S POET'S PILGRIMAGE.]

La Haye, bear witness! sacred is its hight,
  And sacred is it truly from that day;
For never braver blood was spent in fight,
  Than Britain here hath mingled with the clay.
Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread
Here on a spot unhallowed by the dead.

Here was it that the Highlanders withstood
  The tide of hostile power, received its weight
With resolute strength, and stemmed and turned the flood;
  And fitly here, as in that Grecian strait,
The funeral stone might say, Go, traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we fell.

Still eastward from this point thy way pursue,
  There grows a single hedge along the lane,—
No other is there far or near in view:
  The raging enemy essayed in vain
To pass that line,—a braver foe withstood,
And this whole ground was moistened with their blood.

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,
  The hot assailants' onset to repel,
Advancing hat in hand, here in the front
  Of battle and of danger, Picton fell;
Lamented Chief! than whom no braver name
His country's annals shall consign to fame.

LIST

OF

Officers, Killed, Wounded, and Missing.

[FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.]

On the 16th of June, 1815.

KILLED.

1ST Guards—Ensign James Lord Hay, Aid-de-camp to General Maitland.

1st Guards, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant Thomas Brown, (Captain ;) Ensign Samuel S. P. Barrington.

1st Guards, 3d Batt.—Lieutenant Edward Grose (Captain.)

1st Foot—Captain William Buckley ; Lieutenant John Armstrong and J. E. O'Neill ; Ensign J. G. Kennedy, Charles Graham, and Alexander Robertson.

32d—Captain Edward Whitty.

33d Foot—Captain John Haigh ; Lieutenants John Boyce and Arthur Gore.

42d Foot—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir R. Macara, K. C. B. Lieutenant Robert Gordon ; Ensign William Gerard.

44th Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant William Tomkins ; Ensign Peter Cooke.

69th Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant Edmund William Whitwick.

79th Foot, 1st Batt.—Adjutant J. Kynock.

92d Foot—Captain William Little ; Lieutenant J. J. Chisholm ; Ensigns Able Becher and John M. R. Macpherson ; First Lieutenant William Lister.

WOUNDED.

General Staff—Captain H. G. Macleod, 35th Foot ; Deputy-Assistant-Quarter-Master-General ; Captain John Jessop (Major ;)

44th Foot, Assistant-Quarter-Master-General, severely; Captain Charles Smyth (Major,) 95th Foot, Brigade-Major, severely (since dead;) Captain Lancton, Acting Aid-de-camp to Sir T. Picton, slightly; Lieutenant William Havelock, 32nd Foot, Aid-de-camp to Major-General Alten, slightly. Lieutenant William de Goeban, severely (since dead.)

Royal Artillery, King's German Legion—Lieutenant Henry Hartman, severely.

1st Guards, 2d Batt.—Major Henry Askew (Colonel,) severely; Lieutenant James Simpson (Captain,) severely; Ensign George Fluyder and Thomas Elmsly Croft, severely.

1st Guards, 3d Batt.—Major Honourable William Stewart (Colonel) severely; Captain Honourable Horace G. Townsend (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain William Miller (Lieutenant Colonel) severely, (since dead;) Lieutenants Robert Adair and Thomas Streatfield (Captains,) severely; Ensign William Barton, severely.

Royal Scots, 3d Batt.—Captain L. Arquimbeau (Major) slightly; Captain Hugh Massey (Major,) slightly; Robert Dudgeon, severely: Lieutenants William J. Rea, J. N. Ingram, and William Clarke, severely; Lieutenants R. H. Scott and Joseph Symes, slightly; Lieutenant James Mann, severely; Lieutenant George Stewart and James Alstone, slightly; Adjutant Allan Cameron, severely.

28th Foot—Captain William Irving (M.) and John Bowles, severely; Lieutenant William Irwin, severely; Lieutenant John Coen, slightly.

30th Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Hamilton, severely; Lieutenant P. Lockwood, severely.

32d Foot—Captain William H. Toole, slightly; Captain Jacques Boyce, severely, (since dead;) Captain Thomas Cassan and John Crowe, severely; Captain Charles Wallet, slightly; Lieutenants H. W. Brookes, M. W. Brookes, N. W. Meighan, S. H. Lawrence, slightly; Lieutenants George Barr and John Boase, severely; Lieutenant Henry Butterworth, slightly; Lieutenants James Robinson, James Fitzgerald, Henry Quill, Edward Stephens, severely; Lieutenant Thomas Horan, slightly; Ensigns Henry Metcalfe and John Birtwhistle slightly; Ensigns Charles Dallas and A. Stewart, severely; Adjutant David Davis, slightly.

33d Foot—Major Edward Parkinson, slightly; Captain William M'Intyre, slightly; Lieutenants James Markland, J. G. Ogle,

and James Forlong, severely; Ensign John Alderson, severely (right arm amputated ;) Ensign James Howard, slightly.

42d Foot—Major R. H. Dick (Lieutenant Colonel,) severely ; Captains A. Menzies, George Davison, Donald M'Donald, Daniel M'Intosh, and Robert Boyle, severely; Lieutenant Donald Chishom, slightly; Lieutenant Duncan Stewart, severely; Lieutenants Donald M'Kenzie and Hugh A. Fraser, slightly ; Lieutenants John Malcolm and A. Dunbar, severely ; Ensign William Fraser, slightly; Adjutant James Young, slightly.

44th Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Hamerton, slightly ; Captains Adam Brugh, David Power, William Burney, and Mildway Fane, severely ; Lieutenants Robert Russel, Robert Grier, and W. B. Strong, severely ; Lieutenant Alexander Campbell, slightly ; Lieutenant W. M. Hern, severely; Lieutenant James Burke, slightly ; Ensigns James Christie, B. Whitney, J. C. Webster, and A. Wilson, severely.

69th Foot, 2d Batt.—Captain H. Linsey (Major) severely ; Lieutenants Brook Pigott, John Stewart, and C. Busteed, severely.

73d Foot, 2d Batt.—Lieutenant J. Acres, severely (since dead;) Captain J. Lloyd, severely ; Ensign Thomas Deacon, severely ; Ensign R. H. Heselridge, slightly.

79th Foot, 1st Batt.—Lieutenant-Colonel Neil Douglas, severely; Majors A. Brown and D. Cameron (Lieutenant-Colonels,) severely; Captains T. Mylne, W. Marshal, severely; Captains M. Fraser and W. Bruce, severely ; Captain John Sinclair, severely, (since dead;) Captain Neil Campbell, slightly ; Lieutenant D. M'Phee, slightly; Lieutenants Thomas Brown, William Maddock, W. Leaper, James Fraser, and William A. Riach, severely; Ensign James Robertson, severely.

92d Foot—Lieutenant-Colonel John Cameron, (Colonel) severely, (since dead ;) Major James Mitchell, (Lieutenant-Colonel) severely ; Captains George W. Holmes, Dugald Campbell, and William C. Grant, severely ; Lieutenants Thomas Hobbs, and Thomas M'Intosh, severely ; Lieutenant Robert Winchester, slightly ; Lieutenant Donald M'Donell, severely ; Lieutenant James Kerr Ross, slightly ; Lieutenants George Logan, John M'Kinlay, George Mackie, Alexander M'Pherson, and Ewen Ross, severely ; Lieutenant Hector M'Innes, slightly ; Ensign Robert Logan, slightly ; Ensign Augus M'Donald and Robert Hewett, severely ; Assistant Surgeon, John Stewart, slightly.

Fitzmorris, severely; First Lieutenant Felix, slightly; Second Lieutenant W. Shenley, severely.

79th Foot, 1st Batt.—Volunteer Cameron, severely; Captain Robert M'Kays, severely.

Hanoverian Officers.

KILLED.

M. B. Verden—Lieutenant Wegener.

M. B. Osterode—Lieutenant Janish.

WOUNDED.

M. B. Verden—Captain Witzendorff; Lieutenant Hunuber.

M. B. Lunenburgh—Captain Reiake; Lieutenant Dapue.

F. B. Bremen—Captain Bassalde, severely.

F. B. D. York—Lieutenant Mahrenhely, severely; Ensign Rabers, severely.

F. B. Grubenhagen—Lieutenant Westphal, severely; Ensign Ernest, severely; Lieutenant Marwedel, slightly; Ensign Bulow, slightly.

F. B. Lunenberg—Lieutenant Volger, severely.

F. B. Lunenberg—Ensigns De Weyhe and Sachase, severely.

MISSING.

F. B. Lunenberg—Captain Corseir, severely wounded.

M. B. Verden—Ensigns State and Hotzebue.

(Signed) JOHN WATERS.
Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

On the 18th of June, 1815.

KILLED.

General Staff—Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, G. C. B.; Major General Sir W. Ponsonby, K. C. B.; Colonel Baron

Brigade Major Staff, K. G. L.—Captain Henry Wigeman.

General Staff—Captain Honourable William Curzon, 69th Foot, D. A. A. G.; Captain Walter Crofton, 54th Foot, Brigade-major; Captain T. Reignolds (Major,) 2d R. N. B. Dragoons, Brigade-major; Captain Charles Ecles, 95th Foot, Brigade-major; Captain de Cloudt, K G. L.

1st Life Guards—Major Samuel Ferrior (Lieutenant-Colonel,) and Captain Montague Lind.

2d Life Guards—Major Richard Fitzgerald (Lieutenant-Colonel.)

Royal Reg. Horse Guards Blue—Major Robert C. Packe.

1st Dragoon Guards—Captain John D. Bringhurst (Major;) Captain George Battersby; and Adjutant Thomas Shelver.

1st Royal Dragoons—Captain E. C. Windsor; Lieutenant Charles Forster; Cornet J. C. Sykes; and Adjutant Thomas Shipley.

2d or R. N. B. Dragoons—Lieutenant-Colonel James J. Hamilton; Captain G. L. Barnard; Lieutenant Trotter; Cornets Edward Westly, F. C. Kinchant, and Shuldham.

6th Dragoons—Adjutant Michael Cluskey.

10th Hussars—Major Hon. F. Howard, and Lieutenant George Gunning.

11th Light Dragoons—Lieutenant Edward Phillips.

12th Light Dragoons—Lieutenant L. J. Bertie, and Cornet J. E. Lockhart.

13th Light Dragoons—Captain James Gubbins.

15th Hussars—Major Edward Griffith, and Lieutenant Isaac Sherwood.

16th Light Dragoons—Captain J. P. Buchanan, and Cornet Alexander Hay.

1st Light Dragoons, K. G. L.—Captain Frederick Peters; and Lieutenants C. F. Sevetzou and Otto Kuhlmann.

2d Light Dragoons, K. G. L.—Captain F. B. Bulow, and Cornet H. Drangmeister.

3d Hussars, K. G. L.—Captains August Kerssenbruh and George Jansen; Cornet William Deickmann; and Adjutant Henry Bruggemann.

Royal Artillery—Captains F. Ramsay, and R. M. Cairnes (Majors;) Captains G. Beane and S. Bolton.

oyal Artillery, K. G. L.—Lieutenant Detlef de Schulzen.

1st Guards, 2d Batt.—Sir Francis D'Oyley (Lieutenant-Colonel.)

nel,) and Charles Thomas (Lieutenant Colonel ;) Ensign Edward Pardoe.

Coldstream Guards, 2d Batt.—Lieutenants John Luice Blackman.

3d Guards, 2d Batt.—Lieutenants Honourable Hastings Forbes, (Captain,) Thomas Crawford (Captain,) and John Ashton (Captain.)

1st Foot, 3d Batt.—Lieutenant William Young, and Ensign William Anderson.

23d Foot, 1st Batt.—Captains Joseph Hawtyn (Major,) Charles Joliffe, and Thomas Farmer ; Lieutenant G. Fensham.

27th Foot, 1st Batt.—Captain George Holmes ; Ensign Samuel Ireland.

28th Foot—Captain W. Meacham.

30th Foot, 2d Batt.—Major J. W. Chambers ; Captain Alexander M'Nabb ; Lieutenants Henry Beere and Edward Prendergast ; Ensigns John James and James Bullen.

33d Foot—Lieutenants R. H. Buck and James Hart.

40th Foot, 1st Batt.—Major A. R. Heyland ; Captain W. Fisher.

52d Foot—Ensign W. Nettles.

69th Foot—Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Morice (Colonel ;) Captains Benjamin Hobhouse and R. Blackwood.*

71st Foot—Ensign John Todd.

73d Foot—Captains Alexander Robertson and John Kennedy ; Lieutenant Matthew Holles ; Ensigns Samuel Lowe and Charles Page.

79th Foot, 1st Batt.—Lieutenants D. M'Pherson and E. Kennedy.

95th Foot, 1st Batt.—First Lieutenant Edward Dunkin Johnstone.

1st Light Batt. K. G. L.—Captains Philip Holzerman, Henry Marschalk, and Alexander Goeben ; Lieutenant Anthony Albert.

2d Batt. K. G. L.—Captains A. Bosweil (Major) and William Schaumann ; Ensign Frederick Robertson.

1st Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain Charles Holle.

2d Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain George Tibe.

3d Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain Frederick Didel.

4th Line Batt. K. G. L. Ensign Frederick Cronhelm.

5th Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain C. Wurmb, Adjutant Laves Shuck.

8th Line Batt. K. G. L. Captains William Voight and T. Westernhagen ; Lieutenant William Mahrenholz.

WOUNDED.

General Staff—General His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange G. C. B. severely; Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge, G. C. B. severely, (right leg amputated;) Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Alten, K. C. B. severely; Major-General Cooke, severely (left arm amputated:) Major-General Sir E. Barnes, K. C. B. severely; Major-General Frederick Adams, severely; Major-General Sir James Kempt, K. C. B. slightly; Major-General Sir Charles Halket, K. C. B. severely; Major-General Sir William Doernberg, K. C. B. severely; Major-General Sir Denis Pack, K. C. B. slightly; Colonel Charles Duplat, severely (since dead;) Colonel Sir John Elley, K. C. B. Royal Horse Guards (Blue,) D. A. G. severely.

Permanent Staff—Colonel Sir William Delancey, K. C. B. D. Q. M. Gen. severely (since dead.)

General Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Bradford, K. C. B. 1st Guards, A. Q. M. Gen. severely; Lieutenant-Colonel Honourable Alexander Abercrombie, Coldstream Guards. A. Q. M. Gen. slightly.

Unattached—Lieutenant-Colonel John Waters, A. A. G. slightly.

General Staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. Berkeley, K. C. B. 35th Foot, A. A. G. severely; Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Alexander Gordon, K. C. B. 3d Guards, A. D. C. to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, severely; (since dead;) Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Fox Canning, A. D. C. to His Grace the Duke of Wellington, severely (since dead;) Major Honourable George Dawson, A. Q. M. G. slightly; Major Charles Beckwith, 95th Foot, A. Q. M. G. severely; Major Andrew Hamilton, 4th West India Regiment, A. D. C. to Major-General Sir E. Barnes, slightly; Major L'Estrange, 71st Foot, A. D. C. to Major-General Sir D. Pack, severely (since dead;) Captain Honourable E. S. Erskine, 60th Foot D. A. A. G. severely (left arm amputated;) Captain Edward Fitzgerald; 25th Foot, D. A. Q. M. G. slightly; Captain T. Hunter Blair (Major,) 91st Foot, Brigade-Major, severely; Captain G. de Eureur, Staff, K. G. L. severely; Captain T. Noel Harris, half-pay, severely (right arm amputated;) Captain Henry Baines, Royal Artillery, slightly; Captain William Stothert, 3d Guards, severely (since dead;) Captain Orlando Bridgman, 1st Guards, A. D. C. to Lord Hill, slightly; Captain

severely; Captain William Moray, Extra A. D. C. to Major-General Grant, severely; Lieutenant Ralph Mansfield, 15th Hussars, A. D. C. to Major-General Grant, slightly; Lieutenant James Rook, half-pay, Extra A. D. C. to His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, slightly; Lieutenant J. H. Hamilton, 46th Foot, D. A.A.G. slightly; Major William Thornhill, 7th Hussars, A.D.C. to Lieutenant-General Earl of Uxbridge, severely; Captain Thomas Wildman, 7th Hussars, A.D.C. to Lieutenant-General Earl of Uxbridge, slightly; J. J. Fraser, 7th Hussars, A. D. C. to Lieutenant-General Earl of Uxbridge, slightly; Lieutenant Horace Seymour, 18th Hussars, A. D. C. to Lieutenant-General Earl of Uxbridge, slightly.

1st Life Guards—Captain Edward Kelly; Cornets William Richardson and Samuel Cox, severely.

Royal Regiment Horse Guards (Blue)—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert C. Hill. severely; Lieutenant-Colonel Clement Hill, slightly; Lieutenants William Cunliffe Shawe and Everard William Bouverie, slightly.

1st Dragoon Guards—Captain Michael Turner, severely; Captain J. F. Naylor, slightly; Captain J. P. Sweney, severely; Lieutenant W. D. Irvine, slightly.

1st (Royal) Dragoons—Captain C. E. Radcliffe (M.) severely; Captain A. R. Clarke; Lieutenants G. Gunning and Sig. Trafford, slightly; T. R. Keily, severely; Sam. Wyndowe, slightly; C. Ommany, severely; S. Goodenough and Charles Blois, slightly.

2d (R.N.B.) Dragoons—Majors J. B. Clarke, (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; and J. P. Hankin, (Lieutenant-Colonel,) slightly; Captains James Poole (Major) and Richard Vernon, severely; Lieutenant John Mills, slightly; Francis Stupart, James Carruthers, severely (since dead;) and Charles Wyndham, severely.

6th Dragoons—Lieutenant-Colonel Muter (Colonel,) slightly; Major F. S. Miller (Lieutenant-Colonel;) Captains W. F. Brown and Honourable S. Douglas; Lieutenant Alexander Hassard, severely.

7th Hussars—Captain Thomas William Robins, William Vernor, and P. A. Heyliger; Lieutenants R. Douglas, Edward Peters, and Robert Beattie, severely.

10th Hussars—Lieutenant-Colonel George Quentin (Colonel) severely; Captain John Grey, slightly; Captains John Gurwood and Charles Wood; Lieutenants Robert Arnold and Anthony

11th Light Dragoons—Captain J. A. Schreiber, slightly; Lieutenants Frederick Wood, severely; Richard Coles, slightly; and Robert Milligan, severely.

12th Light Dragoons—Lieutenant-colonel Honourable F. C. Ponsonby (Colonel) and Captain Edwin Sandys, severely; Lieutenant W. H. Dowbeggen, slightly.

13th Light Dragoons—Lieutenant-colonel Shap Boyce; Captains Joseph Doherty, George Doherty, and Charles Bowers, slightly; Lieutenant John Gale, severely (since dead); Lieutenant John Pynnn, severely (since dead); Lieutenants John H. H. Irwin, James Mill, and George H. Pack, slightly.

15th Hussars—Lieutenant-colonel Leighton Dalrymple, severely (leg amputated); Captain Thackwell, severely (arm amputated); Captain John R. Whiteford, and Lieutenant William Byam, severely; Lieutenants Edward Byam and George A. Dawkins, slightly; Lieutenant Henry Buckley, severely (since dead).

16th Light Dragoons—Lieutenant-colonel James Hay, severely; Captain Richard Weyland, and Lieutenant William Osten, slightly; Lieutenant N. D. Crichton, severely.

18th Hussars—Lieutenant Charles Hesse, and Adjutant H. Duperiere, severely.

23d Light Dragoons—Major J. M. Cutcliffe, severely; Captain C. Webb Dance, slightly; Captain Thomas Gerrard (Major), and Lieutenant Thomas B. Wall, severely; Lieutenant Brabasin Disney, slightly.

1st Light Dragoons, King's German Legion—Lieutenant-colonel John Bulow, severely; Major A. Reitzenstein, slightly; Captain B. Bothmer, severely; Captains P. Sichart and G. Hattorf, slightly; Lieutenant O. Hammerstein, severely; Lieutenants W. Mackenzie and Henry Bosse, slightly; Cornets S. He Vanne and Triton, severely; Adjutant W. Tricke, slightly.

2d Light Dragoons, K. G. L.—Lieutenant-colonels C. de Jonquires and C. Maydell, slightly; Captain T. Harling, severely; Lieutenant H. H. C. Ritter, severely; Cornet F. Loveny, severely.

1st Hussars, K. G. L.—Lieutenant George Baring, slightly.

3d Hussars, K. G. L.—Lieutenant-colonel Lewis Meyer, severely; Captains Quintus Goeben and William Schuchen, slightly; Lieutenants Herman True and Christopher Oehlkers, severely; Cornet Frederick Floyer, slightly; Cornets Conrad Dassel and Hans Hodenberg, severely.

Charles Napier, severely; Captain John Parker (Major), severely (leg amputated); Captain Robert Bull (Major), slightly; Captains E. C. Whinyates, C. C. Damsey, R. Macdonald, and W. Webber, slightly.

Royal Artillery, K. G. L.—Captain Augustus Sympher, slightly; Captain William Braun, severely.

Royal Artillery, British—T. F. Strangeways, slightly; Lieutenant W. L. Brereton, severely; W. L. Robe, severely (since dead;) Lieutenant William Smith, slightly; Lieutenant M. Cronie, severely (both legs amputated): Lieutenant Henry Foster, severely; Lieutenants D. Crawford and J. Day, slightly; Lieutenant C. Spearman, severely; Lieutenant F. Manners, severely (since dead;) Lieutenant I. Harvey, severely (right arm amputated); Lieutenant William Poole, severely.

Royal Artillery, K. G. L.—Lieutenants Lewis Erythropel and Lewis Heise, severely

Royal Engineers—Lieutenant J. W. Pringle, slightly.

Royal Staff Corps—Captain Thomas Wright, slightly; Lieutenant George D. Hall, severely.

1st Guards, 2d Batt.—Captain Richard Henry Cooke (Lieutenant-Colonel), severely; and W. H. Milnes, (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely (since dead); Lieutenants Francis Luttrel (Captain) and Somerville W. Burgess (Captain) severely; Ensign Henry Lascellas, slightly.

1st Guards, 3d Batt.—Captain Henry D'Oyley (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain George Fead, (Lieutenant Colonel,) slightly; Lieutenant Honourable Robert Clements (Captain), severely; Lieutenant Charles Parker Ellis (Captain), slightly; Ensign Robert Batty, slightly; Ensign Robert Bruce, severely.

Coldstream Guards, 2d Batt.—Captain Daniel M'Kinon, (Lieutenant-colonel), slightly; Captain Henry Wyndham (Lieutenant colonel), severely; Lieutenants Edward Sumner (Captain) and Honourable Robert Moore, (Captain) severely; Ensign Henry Frederick Griffiths, severely; Ensign John Montague, slightly; Ensign Henry Vane, severely.

3d Guards, 2d Batt.—Captain Charles Dashwood (Lieutenant-Colonel), severely; Captains Edward Bowater (Lieutenant-Colonel,)

slightly, Charles West (Lieutenant-Colonel;) Lieutenant Robert Bamford Hesketh (Captain) slightly; Lieutenant George Evelyn (Captain,) severely; Lieutenant Hugh Montgomerie; Ensigns Chs. Lake and David Baird; Charles Simpson, severely (since dead.)

1st Foot, 3d Batt.—Major Colin Campbell (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain L. Arquimbeau (Major,) slightly; Captains Robert M'Donald and Hugh Massey, (Majors,) severely; Lieutenants Archibald Morrison, George Lane, J. F. Miller, and William Dodds, severely; Lieutenants Robert H. Scott and J. L. Black, slightly; Ensigns Thomas Stevens and Joseph M'Kay, slightly; Ensign Leond. M. Cooper, severely; Quarter-Master Thomas Griffiths, slightly.

4th Foot, 1st Batt.—Captain G. D. Wilson and James C. Edgill, slightly; Lieutenants John Brown, George Smith, Halkett Boyd, William Squires, severely; Lieutenant Robert Gerrard, slightly; Ensign W. M. Matthews, slightly; Adjutant W. M. Richardson, severely.

14th Foot, 3d Batt.—Ensign Alfred Cooper, slightly.

23d Foot, 1st Batt.—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir H. W. Ellis, K. C. B. (Colonel,) severely (since dead;) Major J. H. E. Hill (Lieutenant Colonel,) severely; Captain Henry Johnson, slightly; Lieutenant W. A. Griffiths, severely; Lieutenant John Clyde, Lieutenant R. D. Sidley, slightly.

27th Foot, 1st Batt.—Captain John Hare (Major,) slightly; Captain John Tucker, severely; Lieutenants G. M'Donald, W. Henderson, R. Handcock, W. Fortesque, T. Craddock, E. W. Drew, C. Manly, and John Millar, severely; Ensign Thomas Smith, severely; Ensign John Ditmas, slightly; Ensign Edward Hancock, severely.

28th Foot—Major R. Nixon (Lieutenant-Colonel) severely; Captain Richard Llewellyn (Major,) severely; Captain Richard Kelly, slightly; Captains T. English, W. F. Wilkinson, Roger P. Gilbert, Henry Hillyard, Charles B. Carruthers, John T. Clarke, severely; Captains John Willington Shelton and John Deares, slightly; Captain G. Ingram, severely (since dead;) Ensign J. Mountsteven, severely; Adjutant Thomas Bridgland, slightly.

30th Foot—Majors William Bailey (Lieutenant-Colonel,) and C.

A. Vigreaux (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain A. Gore, slightly; Lieutenant R. C. Elliot, slightly; Lieutenants John Numby and John Pratt, severely; Lieutenants R. Hughes, T. Money-penny, R. Daniel, John Roe (2d,) slightly; Lieutenant W. O. Warren, severely; Adjutant M. Andrews, slightly.

32d Foot—Captain Hugh Harrison, severely; Lieutenants Thomas Rosslewin and James Colthurst, slightly; Lieutenants Thomas Horan and Jonathan Jagoe, severely; Ensigns J. M'Conchy, John Birtwhistle, and William Bennet, severely; Adjutant David Davis, severely.

33d Foot—Captains Charles Knight and J. Harty, slightly; Lieutenants Thomas Reid, R. Westmore, and Samuel Pagan, severely; Lieutenants Thomas Haight and John Cameron, severely (since dead;) Ensigns W. Bain and — Drury, severely; Adjutant W. Thain, slightly.

40th Foot—Captains C. Ellis and J. H. Barnett, severely; Lieutenants R. Moore, J. Mill, and J. Anthony, severely; Lieutenant J. Campbell, slightly; Honourable M. Brown, severely; Lieutenant J. Robb, slightly; Ensigns F. Ford and J. Clarke, severely.

42d Foot—Captain Mungo M'Pherson, slightly; Lieutenants John Orr and John Gunn Munro, severely; Lieutenants Hugh A. Fraser and James Brander, slightly; Quarter-Master Donald M'Intosh, slightly.

44th Foot—Major George O'Mealy (Lieutenant-Colonel,) slightly; Lieutenant James Burke, severely; Adjutant Thomas M'Can, severely.

52d Foot—Captain Samuel Beardesley, severely; Lieutenant Charles W. Tyndale, slightly.

52d Foot—Major Chas. Rowan (Lieutenant-Colonel,) slightly; Captain Charles Diggle, severely; Captain James Fred. Love (Major,) severely; Lieutenant Charles Dawson, severely; Lieutenant Matthew Anderson, severely (left leg amputated;) Lieutenants Geo. Campbell and Thomas Cottingham, severely; Adjutant John Winterbottom, severely.

69th Foot—Captain Lewis Watson (Major,) severely; Ensigns Henry Anderson and Edward Hodder, severely.

71st Foot, 1st Batt.—Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Reynell, (Colo-

nel,) slightly; Major Arthur Jones (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain Donald Campbell, slightly: Captains William A. Grant and James Henderson, severely; Captain Chas. Johnson (Major,) slightly; Lieutenant Joseph Barralier, slightly; Lieutenant John Raleigh Elwes, severely, (since dead;) Lieutenants Robert Lind and Robert Lawe, severely; Lieutenants Carique Lewin, John Roberts, and John Coote, slightly; Adjutant W. Anderson, slightly.

73d Foot—Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Harris (Colonel,) severely; Major Archibald M'Lean, severely; Captains Henry Coane, William Wharton and John Garland, severely; Lieutenants John M'Connel and Thomas Reynolds, severely; Lieutenant Donald Browne, severely, (left arm amputated;) Ensign William M'Bean, severely; Ensign Charles Eastwood, slightly; Ensign George Bridge, severely; Adjutant Patrick Hay, severely.

79th Foot—Captains James Campbell and Neil Campbell, severely; Captain John Cameron, severely, (since dead;) Lieutenants John Powling, D. Cameron, and Ewen Cameron, severely; Lieutenants A. Cameron, C. M'Arthur, and A. Forbes; Ensigns John Nash, and A. S. Crauforde, slightly.

92d Foot—Captains Peter Wilkie and Archbibald Ferrier, slightly; Lieutenants Robert Winchester and Donald M'Donald, severely; Lieutenant James Kerr Ross, slightly; Lieutenant James Hope, severely.

95th Foot, 1st Battalion—Lieutenant-Colonel Sir A. F. Bernard, K. C. B. (Colonel,) slightly; Major Alexander Cameron (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captains Edward Chawner and William Johnstone; 1st Lieutenants John Malloy, John Gardiner, George Simmons, and John Stillwell, severely, (since dead;) 2d Lieutenants: Allen Stewart, James Wright, and James Church, severely.

95th Foot, 2d Batt.—Majors Amos Godsold Norcott (Lieutenant-Colonel,) and George Wilkins (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain George Miller (Major,) severely; Captain John M'Culloch, severely, (left arm amputated:) Lieutenants William Humble and Edward Coxon, severely; Lieutenants Donald Cameron, Robert Cochrane, John Fry, slightly; Lieutenants John Ridgway, Joseph Lynam, Richard Eyre, Joseph Walsh, severely; Lieutenant Vera Webb, slightly.

95th Foot, 3d Battalion—Major John Ross (Lieutenant-Colonel,) severely; Captain James Fullerton (Major,) severely; first Lieutenants J. T. Worsley, and G. H. Shenley, severely.

1st Light Batt. K. G. L.—Major Hans Bussche, severely, (right arm amputated; Captain Fred. Gilsa, severely; Lieutenants Christian Heise and Ker Wolrabe, severely; Lieutenant Adolphus Koster, slightly; Lieutenant H. Leonhart, severely; Ensign A. Gentzkoow, slightly; Ensigns Charles Behne and A. Heise, severely.

2d Light Batt. K. G. L.—Lieutenant F. Kessler, severely; Lieutenant G. Meyer, slightly; Lieutenants O. Luidam and B. Riefkugel, severely; Lieutenants M. Jobin and T. Carey, slightly; Lieutenant G. D. Grame, Ensign George Franck, Adjutant D. Timmann, severely.

1st Line Batt. K. G. L.—Major William Robertson, severely; Captains Gerlach and Schlutter, severely; Lieutenant A. Muller and H. Wilding, severely; Ensign H. Lucken, severely; Adjutant F. Schnath, severely.

d Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain F. Purgold, severely; Lieutenant Clare Decken, severely.

3d Line Batt. K. G. L.—Major Anthony Boden, severely; Lieutenants Frederick Jansen and F. Leschen, severely, Lieutenants A. Kuckuck and E. Kuckuck, slightly.

4th Line Batt. K. G. L.—Major G. Chuden, severely, (since dead;) Captain F. Heise, slightly; Lieutenants Casp Both and A. Langworth, slightly; Lieutenant W. L. De la Farque, severely; Ensign Arnold Oppuhn, slightly; Adjutant A. Hartwig, severely.

5th Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain F. Sander, severely; Lieutenant C. Berger, severely; Lieutenant G. Klingsohr, severely.

8th Line Batt. K. G. L.—Captain C. Rougemont, severely; Lieutenant C. Sadler, slightly; Ensign W. Mareau, severely; Adjutant T. Brinmann, severely.

3d Batt. Royal Scots.—Volunteer Richard Blacklin, slightly.

95th Foot, 1st Batt.—Volunteer Charles Smith, slightly.

MISSING.

Staff, K. G. L.—Captain C. D. Bobers, Br. Major.
General Staff—Lieutenant E. Gerstlacher, 3d Hussars, K. G. L. D. A. A. G. wounded.
2d Life Guards—Lieutenant Samuel Weymouth.
Royal Horse Guards (Blue)—Captain John Thoyst.
1st Dragoon Guards—Lieutenant-Colonel William Fuller (Colonel,) severely wounded; Captain Henry Graham, Lieutenant Francis Brooke, severely wounded; Cornet Honorable H. B. Bernard.
1st Dragoons—Cornet Richard Magniac.
6th Dragoons—Lieutenant P. Ruffo.
23d Dragoons—Lieutenant Stephen Coxon.
2d Light Batt. K. G. L.—Captain Ernest Holzermann, wounded.

Hanoverian Officers.

KILLED.

General Staff—Captain M. Hanbury, (Brigade Major.)
2d Batt. Duke of York—Lieutenant Uffel; Ensign Berghoff.
Field Batt. Grubenhagen—Lieutenant-Colonel Baron Wurmb.
1st Luneburg Batt.—Captain Bobart; Ensign de Plato.
Bremenvorde Batt.—Ensign Thomas Holt.
Osterode Batt.—Ensign Schantz.

WOUNDED.

Field Jacgers—Captain de Reden, slightly; Lieutenant Grote, slightly; Lieutenant Schultze, severely.
2d Batt. Duke of York—Major Baron Gudirig Munster, slightly: Captain F. Gotthard, severely; Captain C. Quentin, slightly; Lieutenants G. Winkler and W. Roichers, slightly; Ensigns Ludewig Nieuheuke and George Meyer, severely.
Field Batt. Grubenhagen—Captain de Bauer, slightly.
Field Batt. Bremen ——Lieutenant-Colonel Langrehr, severely.

(since dead;) Major Muller, slightly; Lieutenants De Quistorff (1st,) and De Quistorff (2d,) slightly; Adjutant Wehuer, slightly.

Field Batt. Luneburgh—Lieutenant-Colonel Klencke, severely.

Field Batt. Verden—Major Scroop, slightly; Captain Jacoby, slightly; Lieutenant Selig, slightly; Lieutenant Brandis (2d,) severely; Lieutenants Brandis (1st,) and Suffeuplan, slightly; Ensign Planz, slightly; Adjutant Gerhard, slightly.

Militia Batt. Bremenvorde—Lieutenant Leoper, severely, (since dead;) Lieutenants Wenche and Edward Meyer, severely; Ensigns Edward Wilhew and Ernest Holthausen, slightly.

1st Batt. Duke of York—Captain de Pavel, severely; Lieutenant Shol, severely; Ensign Muller, slightly.

3d Batt. Duke of York—Major Clamor Buscke, severely.

Salzgitter—Captain Ch. Hammerstein, slightly; Lieutenant Ch. Spangenberg, severely.

Militia Batt. Handelu—Major Strube, slightly; Captain Blankhart, slightly, Lieutenant Kohle, severely; Lieutenant Kistner, slightly.

Militia Batt. Hildesham—Major Reden, severely.

Militia Batt. Peina—Captain Bertram, severely; Ensign Kohler slightly; Lieutenant Helmrick, 7th Line Batt. K. G. L. attached, severely.

Griffhorn Batt.—Major Hammerstein; Major Leue, 4th Batt. K. G. L. attached, severely, (since dead;) Captain Wredenfeld, slightly; Lieutenant Schmidt, severely.

Lunenburg—Captain Kampt; Ensigns Dornaur and Meyer.

Verden Batt.—Lieutenants Hartzig, Wiencoken; Ensign Ziegener.

Osterode Batt.—Major Reden; Captains Papet and Ingersleben; Lieutenants Groebe and Sambrecht.

Munder Batt.—Captain Harstein; Lieutenant Brisberg, Brennieg, and Schwencke; Ensigns Murray and Oppermann.

MISSING.

Field Batt. Lunenburg—Major Dackenhausen, wounded:—Staff Surgeon Karster, Assistant Surgeon Schmutser.

Bremenvorde—2d Quarter-Master Rees; 1st Quarter-Master William Ehlers.

Saltzgitter—Ensign Schrader; Assistant Surgeons John Deneske and Rhomever.

JOHN WATERS,

Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General.

Total 9999

1000 Officers included.

WALK

OVER

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO,

A SHORT TIME AFTER THE BATTLE.

On the 18th of July, 1815, the writer of this narrative, in company with two friends, set out from Brussels, to explore the celebrated field of battle at Waterloo. The length of the road from Brussels, to this village, is about nine miles, and the view as you leave the city is very pleasing. The forest of Soignies soon receives you, and it has a deep, gloomy look, which adds not a little to the interest of the scene. This forest covers an immense extent of country from east to west, but it is only about six or seven miles broad, where the road passes through it to Waterloo. Every foot of the road was interesting, as it held its very straight course through the wood. We contrasted the gloomy quiet of our journey—a few peasants going to their early labour, —with its accumulated horrors on the day of the retreat of the baggage and wounded of the army; the multitudes who dropt and died; the numbers who were crushed to death; the hurry, the alarm

the confusion, the cries, the shrieks, and groans, of that dreadful scene.

Our carriage kept the paved chaussée, or centre of the way; the two sides, of about fifteen feet wide each, being deep and muddy, as they were on the great occasion. The whole breadth of the road seemed to be forty or fifty feet. The trees which bounded it on each side are tall, and kept trimmed like a very high hedge or screen; beyond them immediately commences the thick wood, in all the irregularity of nature. Here the wounded had crawled, and died in great numbers; much baggage had been plundered; and the whole population of the country had fled for safety. Our postillion pointed out the mounds which marked where men and horses had been interred; they were apparent every hundred yards. The sepulture had been hurried and imperfect, especially of the horses; hoofs, and even limbs, frequently appearing. Often bayonet scabbards stuck out; and caps, shoes, and pieces of cloth, were scarcely in the gloom distinguishable from the mud in which they lay.

Waterloo's village and small neat church, with its brick-built dome, were now in our view, situated in a recess of the wood, evidently cleared for them. The road was now quite out of the forest; which, however, blackened the whole region to east and west, as far as the eye could reach. We drove a mile forward to the still smaller hamlet of Mont St. Jean, by a gradual ascent of the road; to right and left of which, the British army bivouacked on the eve of the battle: having advanced over the high

ground in the morning to the southern slope facing the enemy; on fair open ground, without an advantage, to decide the fate of the world.

Here as we looked around us, and beheld the last homes of the brave, the numerous graves that presented themselves on all sides, we could not help thinking these mounds of newly-upturned earth more awfully impressive than the view of thousands of dead bodies. "These earthly hillocks (to use the language of a popular author) frequently tripped the step on crossing a hedge-row, clearing a fence, or winding along among the grass that overhung a secluded pathway. In some spots they lay in thick clusters and long ranks; in others, one would present itself alone: betwixt these a black scathed circle told that fire had been employed to consume as worthless refuse, what parents cherished, friends esteemed, and women loved.

"The summer wind that shook the branches of the trees, and waved the clover and the gaudy heads of the thistles, brought along with it a foul stench, still more hideous to the mind than to the offended sense. The foot that startled the small bird from its rest amidst the grass, disturbed at the same time, some poor remnant of a human being,—either a bit of his showy habiliment in which he took pride,—or of his warlike accoutrements which were his glory, —or of the frame-work of his body itself, which he felt as comeliness and strength, the instant before it became a mass of senseless matter."

As a companion to these portraits, we add the beautiful description of Mr. Southey, who visited the field of battle last autumn:—

In parts the careful farmer had renewed
His labours, late by battle frustrated;
And where the unconscious soil had been imbued
With blood, profusely there like water shed,
There had his plough-share turned the guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all around
The graves he left for natural thought humane
Untouched; and here and there, where in the strife
Contending feet had trampled down the grain,
Some harder roots were found, which of their life
Tenacious, had put forth a second head,
And sprung, and eared, and ripened on the dead.

Some marks of wreck were scattered all around,
As shoe, and belt, and broken bandoleer,
And hats which bore the mark of mortal wound;
Gun-flints and balls for those who closelier peer;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its breath
Bear from ill-covered graves a taint of death.

From St. Jean, the road immediately rises up the back of the ridge,—on the height and in the front of which, the infantry of the Duke of Wellington's army was formed in line. The cavalry, at the beginning of the battle, were posted on the St. Jean side of the eminence. The ascent is easy: you reach the top unexpectedly, and the whole field of battle is then at once before the eye. Its sudden burst has the effect of a shock.

The point from whence this complete view of the scene, so often pictured in imagination, first presents itself, is one of the most interesting that it includes. It is the summit of the ridge close to the road, over which hangs an old picturesque tree, with a few straggling branches projecting in grotesque shapes from its ragged trunk.

left of the road, for the extent of about a mile and three quarters, along the top of a continued line of gentle eminences, immediately confronted by very similar heights, distant from half to three quarters of a mile, along which the French army was posted. The intermediate plain, and the ascent of our ridge, formed the field of battle.

The tree, already mentioned, fixed on the bank above the high road from Brussels to Charleroi, denotes the centre of our position, and the Duke of Wellington having been near it the greater part of the day, it goes by the name of the "*Wellington tree*" It was much shattered with balls, both grape and musket; all of which had been picked out by visitors. Its branches and trunk were terribly splintered. It still retained, however, the vitality of its growth, and will, probably, for many future years, be the first saluting sign to our children and our children's children, who, with feelings of a sacred cast, come to gaze on this theatre of their ancestors' deeds.

A little way down from this tree, keeping near to the road, is the farm of *La Haye Sainte.* The garden was one entire heap of devastation: hedges were levelled, walls broken down. The door was riddled through and through with all sorts of shot, and furnished a most appalling proof of the fury of the attack, and the determination of the defence. The post, after a most gallant resistance by the party to whom it was entrusted, was forced by the enemy, and every soul within the building bayoneted. Its situation must have rendered this a most alarming event. On entering into the court-yard, the aspect of wretchedness and destruction was still

more fearful. The farmer and his family had hastily fled, nor was there as yet any indications of their returning. A little child came out to us begging for a sous; the roofs of the dwelling house and offices were knocked into great holes by bombs and cannon balls; the windows were hideous wrecks, not a pane of glass remaining in the whole range, the frames all broken, and the fragments hanging most forlornly.

Returning again to Lord Wellington's station, we stood and gazed on the whole scene, not daring to break silence for some minutes. And deep was now the silence of the vast sepulchre of 20,000 men, contrasted with the roar and the carnage of the battle.

At the distance from each other of about a mile, the contending armies occupied parallel high grounds, sloping with almost equal declivity to a plain of about half a mile broad, which intervened. The English line, or rather two lines, extended about two miles; the French masses nearly three miles. The Brussels road ran at right angles through both armies; forming the centre of each. On this road, in one line, are the villages of Waterloo, and Mont St. Jean, and the farm-houses of La Haye Sainte, and La Belle Alliance; and the only other place which requires to be referred to, is the memorable Chateau of Hougoumont, advanced a short way in front of nearly the right of the British position.

The road from Brussels to Nivelles, which branches off at Waterloo from the great road already described, passed the right of the army; which last being thrown back into a curve, crossed the an-

quadrant. A number of smaller roads and foot-paths intersected the field in all directions, none of them of any importance in the affair, excepting always those which admitted the brave Prussians to their share of the glory of the day. But the whole will at once be illustrated, by looking at the Plans given with this work.

We next arrived at the memorable post of Hougoumont, for ever associated with the name of the British foot guards and the warriors of Brunswick. To them exclusively belongs the glory of having foiled the persevering and desperate attacks of at least 30,000 of the enemy; and they were just the 1st, 2d, and 3d regiment of guards, with a detachment of Brunswickers.

We were surprised to find Hougoumont (more correctly Gomont) a country seat, with gardens neatly laid out in the Dutch taste, and extensive offices. A small wood was on the outside, a short distance from the high garden wall, which is of brick, perforated in two tiers for musketry, and shattered with the enemy's cannon-balls. The light companies of the three regiments of guards were stationed in this wood, and were of course driven into the house.

For some time after the battle, the accumulation of dead in and around this post presented perhaps the most shocking spectacle in the whole field. When in the garden, where fruit-trees and shrubberies seemed as if they were blighted, and the neat alleys of holly and yew were much torn and deranged, we saw the poor gardener, who had remained in his garden all the time of the furious storm; because, as he candidly owned, after the battle was

two ladies, deeply interested for some relative, sat in a carriage during the greatest part of the action, on the great road, and repeatedly under fire.

After some skirmishing between the piquets, the French commenced the engagement about 10 o'clock with a furious attack upon the post at the wood and garden of Chateau Hougoumont, which was occupied by General Byng's brigade of guards. It was a point of particular importance to the enemy to gain this post, as, from its situation it commanded a considerable part of our position; and accordingly it was furiously and incessantly assailed by large and reinforced bodies of the enemy, and gallantly and succesfully defended to the last by the British. Napoleon himself directed the charge of the French Imperial Guards against it; but even though fighting under the immediate eye of their leader, they were broken, repulsed, and finally cut to pieces by the British guards. Thirty pieces of our artillery played continually over this wood, to assist its defence, while the enemy directed against it their hottest fire.

Every tree in the wood of Hougoumont was pierced with balls—in one alone, upwards of twenty had lodged: but the strokes which were fatal to human life, have scarcely injured them; though their trunks are filled with balls, and their branches broken and destroyed, their verdure is still the same. Wild flowers were still blooming, and wild raspberries ripening beneath their shade; while huge black piles of human ashes, dreadfully offensive in smell, are all that now remain of the heroes who fought and fell upon this fatal spot. Beside some graves, at the outskirts of this wood, the little wild flower, "For-

get me not," was blooming, and the flaring red poppy had already sprung up around, and even upon them, as if in mockery of the dead. The Chateau itself, upon which the attack was first made by the French, now in ruins, is immediately behind the wood, by the side of the road to Nivelles. It was the beautiful country-seat of a Belgic gentleman, and was accidently set on fire by shells, during the action, which completed the destruction occasioned by the cannonade. In the garden behind the house, the roses, orange-trees, and geraniums were still flowering in beauty, a melancholy contrast to the ruined house, whose mouldering piles were still smoking, and to the scene of desolation around.

In the beautiful language of our poet laureat, who visited this spot in the autumn,

The pears had ripened on the garden wall;
  Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
The trees, though pierced and scarred with many a ball,
  Had only in their natural season shed:
Flowers were in seed whose buds to swell began
When such wild havoc here was made of man.

Throughout the garden fruits and herbs and flowers
  You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay:
The green and well-trimmed dial marked the hours
  With gliding shadow as they passed away;
Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,
Such horrors had so late been acted there!

The poor countryman, who, with his wife and infant family, inhabited a miserable shed amongst the

deserted ruins, pointed out with superstitious reverence, the little chapel belonging to the Chateau, which alone stood uninjured in the midst of these blackened walls and falling beams. There was something inexpressibly striking in the almost miraculous preservation of this simple sanctuary of piety, which the flames of war, and the hand of rapine, had alike spared; and it was affecting to see standing on the spot, still reeking with human blood, and heaped with the dreadful and yet undecayed remains of mortality, the sacred altar of that blessed religion, which proclaimed "Peace on Earth," and dispelled the horrors of death, by the assurance of immortality.

——————— the little fane,
For worship hallow'd still uninjured stands,
Save that its crucifix displays too plain
The marks of outrage from irreverent hands.
Alas to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should proceed!

SOUTHEY.

The poet just quoted, as in common with every true patriot, must wish that the chateau and garden of Hongoumont, together with the wood, should be preserved as nearly as possible in its present state, as a perpetual memorial to the visitors of Waterloo, of the unconquerable bravery of British soldiers: this wish, however, is not likely to be gratified, the proprietor having already destroyed every trace of the *wood* in which this chateau was once embosomed; and it is probable, that ere this, the ruins have been razed to the ground. We cannot, however, avoid exclaiming with the poet, how

Drawn on the Spot by G.M. Brighty & Engraved by Tho. Crabb.

HOTEL A LA BELLE ALLIANCE.

London Published by R. Edwards, Crane Court Fleet Street April 1st 1796.

Thy ruins as they fell should aye remain,—
  What monument so fit for those below?
Thy garden through all ages should retain
  The form and fashion which it weareth now,
That future pilgrims here might all things see,
Such as they were at this great victory.

We crossed diagonally to the hovel of *Belle Alliance.* It is of the poorest description; consisting of two rooms, with two smaller back rooms; a passage, and some miserable holes up stairs. There are also some ruinous out-houses, and a well, into which several dead bodies were thrown. On the gable of the house, the owner has painted in very large and rude letters in black, on a white-wash ground, "*Hotel de la Belle Alliance*!" Wellington and Blucher did not meet in this house, as is generally believed; but some hundred yards further on in the pursuit. It is possible the Duke of Wellington may have entered the house; and the people show a straw-bottomed chair, on which they say he sat down,—but at any rate it was the head quarters of Bonaparte during the battle. The latter had supped in one house, and slept in another, not far from Belle Alliance. The first of these houses had been unroofed, and nearly destroyed, for no assignable reason. We entered the house, hovel as it was, with great respect; got some refreshment, and drank a bumper on the spot to the *alliance.*

The two rooms of this Flemish public-house, offered a most singular spectacle in the scribbling on their walls, which were covered, like a seat in Kensington Gardens, with names, inscriptions, drawings, devices, and poetry; all the fruits of those "longings after immortality," that are peculiarly impulsive

in the breasts of our country folks, if we may judge by their peculiar taste for these records, written and hieroglyphic. The whimsical humour that distinguishes the public character of these people, had not been at all repressed by the awful circumstances of their situation. A Mr. "John Todd," had been careful to leave behind him information that he "came to the field of battle at Waterloo, the 10th of July 1815." There was something less pleasant in the bit of biography, tacked by some impartial person to the rather too concise history, which an individual had thought proper to give of his interesting self, in the words "Thomas Jackson;" a pencil inscription, in another hand, rendered the memorial less meagre, and more instructive, by stating, that "he was hanged at the last assizes for sheep-stealing!" The portrait of "Thomas Sutcliffe, of the second life guards," had been delineated on the wall by some friendly hand, in coal outline: a critic in the fine arts, jealous probably of the honour thus paid, had endeavoured to depreciate it, by putting the words, "ugly *theef*," in very prominent connection with this otherwise flattering imitation.

For a great breadth along the road, was seen the station of the reserve of the cavalry of the old guard; with which a desperate final effort was made to retrieve the battle. The marks of the horses' feet in the deep ground, hardened again when we saw it, gave us an idea of the immensity of the force which had stood there.

Aye, look again—that line so black
And trampled marks the bivouack,
Yon deep graved ruts the artillery's track,

And close beside, the harden'd mud
Still shows were fetlock-deep in blood
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

W. SCOTT.

The reserve of the young guard was posted in a hollow between Belle Alliance and Mont Plaisir. To the right of the 23d, the 52d and 71st regiments advanced in the pursuit. It fell to them to meet the young guard. Numbers were more than ever out of the question—panic had spread through the vast host of the enemy. The two regiments, weakened as they had been, rushed upon the guard, and routed it in an instant; the same guard with whose spirit and equipment Bonaparte had so lately before made all Europe to resound. A most admirable manœuvre was here performed by the two victorious regiments. They separated, and running on two sides of an oval for a considerable way, met again; and thus cut off several thousand prisoners.

Returning by Belle Alliance, we advanced about one hundred and fifty yards to the rising ground, on the left hand side of the road looking to the British army, from which Napoleon viewed the field; and a very complete view he had of it. He had no scaffold erected where he stood, and certainly never went after the battle had commenced, to the telegraph in the rear, which was at the distance of at least a mile.

We left the station of Bonaparte, and in imagination, as we proceeded, attended the sullen march of this column to the point of its destined defeat. The whole French army had been premonished of the movement, and new and desperate efforts were called for. All eyes were fixed on the old guard

which had never before failed. New efforts were made in a surprising degree by these brave men. The flame of honour burned, however, steadily in the British army. Great efforts in their enemies, as usual, produced still greater in them; and not an inch of ground was gained by the assailants. The track over which the guard moved, and over which they fled, was still, when we passed it, covered by their spoil, and marked by horses' feet, cannon wheels, and the deeper furrows of balls and bombs. Ponsonby fell here.

A thousand French dead, alone, lay on this spot; even yet it exhibited holsters (one we observed which had been filled with blood,) standard holders, pieces of bridles, straps, girths, &c. all denoting a tremendous conflict of cavalry; and the ground seemed quite cut to pieces with marks of the struggling exertions of horses' feet. The well-known caps of the grenadiers of the French guard, lay yet in considerable numbers; with rags of their uniforms. Some more affecting remains were also there, pieces of tartan and of ostrich feathers, the plaids and plumes of Scotland.

And here we took leave of the Field of Battle, with sensations somewhat like those which have been so prettily described by the poet of Waterloo:

> Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
> Wears desolation's withering trace;
> Long shall my memory retain
> Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
> With every mark of martial wrong,
> That scathe thy towers, fair Hougoumont!
> Yet though thy garden's green arcade
> The marksman's fatal post was made,

Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn
Their fall the blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont,
And fields of Waterloo.

On returning to the village, we went over from the inn (the *Jean de Nivelles*) to the CHURCH, an engraving of which accompanies this work, and here we found the following inscriptions to the memory of several of our brave officers who fell in the battle of Waterloo:

Plain tablets by the soldier's hand
Rais'd to his comrades in a foreign land.

Sacred
to the memory
of
Lt. Col. Edward Stables
——— Sir Francis D'Oyley, K. C. B.
——— Charles Thomas
——— William Miller
——— William Henry Milner
Capt. Robert Adair
——— Edward Grose
——— Newton Chambers
——— Thomas Brown
Ensign Edward Pardoe
——— James Lord Hay
——— the Hon. S. S. P. Barrington

of
His Britannic Majesty's
First Regiment of Foot Guards,
who fell gloriously in the battle
of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, on
the 16th and 18th of June,
1815,
The Officers of the
Regiment have erected this
Monument in commemoration
of the fall of their
Gallant Companions.

To
the Memory
of
Major Edwin Griffith,
Lt. Isaac Sherwood, and
Lt. Henry Buckley
Officers in the XV. King's Regt. of Hussars
(British)
who fell in the battle of
Waterloo,
June 18, 1815.
This stone was erected by the Officers
of that Regiment,
as a testimony of their respect.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

In a neighbouring spot, through a pleasant little wood, quiet and secluded, are two flat stones, lying on the ground, pointing out the graves of Lieutenant Colonel Fitzgerald of the second life guards, and of Colonel De Langrehr, commandant of the first battalion of Bremen.

Respecting the interment of Lord Uxbridge's

leg, Mr. Southey furnishes us with the following interesting anecdote :-

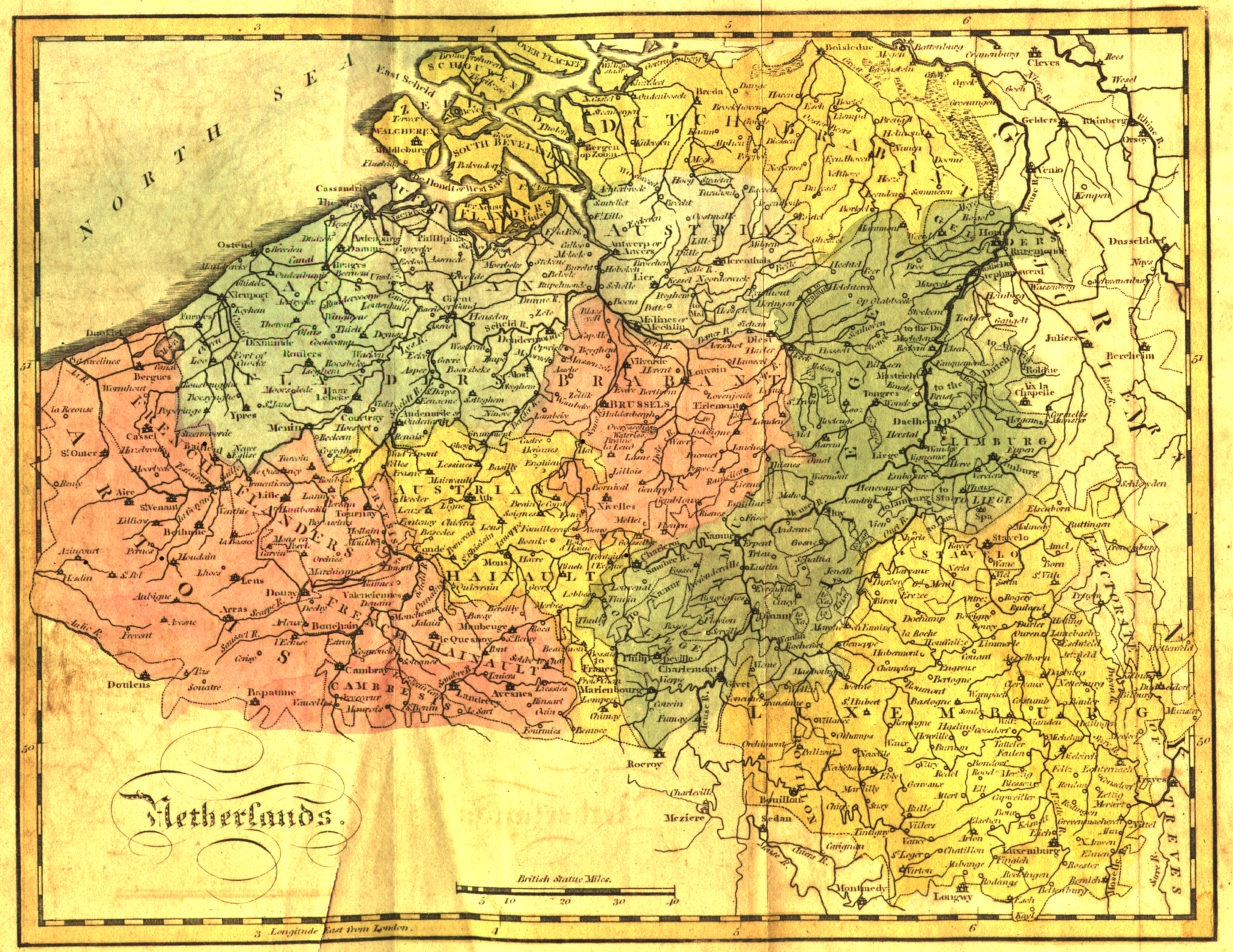
"Lord Uxbridge's leg is buried in a garden opposite to the inn, or rather public-house, at Waterloo. The owner of the house in which the amputation was performed, considers it as a relic which has fallen to his share. He had deposited it at first behind the house, but as he intended to plant a tree upon the spot, he considered, that as the ground there was not his own property, the boys might injure or destroy the tree, and therefore he removed the leg into his own garden, where it lies in a proper sort of coffin, under a mound of earth about three or four feet in diameter. A tuft of Michaelmas daisies was in blossom upon this mound when we were at Waterloo; but this was a temporary ornament: in November the owner meant to plant a weeping willow there. He was obliging enough to give me a copy of an epitaph which he had prepared, and which, he said, was then in the stonecutter's hands. It is as follows:

"*Ci est enterrée la Jambe de l'illustre, brave, and vaillant Comte Uxbridge, Lieutenant General, Commandant en Chief la Cavalerie Angloise, Belge, et Hollandoise; blessé le* 18 *Juin*, 1815, *a la memorable bataille de Waterloo; qui par son heroisme a concouru au triomphe de la cause du Genre-humain, glorieusement decidée par l'eclatante victoire du dit jour.*"

If the peasants in the neighbourhood of Waterloo suffered great alarm and considerable damage in the course of this tremendous conflict, it must be acknowledged they have had peculiar and ample

means of indemnification. They had, in the first place, the greatest share of the spoils of the field of battle, for our soldiers were too much exhausted to anticipate them in this particular. Many country people were at once enriched by the plunder of the French baggage, and not a few by that of the British, which having been ordered to retreat during the action, became embarrassed on the narrow causeway leading through the great forest of Soignies, and was there fairly sacked and pillaged by the runaway Belgians and the peasantry; a disgraceful scene, which nothing but the brilliancy of the great victory, and the consequent enthusiasm of joy, could have allowed to be passed over without strict inquiry. Many of our officers, and some but ill able to afford such a loss, were in this manner deprived of all their clothes and baggage, at the moment of their advance into the territories of France.

A more innocent source of profit was opened to many of the poor people about Waterloo, by the sale of such trinkets and arms as they collect daily from the field of battle; things of no intrinsic value, but upon which curiosity sets a daily increasing estimate. These memorials, like the books of the Sybils, rise in value as they decrease in number. Almost every hamlet opens a mart of them as soon as English visitors appear.



Netherlands

NORTH SEA
DUTCH BRABANT
AUSTRIAN BRABANT
BRUSSELS
AUSTRIAN FLANDERS
DUTCH FLANDERS
FRENCH FLANDERS
AUSTRIAN HAINAULT
FRENCH HAINAULT
CAMBRESIS
ARTOIS
LIEGE
LIMBURG
LUXEMBURG
STAVELO
GELDERS
ELECTORATE OF TREVES
BOUILLON
ZEALAND
WALCHEREN
SOUTH BEVELAND
SCHOUWEN
OVER FLACKEE
Antwerp or Anvers
Ghent
Bruges
Ostend
Ypres
Lille
Cambray
Mons
Namur
Liege
Maestricht
Louvain
Malines or Mechlin
Breda
Dusseldorf
Cleves
Luxemburg
Sedan
Rocroy
British Statute Miles
5 10 20 30 40
3 Longitude East from London
4
5
6
50
51

AN

HISTORICAL

AND

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

BELGIUM,

With some Account of its principal Cities and Towns, as also of some Places rendered memorable by the Campaign of 1815.

BELGIUM and the Belgians were both known to, and panegyrized by CÆSAR. When he subjugated this fine country, the empire of the Gauls was divided into three parts, viz. Celtic Gaul; or, according to the Romans, Gaul Proper; Acquitain Gaul, comprising the whole of Gascony; and Belgian Gaul, where the Celtic frontier commenced, and extended to the ocean, and the mouth of the Rhine.

At the same time that Cæsar passed the Alps, with the intention of conquering the Gauls, the Helvetians having formed a similar design, had left their country, and resolved to return no more: but the fortune of the Roman general, his superior tactics, and the excellent discipline of his troops, annihilated the hopes of the Helvetians, and compelled them to implore his clemency. Many of the Celts were pleased with Cæsar's success their chieftan,

however, being so imprudent as to invoke the aid of Cæsar against Arovistus, his most redoubtable enemy, under the pretext of defending his new allies, Cæsar fought for himself, and in the course of two campaigns, he deprived the Gauls of all the country, as far as the frontiers of Belgium. The Belgians, who detested the dominion of the Romans, irritated at the base conduct of the Celts, formed a league, which might have been fatal to the Romans, had the Belgians been able to have added prudence and talent to that intrepidity for which Cæsar himself became their panegyrist in his commentaries.

History, as far as it extends, exhibits sufficient proof that the Belgians have never degenerated from their ancestors. That premature progress which they have made in the useful and agreeable arts, in agriculture, manufacture, and commerce, at a time when their neighbours were far behind them, has spread their just fame. Even at the present period, when civilization has risen to such a degree among the nations, where the arts and sciences are so generally cultivated, Belgium, notwithstanding the ravages of wars, both foreign and domestic, of which it has been so frequently the theatre, is by no means a country less populous, rich, and flourishing than any in Europe.

This happy country, about the year 445, was the cradle of the French monarchy. The province, since called the Brabant, sent forth Clodion to establish himself in Gaul, after the Romans had been expelled by the Vandals.

Belgium has been pillaged and burnt at different periods by the Huns and Normans. Belgium re-

part of that kingdom, till the death of Charlemagne; but under the feeble descendants of this illustrious monarch, the successive governors gradually appropriated to themselves different parts of this fine country.

In the ninth century, the sons of the Emperor, Louis the Pious, having divided the dominions of their father, who possessed Germany, France, and Italy, a new kingdom was formed, comprehending Germany and France, and a part of the Netherlands. It was called *Lotharia*, but did not long subsist; for it was soon divided into two; and that seated near the Mediterranean was called the kingdom of Burgundy; while the other, to the north, had the name of Austrasia. Neither did this last continue long, it being divided into 17 provinces, under different names, which still depended on the empire of Germany, and were called Lower Germany. In process of time, the house of Burgundy purchased many of them, and was about to form them, with Burgundy, into a kingdom; but Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, being killed by the Swiss in 1477, his part of the Netherlands devolved on Mary his only child; by whose marriage with the Emperor Maximilian, the Netherlands became an acquisition to the house of Austria.

The Emperor Charles V. King of Spain, in 1555, abdicated the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and soon after, the Spanish crown, in favour of his son Philip. The tyranny of this cruel bigot, Philip II. who endeavoured to introduce the inquisition into the Low Countries, with the barbarities exercised by the Duke of Alva, exasperated the people to such a degree, that they threw off the Spanish yoke

and under the conduct of William I. prince of Orange, formed the famous league of Utrecht, in 1579, which proved the foundation of the republic of the Seven United Provinces. After a long war (with the interval of a truce of 12 years) Philip IV. expressly acknowledged the independence of these provinces, by the treaty of Westphalia, in 1648. The other ten provinces, however, returned under the dominion of Spain, but with very favourable stipulations with respect to their ancient liberties.

On the accession of a branch of the house of Bourbon to the Spanish monarchy, it was stipulated in 1714, that the Spanish Netherlands should return to the German branch of the house of Austria; but some considerable parts were obtained by conquest or cession, by the French and Dutch. Joseph II. having projected many innovations, and enforcing them with violence, a universal spirit of revolt broke out; an army of 40,000 men rose, as if by magic, to support the renunciation of all allegiance, which several of the provinces openly made; a congress was formed from the different states, in whom the supreme government was vested; and by the end of 1790, the Austrians were expelled.

The new government, however, was not of long duration, for Leopold II. (the successor of Joseph, who died in the early part of 1790) was enabled, partly by force, partly by conciliatory measures, and partly by the mediation of Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland, to recover entire possession of his authority; the mediating courts having guaranteed the restoration of the ancient Belgic constitution. In 1792, the French overran the Austrian Nether-

but they returned in 1794, and subdued every part of it. From this period till 1814, the French retained quiet possession of the Netherlands, when the greater part of them, together with the whole of Holland, became vested in the illustrious house of ORANGE.

The present peace, and the recent measures taken for the security and prosperity of these countries under the Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, with the powerful alliance of Great Britain, will probably tend to render our acquaintance with this interesting part of Europe much more general than it has been. A very respectable French writer, and a recent tourist, is very warm in his panegyric upon these provinces; from whence, and from other circumstances, we may be assisted in forming an estimate of their value and importance. He observes, and in this he is certainly borne out by facts, that "In proportion as the antiquary, traversing Greece or Italy, will discover something to gratify his ruling passion, almost every step he takes, so the philanthropist, travelling in the Low Countries, will never be at a loss for subjects worthy of his admiration, and the approbation of every intelligent mind. In reality, to whatever part of this fine country the attention may be turned, every object attests, for several ages past, so much industry, energy, activity, and improvement in commerce, and in the arts and sciences; such perfection in agriculture and manufactures, that one must indeed be astonished, if a country so circumscribed in its limits did not occupy a distinguished place in the estimation of other nations."

ed its rank among the nations, the real epoch of its greatest splendor was while it was subject to the Princes of Burgundy. At that period affording an asylum to foreign princes in their distress, it was able to make head against all France. It was then the *entrepot* and the central point of the commerce of Europe; and then its prosperity gave birth to arts before unknown; among others, that of painting in oil, a fact which no respectable writer will call in question.

Even previous to this brilliant era, Belgium had afforded a model to several other countries. Supplying all other nations with clothing, it taught the English themselves to manufacture their fine cloths, the wool of which they had before been in the habit of selling, and re-purchasing afterwards when prepared by Flemish industry. France has also been indebted to Belgium for certain arts, particularly its superb tapestry, and likewise for its ability to bring others to perfection.

With an exception to linen, lace, and some articles in which the Low Countries still remain unrivalled, it must be confessed, that length of time, continual wars, revolutions, and considerable emigrations, have deprived Belgium of that exclusive superiority it so long enjoyed in most of the arts and manufactures; and that other countries have availed themselves of its losses. But agriculture, that most permanent source of national prosperity, so far from degenerating in the hands of the Belgians, on the contrary, appears to have been carried to greater perfection from year to year.

It is to this fruitful source to which those easy circumstances, so general among the inhabitants of

this happy country, are to be attributed, and of which a long series of calamities, the loss of its commerce and manufactures, its navigation sacrificed to the jealousy of its neighbours, with other causes, have not been able to deprive it.

Next to the flourishing state of agriculture in the Low Countries, there is nothing that will interest the intelligent traveller or the connoisseur, more than the admirable productions of the Flemish school during the epoch of its greatest splendour. Unfortunately, the paintings of the most distinguished masters, viz. Rubens, Van Dyke, Van Balen, Gonzales, Jordaans, De Champaigne, Teniers, and some others, are become extremely scarce; particularly as many of them have been carried out of the country during the late war. But a small number of individuals here and there still preserve several of these rarities, including some of the best works of the great masters. Added to this, the great works of art transported from the Netherlands to Paris by Bonaparte, have been again restored to the cities whence they were taken; and the churches of Antwerp, Brussels, &c. now abound with the *chefs d'œuvres* of the first masters.

The established religion in the Netherlands is the Roman Catholic, but all other sects are tolerated; and the protestant is in no danger of persecution on account of his religious sentiments.

The manners and customs of the Netherlands partake of those of their neighbours, the Dutch and French; the phlegm of one being tempered by the vivacity of the other. The lower classes are fond of religious pageantry, and much addicted to the superstitious observances of the Catholic system

The manufactures and commerce of the Netherlands, which were formerly superior to any in the West of Europe, (though much declined from what they formerly were) are now again rising into notice; and it is more than probable, that Antwerp will again flourish, and rise upon the ruins of Amsterdam. For home consumption, the Netherlands produce abundance of corn and vegetables, and the coal-mines are very important. Turf for fuel is plentiful, as are also iron, porcelain, clay, and various other commodities. The climate resembles that of the South of England, and is moist and warm.

The Netherlands, by the prevalence and justly boasted excellence of its agriculture, have been long deemed the garden of Europe. The repeated crops of excellent clover, cole, turnips, and clean crops of flax, barley, and oats, have attracted the attention of accurate observers; and indeed the agriculture of this country has been celebrated for 600 years, ever since their commerce and manufactures became eminent; and it is remarked, that they still possess the essentials of good husbandry in the destruction of weeds and perpetual crops. Hops, a native and peculiar product, adopted in England in the reign of Henry VIII. are abundant. The Netherlanders never allow the land to lie fallow. The breed of horses and cattle in this country is much esteemed for its size. In various provinces are minerals of different kinds, slate, marble, and alabaster.

The farm-houses and cottages in the Netherlands have an air of ease and comfort corresponding with the healthy and contented air of their inhabitants. That active industry, which eradicates every weed

prevents the appearance of waste and disorder, and turns every little patch of garden or orchard-ground to active profit, is no where seen to more advantage than in the Netherlands; and the Flemish painters copied from nature when they represented the groups of trees and thickets in which their cottages are usually embosomed. These thickets, and the woods of a larger scale, which are numerous and extensive, supply the inhabitants with fuel, though there are also coal-mines wrought to considerable extent near Charleroi. The woods are chiefly of beech, but varied with birches, oaks, and other trees. The oaks in particular, seem to find this a favourite soil, and are to be seen sprouting freely in situations where the surface appears a light and loose sand.

We shall now describe the principal cities and towns of the Netherlands, which, for convenience of reference, are alphabetically arranged.

ANTWERP.

Antwerp is situated 24 miles north of Brussels on the Scheldt, where that river is 22 feet deep, and 400 yards wide; the citadel is one of the strongest in Europe, and under the direction of Carnot, while in the possession of the French, the place seemed altogether to have been rendered impregnable by land and water.

The real origin of this magnificent city is obscure, and involved in fable. Its name is derived from two Flemish words, *handt*, hand, and *werpen*, to cast, from a legendary tale, that Salvius, a Braban-

and cast it into the river near the place where he dwelt; and certain festivals observed by the common people, in which they carry about the representation of a castle, and the figure of a giant, are by some gravely adduced as evidences of the fact, and still further corroborated by two hands in the armorial achievement of the city. However that may be, the commerce of this city rather more than two centuries ago, was superior to that of any other state in Europe, 2,500 merchants' vessels arriving in its port in one year; and it is recorded in the annals of the place, that the value of the merchandise imported in the year 1550, amounted to one hundred and thirty-three millions of gold.

As a proof of the riches and magnificence of its merchants, they relate that a certain merchant, named John Daens, having lent the Emperor Charles V. a million of gold, invited him to dinner; when after a royal entertainment he threw the emperor's bond into the fire made of cinnamon.

But since that time, when the United Provinces threw off the yoke of the Spanish government, having got possession of the entrance of the Scheldt, they built forts on the sides, and sunk obstructions in the channel to prevent a free navigation; in consequence of which the commerce of Antwerp has been ruined, and grass grows before the warehouses of those who had been the greatest merchants in the universe. It is still, however, a large and handsome city, and the see of a bishop, suffragan of the archbishop of Malines. The streets are in general wide and straight, and surrounded by a wall and regular fortifications; the citadel, of a pentagon form, was built by order of the Duke of Alva, on a rising

ground, to keep the citizens in awe. The work was conducted by Pachiotti, a famous engineer and architect of Urbino, who gave the design, and by Colonel Cerbellon, who employed in the works not only the pioneers, but the soldiers likewise of the duke's army. In this citadel was placed the famous statue of the Duke of Alva, made of the cannon taken at the battle of Jemminghe, in Friesland. The Duke was represented standing upright, and armed at all points, on a square pedestal of blue marble. In one hand he held a commander's baton; the other hand pointed towards the city, to signify that he was its protector, and had procured its peace. Under his feet lay a monster with two heads and six hands, to represent the nobility and people whom he had vanquished; one hand held a flambeau, another held a broken hammer, an ax, a leaf of paper, and a purse; beneath the monster lay a club, a vizor, serpents, &c. On the side of the pedestal towards the city was the following inscription:—

"A l'honneur de Ferdinand Alvarez de Tolede, Duc d'Alve, Governeur de Pais-bas, tres fidele Ministre du tres bon Roi d'Espagne Philippe II. pour avoir appaisé la sedition, chassé les Rebelles, rétablé la Religion, et assuré la Paix dans les Provinces."

The people of Antwerp were so much offended with this statue and inscription, that they threw it down with an intent to break it to pieces; and although it was removed by Don Lewis de Requesens, the Duke of Alva's successor, to a place less public: yet nothing could prevent its being treated with every mark of ignominy that an enraged populace could bestow on the representation of a man

so odious; and whom, no doubt, they would have treated with as much severity personally, had he been present, and in their power.

During the civil wars in the sixteenth century, this city suffered considerably. In 1566, the Protestants pillaged the churches with extreme fury. In 1576, the Spanish soldiers mutinied on account of their pay, and, joining the rebels, surprised the city, and made a dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants; the town-house, and many other magnificent buildings, with six hundred houses, were burnt to ashes, and upwards of ten thousand persons killed and wounded. This calamity began on the 4th of November, and the pillage of the city continued three days.

In the year 1585, the city took part with the Prince of Orange, and was commanded by Philip de Marnix, Baron of Ste. Aldegonde, who had been the Prince's confidential friend, and one in whom the citizens especially reposed great faith. The Prince of Parma was at that time general of the Spanish forces, and laid seige to Antwerp. Never, they say, was a place better attacked, or better defended; but at the end of a year, being driven to great distress for want of provisions, the besieged were obliged to capitulate, and the sovereignty of the King of Spain was again acknowledged at Antwerp. After this, the Protestants, to avoid the government of an arbitrary Catholic prince, removed with their families and effects to Amsterdam and other places, where they might be allowed liberty of conscience, and a free exercise of their religion. This was the first blow to the commerce of Ant-

creased, which last city, it is said, used every underhand method in its power, to prevent assistance being given to her rival during the seige. At the treaty of Munster, when a peace was concluded between Philip IV. and the United Provinces, when the independence of those provinces was acknowledged and guaranteed, Antwerp seems to have fallen a sacrifice for a peace-offering; for by an article of that treaty, it was agreed, that no large merchant-vessels should sail up to Antwerp, without first unloading her cargo in one of the ports of Holland, from whence the merchandise might be conveyed to Antwerp in barges, or small vessels: This gave a death blow to its commerce, since which it never has revived.

The late Emperor Joseph made a pretence of again opening the navigation of the Scheldt, but for want of resolution, conduct, or power, the scheme proved abortive. The present state of affairs, however, we trust, will restore to Antwerp, much of its former prosperity, though this must be at the expense of its neighbour Amsterdam.

Antwerp exceeds every other city upon the continent, (Naples, Rome, and Venice excepted) in the magnificence of its public buildings, the grandeur of its churches, and the breadth of its spacious streets. Among the most remarkable public buildings, are the bourse, or exchange, the town-house, the cathedral, the Jesuit's church, and St. James's. The bourse is ninety feet in length, and seventy in depth, including the portico which surrounds it; it was first built in 1531, and is said to have taken its name from a house that stood in the same place, on the front of which was an escutcheon

with three bourses, or purses on it. The plan of the Royal Exchange in London, as first built by Sir Thomas Gresham, was taken from this. The townhouse, built since 1576, is a fine old building, ninety-seven feet long, and sixty-five deep. The church of Nôtre Dame, or cathedral, is a magnificent structure, with a steeple of stone admirably wrought, four hundred and twenty feet in height; within are many altars, and little chapels, with exquisite workmanship of marble, and paintings by Rubens; the ascension of the Virgin, the taking down from the cross, the salutation, and the circumcision done by that great man, are particularly esteemed. The portico, with its marble statues, would be valued even at Rome. The Jesuits' church is another noble structure; the model of its inside being not unlike that of St. Clement's in London, something longer, but hardly so broad; the pillars are of the purest marble, the walls and roof are wainscoted with pannels painted by Rubens, and other great masters; the great altar is of the finest marble, lofty and noble, with a grand picture of the ascension of the Virgin, by Rubens, in which is the sublime, or daring idea of representing the Almighty placing a crown of gold on the Virgin's head, with the inscription *Veni, Coronaberis.* The famous Rubens was buried in St. James's church, in a small chapel erected by himself, and adorned with a beautiful altar-piece of his own painting. The high altar in this church also is much esteemed.

The Plantin printing-office was a square building like a college, where the celebrated Christopher

his business of printing, whose memory will be respected by all judges of that art, so long as beautiful, elegant, and accurate editions are valuable.

Near the cathedral was shown the iron railing of a well, with ornamental foliages, the workmanship of Quintin Marsys, then a smith, but afterwards a painter. He was a native of Antwerp, and fell in love with a painter's daughter; the father refused his consent, being determined to give her only to one of his own profession. Love induced him to go to Italy, where he studied the art, and returned to Antwerp with such proofs of his abilities, that the old man gave his consent to a marriage with his daughter. Antwerp boasts many of his works, and the admirable picture of the Misers, in Windsor Castle, is of this master's painting. At the entrance of the cathedral his head is carved, with this inscription:

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem."

Among other famous men whom Antwerp has produced, are Ortelius, the celebrated geographer, Gramaye, the historiographer of the Netherlands, Rubens, Vandyke, the two Teniers, father and son, painters, whose works are well known, and valued all over Europe, Schelstraete, librarian at the Vatican, &c. &c.

The magnificent docks and public works, constructed by Bonaparte at Antwerp, must be seen, to be described. Near the citadel is a large prison containing one thousand convicts. This place and its inhabitants are thus described by a recent visitor, "I have been amongst

del, several parties of men dressed in coarse red jackets, working at different sorts of hard labour, chained two and two by the legs with very heavy irons. The first party were attending two carts with a water cask on each; and their march made a woeful rattling. They were the convicts, sent to Antwerp from all parts of the country, for a certain term of years, and many for life. Each party had a superintendant with it, and the description who are allowed to work out of doors, are the better behaved, and those whose time is nearly expiring. With an under-keeper, my only protection, I went into their great prison, within the citadel; it consists of large wards, divided into stalls, placed head to head along the middle range, so as to leave the walls free on both sides to pass along, as in a stable. A man on the outside unlocked a huge iron grated door, and in a moment my conductor and I were among some hundreds of desperate criminals.

"I had often heard that a visit to the felons of Newgate, is neither pleasant nor safe; it seemed to me much worse to be surrounded by foreign ruffians of all sorts. To my amazement, as we passed along, the poor creatures, many of whom had left their stalls to go over to the opposite wall, about the length of their fetters, ran into their kennels with a lamentable clanking, that we might not have to step over their chains; and one and all stood silent, and pulled off their caps as we passed. The governor told me, that this was not owing to there being an overseer with me; but that they would have done the same had I been alone. I should not however have made the experiment.

"The prison is well aired, and there were very few sick. The number was above one thousand. Their submission results from the hopelessness of their situation, and the severe *regime* under which they are placed. To prevent even the thought of mutiny, loaded cannon are pointed to both sides of the prison."

During the Wednesday's market at Antwerp, goods are at present frequently sold by auction at noon-day; but when this city was in its prosperity, twelve at night was the hour chosen for sales of houses, lands, &c. solely on account of the numerous commercial engagements which prevented the attendance of the merchants during the day. At that time there were several subterranean canals, through which small vessels conveyed the goods to different parts of the city, which had been brought by the larger through the open canals. On account of the number of vessels in the Scheldt, anxious to unload, Hoboken, a point where they used to be moored in a line for that purpose, was long remembered by the seamen as an unlucky spot, principally from the delay which then took place in the transfer of their loading. At this time Antwerp contained a population of 200,000 persons, but this is now reduced to about 40,000. The trade and manufactures of Antwerp are, fine lace, known by the name of Mechlin lace, thread of the most valuable kind, printed cottons, black silk stuffs, known by the name of *failles;* bleacheries, cloths, silk, fustians, muslins, shammoys, dimities, shammoy leathers, oil of Colza, ribbons, tape, green soap, salt, tobacco, sear-cloth, canvass, starch, tournsol, stockings, silk and cotton, white lead, fine blue,

playing cards, chocolate, white wax, glues, cow hair, straw for hats, and refined sugar.

The environs of Antwerp still display the same wealth in villas, gardens, houses, meadows and fields, as formerly. The country is covered with boroughs and villages in the most flourishing state.

From Antwerp, through the country of Waes to Ghent, which commences as soon as we have passed the Flanders Head, the number of cattle and the rich pastures extending every way, exhibit a specimen of agriculture not exceeded in any part of Europe. Much of this soil was originally a moving sand; at present the greatest part of it, owing to the continual supply of excellent manure for the course of more than a century, is of a fine black, and that of an astonishing depth. Persons with ever so little taste for rural improvements, can scarcely restrain their surprise when passing through this charming country, in observing the resemblance of the whole, to one large village, apparently separated by fields and gardens, always green. The villages, in reality, are so numerous, and so closely connected with each other, that it is difficult to perceive where one begins, or where another ends. The population is also so numerous, that maugre the fertility of the soil, it would appear, that its produce was insufficient for their support. The roads all along are covered at small distances with neat clean houses, with their yards, orchards, barns, stabling, &c. Almost every house standing in an orchard or a yard, is separated from the high road, by a ditch of a tolerable depth, and between this and the dwelling an alley of trees, quickset hedges, &c. These comfortable dwellings contain a num-

ber of weavers, flax dressers, &c. not to be found upon any other spot of the same extent in Europe.

BRUGES.

Bruges is very pleasantly situated, surrounded by canals, which are navigable for vessels of five hundred tons burden, and the quays are extremely commodious; but the grass, in several parts of this city, was lately growing to the water's edge.

The houses and buildings of Bruges are very large and ancient, possessing the remains of their former grandeur and opulence, but were till lately mostly shut up, or only a room or two inhabited by the remains of a family, or an old servant sufficient to retain possession; many of the houses have forty or fifty windows in front. Numerous are the religious houses now lying in ruins, and parts of their once stately chapels and edifices are occupied by private families who have purchased them.

The circumference of Bruges may be reckoned at about four miles; the streets are about three hundred in number, and are in general spacious. It is badly supplied with water; the best is that brought from Ghent, by pipes from the rivers Lys and Scheldt. Bruges has, however, been long on the decline, and Antwerp, so advantageously situated on the banks of a considerable river, has, from its rival, long become its superior.

The steeple at the top of the Grand Market, is reckoned one of the most beautiful of the kind in Europe: it has 533 steps in height, and is furnished with an excellent set of *carillons*, or chimes, which play every quarter of an hour. There are several

good churches at Bruges; the cathedral is dedicated to St. Donat, and is most superbly decorated with sculpture, and paintings of the first Flemish masters; but the principal treasure of gold and silver, which added to the splendour of these edifices, has all been carried away by the French, or concealed by the inhabitants; yet the grandeur of these catholic places of worship far exceed any in England, both in architecture and ornament. The church of Nôtre Dame is reckoned the most beautiful, and its steeple is a sea-mark to sailors coming into Ostend.

Bruges contains many monuments, which attest its ancient splendour, and that epoch when it served as a central point for the merchants of the Hans Towns, and those of Venice, Genoa, and other cities in the Mediterranean. In fact, it was at that time the only depôt of the commerce of Europe, from whence they drew a sufficient supply for surrounding nations; and this perpetual interchange of commerce rendered Bruges one of the richest cities in the world. Bruges being also the residence of the powerful Counts of Flanders, was at the height of its prosperity, when the Court of Philip the Good displayed a degree of splendour which none could equal, and when his power rendered him formidable to all his neighbours. His court was an asylum for every unfortunate or proscribed sovereign. This Count of Flanders, who at one time protected kings, and at others made them tremble, rendered his name immortal, not only by his great qualities and his brilliant actions, but by his establishment of the Order of the Golden Fleece, in 1430, on the very

day of his marriage with Isabella, daughter of John, King of Portugal.

But though fallen much beneath its original splendour, Bruges has never ceased in some measure to be a rich, commercial, and manufacturing town. Before its external communications were interrupted by the late revolutionary war, more than twenty thousand pieces of linen were annually exported to Holland, Spain, and America. The lace manufactories at Bruges have seldom employed less than 4000 hands. The ticking, fine cottons, and the dimities manufactured here, are still in request: and exportation from Bruges is very much facilitated by the convenience of water-carriage by its canals towards Germany and France, as well as by the sea from Ostend.

The season of her splendour is gone by,
  Yet every where its monuments remain;
Temples which rear their stately heads on high,
  Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
Wide streets and squares, with many a court and hall
Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

Time hath not wronged her, nor hath Ruin sought
  Rudely her splendid structures to destroy,
Save in those recent days with evil fraught,
  When Mutability in drunken joy
Triumphant, and from all restraint released,
Let loose the fierce and many-headed beast.

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
  Inflicted, firm she stands and undecayed;
Like our first sires, a beautiful old age
  Is hers, in venerable years arrayed;
And yet to her benignant stars may bring,
What fate denies to man,—a second spring.

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
And tourneys graced by chieftains of renown,
Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors bold,
If Fancy would pourtray some stately town,
Which for such pomp fit theatre should be,
Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

Southey's Poet's Pilgrimage, p. 24.

The Hotel de Ville, an irregular Gothic edifice, was formerly ornamented with the busts of the Counts of Flanders, removed during the revolution. Near this spot, the ruins of the Chapel of St. Sang are still visible; this was once a place of pilgrimage, attended by devotees for many miles round. The church of Nôtre Dame contains nothing striking, excepting two monuments, constructed of *pierre de touche*, and gilt copper. The gilding alone cost 24,000 Dutch ducats, or 48,000 Brabant crowns. These superb memorials were saved from the fury of the revolutionists by the beadle of the church. The late Emperor Napoleon, being informed of this circumstance when he was at Bruges, ordered the beadle a reward for his services, and gave 1000 francs for the embellishment of the chapel which contains these monuments; the first of which was erected to the memory of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, killed before Nancy, in 1477. It was erected in 1550, by *Marie D'Autriche*, sister of Charles the Fifth, with the following inscription: "Here lies the most high, most powerful, and magnanimous Prince Charles, Duke of Bourg, Lothricke, Brabant, Limbourg, Luxembourg, and Gueldres; Count of Flanders, Artois, Burgundy; Palatine of Hanau, of Holland, of Zealand, of Namur, and Zutphen;

Marquis of the Holy Empire: Lord of Friesland, Salines, and Malines; who being highly endowed with courage, constancy, and magnanimity, was for a long time fortunate in his arduous enterprises, battles, and victories, at Montheiri in Normandy, in Artois, and at Liege; till fortune turning her back upon him, overwhelmed him on the night of the Twelfth Day, 1476, before Nancy. His body, deposited at Nancy, was afterwards, by order of the most high, most puissant, and most victorious Prince Charles, Emperor of the Romans, the fifth of this name, his nephew, and the inheritor of his name, his victories, and his lordships, removed to Bruges, where King Philip of Castile, Leon, Arragon, and Navarre, and son of the same Emperor Charles, caused it to be deposited in this tomb, by the side of his daughter, and sole heiress, Mary, the wife of the most high and most puissant Prince Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and afterwards King and Emperor of the Romans.

The other tomb contains the remains of Mary of Burgundy, the daughter of this Prince, the wife of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, who died in the twenty-fifth year of her age, on the 28th of March, 1481.

The general conveyance from Bruges to Ghent, and in many other parts of the Netherlands, is by a noble canal in a boat, which sets out every morning at nine o'clock; another sets out at the same time from Ghent, and arrives at four o'clock in the afternoon. These boats are extremely commodious, exceeding in beauty and convenience the Dutch treckschuyts; they are handsomely fitted up, and

need only to be known, to induce all persons travelling, either for pleasure or business, to Holland, Antwerp, and all parts of the north and east of France, to take the road through Flanders; not forgetting, that at the port of Ostend you avoid all those port impositions, which you are obliged to submit to at all the ports of France. These vessels are capable of containing two hundred persons; and the state cabin is most handsomely decorated with damask furniture, over which is the quarter-deck, or ruif, having seats for fine weather, and covered with an elegant canopy, after the manner of the Egyptian gondolas. The passage affords a most delightful view of the country, passing through the most fertile part of Flanders, intersected with gentlemen's seats and small villages; the banks of the canal are ornamented with uniform rows of trees; by the side of the canal is also the *pave*, or paved way, for cabriolets or other carriages, as yet but little frequented.

The vessel is divided into three separate cabins according to price; for the first cabin and dinner at the first table (as dinner is included if agreeable) the expence is five francs, of eleven-pence each. For the second table and cabin, the price is only three francs, and for poor travellers, who carry their own dinner, or, what is often the case with travellers here who have no dinner, the expence is one franc.

A convenient kitchen is fitted up on board with a regular man cook; and the dinner at one o'clock is served up equal to a dinner at the London Tavern;—here is even a profusion of plate, extending to silver forks, &c.

The following dinner was served up on board one

of these vessels, on board which was an English traveller, within the last few months.

There were four and twenty persons partook of the dinner; there were three sorts of excellent soup, consisting of green peas, meat soup with *bouille*, and vegetable soup; after which were fourteen different dishes; of hashes, stews, roast lamb, larded beef, roast fowls, and roast partridges; and last came fish, viz. sturgeon, salmon, and cod, dressed different ways, mostly stewed and fried. Vegetables were in profusion and excellent: peas stewed with sugar, and asparagus of particular fine flavour. Their pastry also would not have disgraced a city dinner; and then came a dessert of apples, oranges, strawberries and cream, and Flemish gingerbread nuts; this sumptuous fare, and a journey of really thirty miles, cost 4s. 7d. English, each person. Wine was a separate charge; two and a half francs was the price of a bottle of excellent Bourdeaux or Claret; three francs Rhenish, and four francs, excellent Burgundy.

There is a neat little bar fitted up on board, from which you may have any occasional refreshment, coffee, tea, or liquors, &c. When the expence of the journey is collected by the master of the vessel, the waiter follows with a strong iron box, on which is written, *charity for the poor;* and here you are thought to behave extremely generous, if you put in any little copper fractional money you may have, viz. a small bit of copper called a *placket*, silvered over, resembling a bad sixpence, which passes for 2½d. or a few centimes, being the fractional hundredth part of a penny. This chest is strictly kept, and one half is divided between the poor of the

The great advantage of the passage by canal navigation in Flanders is, that no time is lost by stopping for refreshment, but even whilst at dinner you are proceeding on your journey. There are several pretty villages on each bank of the canal between Bruges and Ghent. This scenery is prettily and faithfully described by the poet already quoted, in the following stanza:

No happier landscape may on earth be seen,
  Rich gardens all around and fruitful groves,
White dwellings trim relieved with lively green,
  The pollard that the Flemish painter loves,
With aspins tall and poplars fair to view,
Casting o'er all the land a grey and willowy hue.

The poet pursues his description of this agreeable journey, and offers to his readers a cabinet picture, which possesses all the accuracy and high finish of Gerard Douw's most exquisite pieces: every one who, like the author of these sheets, has followed the steps of Mr. Southey, must be delighted with this vivid delineation of Flemish scenery and customs.

Europe can boast no richer goodlier scene,
  Than that through which our pleasant passage lay,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens green,
  The journey of a short autumnal day;
Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel drew,
The heavens were fair, and Mirth was of our crew.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line,
  Beguiling time with light discourse we went,
Nor wanting savoury food nor generous wine.
  Ashore too there was feast and merriment;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking, gambling there.

BRUSSELS.

This elegant city, second only to Paris, in its attractions, and superior in the beauty of its situation, is the most delightful residence in the Netherlands. So early as the year 900, it had a market and a castle: and in the year 1340, was surrounded with a wall of free-stone, the ruins of which are yet visible. Between the years 1357 and 1370, it was considerably enlarged, and is now said to be seven miles in circumference. According to Puteanus, a famous historian of the country, the number seven is remarkable at Brussels, first having seven lords at one time, who had each a chateau, whose descendants form the seven patrician families, from which the magistrates are elected, these are the families of Steenweghe, Sleeuws, Serhuyghs, Coudenberb, Serroelofs, Sweerts, and Rodenbeeck; there are seven grand places or markets, besides others less considerable; seven gates, that of Louvain to the east, that of Namur to the south, those of Halle and Anderlecht to the west, those of Flanders and Laecken to the north, and that of Scharebeeck, otherwise called the gate of Cologne, to the north-east. Without the gate of Halle, about two hundred paces, is a fort called Fort de Monterey, being built by Comte de Monterey, Governor General of the Netherlands, in 1672. From Brussels a canal is cut to the river Rupple, a little beyond the village of Willebroeck, by means of which there is a daily communication in barges with Antwerp; this canal was begun the 11th of June, 1550, and made fit for

direction of the celebrated architect George Rinaldi; the elevation of the ground is fifty feet, and regulated by means of five sluices; the length of the canal is about seven leagues, and is said to have cost eighteen hundred thousand florins: by this means the ocean and Scheldt are open to Brussels, to the great convenience of the trade of the city.

In the year 1695, the army of France, under the conduct of Marshal Villeroy, advanced towards Brussels for the purpose of compelling the allies to raise the seige of the castle of Namur, and began to bombard it the 13th of August, when they poured in such a quantity of bombs and red hot balls, that the city took fire, and the fire being seconded with a violent wind, burned fourteen beautiful churches, and above four thousand houses to ashes; after this the French retired without being able to constrain the allies to abandon their enterprise. After the battle of Ramilies, the Elector of Bavaria and all the friends of Philip V. abandoned Brussels, and the allies seized it the 27th of May, 1706. As the city was not regularly fortified, or in a condition to sustain a seige, the magistrates presented the keys of the city to the Duke of Marlborough, commander in chief, and implored his protection, who accordingly took possession in the name of Charles III. King of Spain, who made General Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's brother, Governor. The 22d of November, 1708, it was besieged by a body of troops under the command of Maximilian Emanuel, Elector of Bavaria; but his Highness being informed that the Duke of Marlborough had passed the Scheldt with a large part of his army, to succour the city, he was obliged to abandon the

siege, with all his artillery, the 27th of the same month, after having been repulsed at the counter-scarp, between the gates of Louvain and Namur. It was taken by the French in 1746, and rendered back at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The army of the French entered Brussels, on the 14th of November, 1792, under the command of Dumourier, soon after the battle of Genappe, and quitted it again the 23d of March, 1793, soon after the battle near Louvain. In the year 1794, it again came into the possession of the French, and continued so till 1814.

The rising grounds, intersected by rills about the environs of this charming place, would almost persuade one that Brussels was only placed here merely for the purpose of adding the ornaments of art to the beauties of nature. But if in the number of magnificent buildings, and that of its inhabitants, it yields the palm to some other cities of Europe; for the salubrity of its air, a charming situation, the abundance and cheapness of the necessaries and conveniences of life, it yields to none. It is to these causes, as well as to the mildness of the government here, that we are to attribute the conflux of strangers in the time of peace, for the purpose of taking up their residence. The level of the superb canal here is very nearly eighteen fathoms above that of the sea. The Scheldt is the means of communication between Brussels and the ocean. In 1780, the population of Brussels was not less than a hundred thousand souls; this, about the conclusion of the late war, was found to have been reduced to three-fourths of that number.

The fine monuments of sculpture, which still de

to demonstrate, that the residence of the court and the confluence of strangers have contributed to enrich it. The magnificent monument of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, which occupies two chapels in the church of Sablon, is covered with statues and allegorical figures in black and white marble, executed by Gripelle and Du Quesnoy.

Another fine monument, is that which exhibits a fine group in white marble upon the fountain of Sablon, erected in conformity to the will of Lord Bruce, a peer of Scotland, out of gratitude for the wholesome and agreeable residence which he had enjoyed at Brussels for the space of forty years. This monument, so flattering for this city, could net escape the fury of the revolution. It was torn down from its pedestal: the inscription upon the monument was in large letters of gilt copper. Several other pieces of sculpture were destroyed about the same time.

The Hotel de Ville, situated in the great square, is one of the finest Gothic buildings in the Low Countries. The tower, three hundred and sixty-four feet in height, is an admirable piece of workmanship; it is entirely constructed of stone, and its summit sustains the gigantic statue of St. Michael, of gilt copper, which serves also for a weathercock. This statue is seventeen feet in its elevation. It is surprising, that the architect should have been wanting in one of the simplest rules of his art, by neglecting to place this tower in the centre of the edifice; but a degree of irregularity has also been remarked in the doors, windows, &c. of the building, presenting a *tout ensemble* altogether original. The soil being

The great market-place is one of the most singular in Europe, being a regular parallelogram, the four sides of which, though ornamented with buildings dissimilar in shape, and in the form of the architecture, is nevertheless consistent with the general plan. Among the multiplicity of ornaments that embellish this structure, there were some that held the first rank among the finest pieces of sculpture; but these were destroyed in the revolution,

One of the fronts, though it lately contained several houses, was formerly but one, highly ornamented with a Fame, made by Quesnoy, and the busts of the Dukes of Brabant. The opposite front contains several buildings, which have belonged to as many trading companies, who seemed to have endeavoured to surpass each other in the expences they incurred for imbellishments. One of the large fronts, with the Maison de Ville, contains several other houses, formerly occupied by trading companies. The back front, with houses of the same description, includes a very ancient Gothic building, called the Maison du Roi. Becoming national property, during the French revolution, it was sold to the prefect, the ci-devant Marquis d'Arconati. He not only repaired this front, but restored the ancient inscriptions, and added another respecting himself.

M. Dumis, a French author, is said to have described the architecture of the Low Countries in a few words. "It is," he observes, "peculiar to itself, being a compound of the Gothic and the Morisco, equally as astonishing for its lightness and its boldness, as for the beauty of its forms, and the

harmony of its proportion." This style of architecture was introduced into the Low Countries by the Spaniards, who borrowed it from the Moors, who brought it with them into Spain.

The public fountain, known at Brussels by the name of the Manneke Piss, it is said, among that of other sovereigns, attracted the attention of Louis XV. who by way of a hint, as to the indecency of exposing this child, made the effigy a present of a copious wardrobe, with which it was frequently decorated, especially on procession days. This little figure in bronze is said to have been the work of Quesnoy.

The church of St. Gudule, and its Chapels, contain a number of tombs of black and white marble, with the remains of many great lords, princes, and governors of the Low Countries. In the nave of this Church is a pulpit, or *chair de verité*, constructed of oak, and extremely beautiful. Upon the lower part of this superb piece of sculpture is inscribed, in letters of gold, *Han Verbruggen, Ant : inv : delin : et fecit.* Henry Verbruggen, of Antwerp, finished this sculpture, in 1699, for the church of the Jesuits at Louvain, from which it was removed to that of St. Gudule, upon the suppression of their order in 1776.

The subject is the representation of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by the Angel, and threatened with death. They are standing under the tree of Knowledge, the branches of which, loaded with appels, are also occupied near Eve by such birds and animals as the peacock, the parrot, and the ape, intended to represent the frailties of women: over Adam is seen the eagle, the os-

trich, &c. which characterize the qualities of the male sex.

The canopy over this piece of sculpture is supported by two angels, and by the branches of the tree, and crowned by a beautiful statue of the Virgin, holding an infant Jesus in her arms. There are many angels at her feet, and with a cross, which she holds in her hand, she bruises the head of the serpent. This church has two towers, upon each of which a telegraph was placed by the French government. A grand stair-case of blue marble, which led to the principal entrance, was decorated by a balustrade; but being thrown down in some popular commotion, this has been since altogether removed.

Very great changes were made in this church while Brussels was in the hands of the French; they shut up most of its chapels; those that remain are uncommonly beautiful in their embellishments. In the choir there is a tomb of black marble, surmounted by the figure of a lion on copper, which is said to weigh more than six thousand pounds. This mausoleum contains the ashes of John II. Duke of Brabant, who died in 1312, and those of his wife, Margaret, daughter of Edward, King of England. She died in 1318. Philip II. is also interred here; he died in 1480.

In this church a vault, closed by a sepulchral stone of white marble, contains the remains of several dukes, arch-dukes, and duchesses. Fourteen very fine statues in the nave are much admired by connoisseurs; each of these are about ten feet high, and represent the Saviour, his mother, and the

tues is excellent; four of them are known to be that of Quesnoy. In one of the chapels in which the service is performed, the superb mausoleums of the families of Spinola and Jean Brueghel, a celebrated painter, attract great atteution.

The entrances to the principal theatre at Brussels are rather narrow and inconvenient, and the lobby was deemed too large for the other part of the house. As a consequence resulting from a number of opulent persons leaving this city during the late war, it was observed, that the taste for theatrical amusements had declined very much. A want of taste might possibly have been accessary to this declension, as it has been observed that the natives of Brussels are frequently very noisy and inattentive during a theatrical performance.

Besides the principal theatre situated near the Mint, there is another in one of the fine stone edifices in the park opposite the Imperial Palace. This was very much frequented, while there was a good Flemish company under the direction of M. Vitzthumb, when it was occupied by a company of young actors, the best in Brussels; but till lately engaged by the English now resident in that city, it had again dwindled into insignificance.

Most of the streets in Brussels are commodious, and have fine openings;—the architecture of the houses is rather grand, being ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and the fronts painted with oil colours; white, a nankin yellow, and light green are generally preferred. The dates of the building of them are nearly all equal, being subsequent to the bombardment of the city by Marshal Villeroy,

in August, 1695. The style in which the houses were rebuilt, after that calamity, is a sufficient indication of the opulence of the inhabitants of Brussels, even at that period. Most of the houses built in the time of the Spaniards, like some of those of old London, have their gable ends towards the street.

Though the rivage (the river's side) is the least healthy part of Brussels, the conveniency of the situation to the quays and the different channels of the river being the scene of business, especially in the wholesale way, is thought to overbalance every other consideration.

St. Michael's Square, in the neighbourhood of the superb new street De La Loi, merits the attention of every traveller. It is a long square, formed by magnificent buildings of the same architecture, ornamented with pilasters of the Doric order. This has been a promenade for some years past; and to increase the pleasure of walking here, the pavement was after some time taken up, to give place to a number of lime trees planted in quincunx, and enclosed within railing. The new corn-market is also very handsome, but the architecture of the houses that surround it is of different kinds.

As to the park at Brussels, it is much superior to most of the public walks in Europe. It is intersected by broad and handsome walks, the lofty trees on each side affording their shade to these and the beautiful lawns which continually relieve the eye, and give particular effect to a number of statues in white marble of excellent workmanship. A fine basin in the centre, plentifully stocked with gold and silver fish, adds to the attractions of this de-

lightful spot. On each side of the principal walk, two vallies, amply shaded with high trees and bushes, offer a most effectual retreat from the scorching rays of the sun. In the valley to the right, a square basin of blue marble is deposited. This, when in the Old Park, used to receive the contents of a fountain; but is supposed to have been placed in the New Park, merely to perpetuate the memory of an event which is recorded by the following inscription on its border:

"Petrus Alexowits, Czar Magnus, Muscoviæ Dux, insidens margini hujus fontes, aquam illius nobilitavit; libato vino, hora post meridiem, tertiâ die 16 Aprilis, anno 1717."

This is only saying in English, that on such a day Peter the Great of Russia, being inebriated, fell into this fountain; and in so doing conferred a dignity on the water which it did not before possess.

The magnificence of the buildings which environ the park, cannot be easily surpassed, particularly the extensive façade occupying the whole length of the street De La Loi, in the centre of which stands the palace, formerly called Le Conseil de Brabant, lately the seat of the Imperial Court of Appeal. The pediment exhibits a noble group of allegorical figures, representing justice; this precious morceau does honour to the art of sculpture.

Besides the playhouse in the park, there is an assembly room and a coffee-house, with billiards and other games. An excellent traiteur is also established here. Leaving the park, on one side we see the square of Louvain, and on the other the grand square called Place Royale. The regularity and beautiful architecture of the buildings in this

square, particularly the superb portico of the new church of Condenberg, the pediment of which is supported by six columns, must be allowed to produce a very striking effect. This square was, till some years since, embellished with the statue of the well-beloved Prince Charles of Lorraine, which cost a very great sum, but was thrown down when General Dumourier entered Brussels. It was replaced when the Austrians regained possession, but during the war, was a second time overthrown and carried to Paris. It had two Latin inscriptions.

The noble palace of Schonenberg (or Beaumont) commonly called Lacken, was built by the late Archduchess Maria Christiana, and was occupied for some time by the late Emperor Napoleon. The gardens overlook the road to Antwerp; and these contain the subterranean grotto, the temples of Amity, and that of the Sun. Unhappily the celebrated Chinese Pagoda no longer exists.

Some further remarks upon this fine city, its environs, manners, and customs, we subjoin in the language of a late traveller.—"The out-of-door dress of the middle and lower classes of females in Brussels, is very pleasing in its general effect. It consists of a black scarf thrown over the head, long enough to descend down by the shoulders to the waist. It is, I believe, of Spanish origin, being introduced here by the Spaniards, when they were masters of the country. Its shape, and the manner of wearing it, very much resemble these of the plaid, which may still be seen as the Sunday garb of the women in the small country churches in Aberdeenshire, and other ports of the north of Scotland: but the many coloured Scotch tartan has

not the genteel, simple, and interesting look of the black shawl of Belgium. There is a more decided expression in the continental female face, than we usually meet with in England: the eyes are more predominant in it over the complexion; they, in consequence, convey a more immediate and powerful challenge,—and permit less diversion of attention from what is the most captivating influence. These black eyes,—these colourless but clear complexions, which leave the countenance in a fine state for any emotion to paint itself with a sudden flow of its proper hue, these stealing looks, and dainty steppings,—took additional charms from the nun-looking wimple.

The country round Brussels is extremely picturesque; it is beautiful both in cultivation and natural variety. The walk on the old ramparts presents several most engaging views; the landscape has the snug happy look of English scenery, in which what is graceful is so well united with what is free, and what is wild with what is secure. The previous remarks on the apparent poverty of the Flemish towns, were not meant to convey that the individuals seen in them, were poor or forlorn in apparent condition, but that their capacities of large cities did not seem to be improved,—that much of them remained unfilled up,—that society seemed on a smaller scale than the receptacles which were provided for it. But the country places of Flanders present every where happy pictures: the peasant and the farmer are evidently in situations of great comfort. The interior of a small village public house is superabundant in every convenience, as well as every necessary; and the cottages are well

furnished. The farms are generally small,—a system that provides for much individual enjoyment, though it is not calculated to swell a nation's means into that greatness of wealth and strength, which enables it to take a first rank, and imposing attitude, in the community of civilized states, at this advanced period of human history.

"It is over a country so distributed, and cultivated with the most scrupulous attention to neatness, as well as provision, that the eye wanders from the ramparts of Brussels. Interspersed, however, with the farms, are the magnificent rural appendages of a capital. A long alley, between opposite rows of lofty trees, stretches for two miles its shady length. The palace of Lacken commands attention by its situation, and is surrounded by beautiful gardens and plantations. The large forest of Soignies, now so famous, and ever to remain so, forms a vast black skirting of all the southern horizon.

"The upper part of the city of Brussels is very magnificent. The noble park forms a feature in the grandeur of the public buildings: it is a square of great size, laid out in large regular walks, finely shaded with trees, and surrounded by the façades of the palaces, public offices, and houses of the great. This combination of gardening, planting, and architecture is very striking, and well adapted for a metropolis. It introduces nature in a court dress that is very splendid, and does not shock the best regulated taste, when thus placed in the very centre of courtly state and pomp.

"The lower part of Brussels is the old town; the streets here are dirty, as are those of all the

continental towns, but not so close as the streets are in most of these. There are quays, and something of the bustle of commerce, by the side of the large canal. In the neighbourhood of this, I saw the great collection of cannon, taken from the French in the battles: there were above two hundred pieces, guarded by British soldiers, being a trophy of war of the most magnificent description. The device of causing the dogs to labour, by harnessing them to the small carriages, in which the porters convey, what in most other countries they would carry, attracts the attention of the British visitors. It is very much in vogue in Holland, and forms a bit of what may be called *Dutch finishing*, applied to their habits of industry and economy. In England we have got beyond this; when things are conducted on a great scale, such close attention to little matters but wastes time, and furnishes excuses for indolence. A stout Thames-street porter, with his knot, is worth twenty dogs for the conveying of burdens.

"When I was in Brussels it appeared populous, but that appearance was caused by the number of military to whom it was then giving temporary homes. In common times, its very considerable size is out of all proportion with the scantiness of its population. It is described as seven miles in circumference,—yet, when it lately formed a part of the French empire, it was not supposed to hold above seventy-five thousand inhabitants. British visitors and emigrants, however, have in former times shown, and are now again showing, a predilection for this charming city, which is likely to render it more animated than it has been during the

late dark and unnatural period. Its attractions are palpable and strong; the air is salubrious; the country pleasant; provisions and the necessaries of living are generally cheap,—and the people of the most agreeable disposition. The court of Brussels, while it will always give distinction enough to the place to recommend it to persons of genteel habits, and those who are fond of a little parade—is not likely to be very difficult, or to place itself at any very inaccessible distance,—but, on the contrary, it will probably hold out the temptation of access to its parties and ceremonies to those who would at home rest within a secondary circle of society. This will be no slight invitation to numbers from the United Kingdom. The government of the Low Countries is mild and free in its practice and its principles; and there is, in short, a general approximation in them to what the British most highly prize in their native land,—while they supply much that cannot now be there enjoyed but by a very few."

CHARLEROI.

This place, the possession of which was so strongly contended for by the Prussians, and where they committed such cruel and unprovoked excesses upon the defenceless inhabitants, is situated on the confines of Hainaut, and built on the north side of the river Sambre, in a place formerly called Charnoy, which was a village and signiory belonging to the Prince of Isenghein. The Marquis de Castel-Rodrigo, governor of the Netherlands, fortified it, and made it a city in the year 1666, changing its name to Charleroi, in honour of Charles II. king

of Spain. In the year 1792, it again changed its name to Charles-sur-Sambre. It was given to France at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668. In the year 1672, it was besieged by the Prince of Orange, who invested the place the 13th of December, with a design to draw the French from Holland, but the bravery of Comte de Montal, the governor, and a report of the king of France advancing in person with an army to succour the place, obliged the Prince to retire before he had opened the trenches. In the year 1677, the same Prince invested it again with an army of 60,000 men, but was soon obliged to retire. By the treaty of Nimeguen it was ceded to Spain; in 1693 it was taken by the French after the battle of Landen. In 1697 it was restored to Spain; by the peace of Utrecht it was ceded to the States General; in the year 1716, it was given to the Emperor by the barrier treaty, and again in 1746 surrendered to France. It carries on considerable trade in iron-works and foundery. It contains about 4000 inhabitants.

DINANT.

Seated on the Meuse, had formerly a very strong castle on an almost inaccessible rock, and the Prince of Liege had a palace here. It was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, in 1446, with a numerous army, and being taken, eight hundred of the male inhabitants were tied back to back, and thrown into the Meuse. The town, which was exceedingly rich, was given up to pillage for three whole days, and all the houses reduced to ashes. The priests, women, and children, only were spared, who fled,

FLEURUS.

This village, remarkable in the campaign of Waterloo, is also celebrated for two other battles fought near it. The first on the 30th of August, 1622, between the troops of Spain, under Gonzales de Cordova, and some German troops under the Comte de Mansfelt and the Duke of Brunswick; the latter lost their cannon and baggage, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar was killed, and the Duke of Brunswick had his arm shot; but they made a good retreat with four thousand cavalry, and three thousand infantry, and compelled the Marquis of Spinola to raise the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom. The second battle was fought between the allies, under the command of the Prince of Waldeck; and the French under the Duke of Luxemburg, in which the former were defeated with the loss of five thousand killed and four thousand prisoners, forty-nine pieces of cannon, eight pair of kettle-drums, and ninety-two standards and colours.

GHENT.

This celebrated city of Flanders is situated at the conflux of the rivers Scheldt, Lys, Meuse, and Lieve, which, with a great number of canals, cut through it every way, divide the town into twenty-six small islands. It was anciently called Odvea or Clarinea, and it is supposed that Julius Cæsar speaks of the inhabitants under the name of Gorduini. The Nervii chose it for their city, and after

from whence the name of Gand or Ghent is probably derived. Odoacer, grand Forester of Flanders, surrounded it with walls; since which it has been frequently enlarged, particularly in the year 1397, under Philip the Bold, 25th count of Flanders. The inhabitants were always warlike, and they have had frequent wars, both against their neighbours and also against their princes. It is related in the annals of the provinces, that in the year 1381, sixty thousand Flemings, under the conduct of Philip d'Artevelle revolted against Louis, Count of Flanders, their sovereign. This prince demanded succour of Charles VI. King of France, then a boy, who, by the advice of the Duke of Burgundy, came to Courtray, in person, at the head of his army, and attacked the rebels at Rosebeeck, near that city, and killed 40,000 of the Flemings, with Artevelle their leader.

Artevelle was the son of a brewer, and was at first compelled by force to join the malcontents, but being once engaged he acted with great spirit, though with too much cruelty, ordering no quarter to be given to the French, except to their little King Charles, whom he directed, if taken, to be brought to him, that, being bred up in Ghent, he might learn to speak good Flemish. This action was followed by the most outrageous acts of severity.

The Emperor Charles V. was born in this town the 5th of February, 1500, but the inhabitants have little reason to respect his memory, for, loading them with frequent impositions, they revolted in 1539, and demanded succour of Francis I. king of France, who paid no attention to their requests. The Emperor departed from Spain, and passing

through France, chastised them with extreme rigour; he put to death six and twenty of the principal citizens, banished a great number, confiscated their estates, took away their artillery, their arms, and their privileges, and condemned them to pay a fine of more than twelve hundred thousand crowns; ordered the magistrates to walk in public procession with cords about their necks, and built a citadel to prevent them from again revolting; so that from one of the finest cities in Europe it became a perfect solitude: since that time it has lost much of its ancient splendour, but it is even now considerable.

In this city was concluded the famous treaty on the 8th of November, 1576, called the Treaty of Ghent, consisting of five and twenty articles, the principal of which were, that the Spanish and foreign troops should depart out of the country, that the provinces of Holland and Zealand should remain united with the others, that the Catholic religion should be maintained, and the ancient privileges of the country be secure; which treaty was approved and ratified by Philip II. king of Spain. A short time after, the Duke of Arschot was appointed Governor of Flanders, and made a magnificent entry into this city, but the citizens, instigated by Imbise, Reyhove, and some others, assembled three days after, and insisted on a restoration of those privileges which had been taken from them by Charles V. and being refused, they seized the duke, the bishops of Bruges and Ypres, and some other noblemen, and held them prisoners for some time. They went so far as to take an oath to the Prince of Orange, subscribed to the union of Utrecht,

Ghent; but in the year 1584, they returned to their obedience under their legitimate sovereign, and Imbise, the author of all the disturbance, was deposed, and publicly beheaded on the 4th of August, 1585.

Louis XIV. king of France, took it the 9th of March, 1678, after a siege of six days, but restored it to Spain at the treaty of Nimeguen the same year, with whom it continued till the allies took it, with the citadel, in the year 1706, after the battle of Ramillies. The French seized it by stratagem the 5th of July, 1708, under the conduct of Brigadier la Faille, but they remained in possession only a short time; for the allies, under Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, besieged it again the 24th of December, and forced it to capitulate the 30th of the same month: the commander Comte de la Motte, Lieutenant General of France, with the garrison consisting of 14,000 men, being made prisoners.

They count three hundred bridges at Ghent, on one of which is the figure, in bronze, of a young man who was commanded to cut off the head of his father, and when he was about to strike, the blade flew off, leaving the haft in his hand; in consequence of which they were both pardoned; this happened in the year 1371, and a painting of the story is preserved in the town house. On the town-house is a dragon of copper, said to be brought by Baldwin, count of Flanders, from Constantinople; the tower is three hundred steps in height, and furnished with a handsome clock and musical chimes; the largest bell is said to weigh 11,000 pounds. Ghent was erected into a bishopric in 1559, by Pope Paul IV. at the solicitation of Philip II. Ki-

of Spain, subject to the archbishop of Malines; besides the cathedral, it has six parish churches; the streets are large, and the market-places spacious, particularly the Friday's market, in the midst of which is a statue of Charles V. in his imperial habit. It has considerable trade in corn, with cloth, linen, and silk manufactures, much assisted by means of two navigable canals, one to Sas de Ghent, the other to Bruges, Ostend, &c. John, the third son of Edward III. King of England, was born in this city, and thence called John of Gaunt.

Ghent is celebrated on account of the treaty concluded there, between the English and American commissioners and also of the court of Louis XVIII. held there, when Bonaparte chased him from the Thuileries, on his return from Elba.

LOUVAIN.

This ancient city was founded, according to some, by Julius Cæsar, according to others by one Lupus, who lived a long time before him; but on this there can be no reliance. It is however certain, that Louvain was known in the year 885, when Godfrey, Duke of Normandy, having ravaged the country, encamped near the Dye, on the plain of Louvain. The Emperor Arnulph built a castle to defend the country against the Normans about this time, which was called Loven, and afterwards le Chateau de Cæsar, or Cæsar's Castle, and was a long time the ordinary residence of the dukes of Brabant; in this castle Henry I. was assassinated in the year 1038; Thierry, comte of Holland, was kept prisoner in the year 1200; the Emperor Charles V.

and his sisters were brought up to the year 1510; and formerly the assembly of the States was held: it is now in ruins. The city was first surrounded with walls in the year 1165, and afterwards very much enlarged in the fourteenth century by Wenceslaus and John, dukes of Brabant. The trade at present is not very considerable; the principal article is beer, of which a great quantity is sent to Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, Thirlemont, and other cities and towns. It was formerly much larger than it now is, much richer, and carried on more trade than any other place in the country.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, four thousand houses were inhabited by clothiers, and other manufactories employed above one hundred and fifty thousand workmen. It is related in their annals, that when this crowd of weavers left work, they were compelled to sound a large bell, that the women might keep the children within doors, lest they should be thrown down and trampled to death. This is probably the reason that the magistrates are here more numerous than in other cities, for besides two burgomasters, seven echevens, two pensioners, six secretaries, and four receivers; they have a council of twenty-one, eleven of whom are nobles, and the other ten merchants or tradesmen. The town-house were they assemble is a beautiful Gothic structure.

In the year 1382, the weavers and other tradesmen revolted against Wenceslaus, Duke of Brabant, and cruelly throw seventeen of their magistrates out of the town house windows; took arms against their prince, and laid waste the province; but being be-

don at the entreaty of Arnold de Hornes, bishop of Leige, only the most culpable being punished; and the weavers, who were the authors of the insurrection, were banished: they retired for the most part to England, where they were well received. Louvain being thus nearly deprived of commerce and inhabitants, John IV. Duke of Brabant, with the consent of Pope Martin V. in the year 1426, founded an university.

This university was the chief ornament of Louvain, and resembled more nearly those of Cambridge and Oxford, than any others on the continent; but the French revolution, which swept away, indiscriminately, some useful, as well as many useless establishments, destroyed this far-famed university. Since the return of the present auspicious government of Belgium, however, it is said, this university will be again established in all its former splendour; some account therefore of the extent and regulations of the ancient university, as it existed before the French revolution, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

"There are sixty colleges in this university, which, though they are much admired for their situation and building, are not however so sumptuous as those of Oxford and Cambridge. Of these colleges there are not above four where strict discipline is observed, and these are for the education of those of tender years; the others are for those of a more advanced age, who can come and go when they please. The students in divinity constantly wear gowns and caps, but the rest only at public exercises. In every one of the four colleges above-mentioned, there are two professors to teach philosophy,

young students write after them; who, when they are matriculated, make oath that they believe all the articles of the church of Rome. The professors of these four colleges choose annually forty-eight scholars of two years standing, and out of that number, after public examination, twelve are chosen to exibition. The degrees they take here are those of master, licentiate, and doctor; the licentiate seems to be a kind of middle graduate between bachelor and doctor, and answers to our master of arts. He is upon going out conducted from the schools with drums and trumpets, treats all the doctors and his opponents, and distributes gloves; at his lodging a bell is rung four and twenty hours together, and he is at liberty to choose a coat of arms, and immediately accounted a gentleman. The governor of the university is styled rector, and is chosen every half-year by the Senatus Academicus, to whom the chief magistrate of the city gives place. He has a full jurisdiction over the scholars, and is attended on holidays and solemn processions by eight beadles, who go before him with silver maces. There is another officer called the promoter, who, by the authority of the rector, inflicts punishments on offenders, and sometimes gives judgment of death; but crimes are generally expiated by pecuniary fines.

"If a citizen be a plaintiff against a student in a civil cause, the rector determines it: but if a student sue a citizen, the conservator of the university takes cognizance of the cause. This conservator is an ecclesiastical person, who, with his assessor, being a person learned in the law, proceeds in cases of con-

proves obstinates, he is delivered up to the secular power. They have also a chancellor, whose only business is to confer degrees, and who, in all public assemblies, takes place next to the rector. Degrees are taken here in five faculties, viz. divinity, canon law, civil law, physic, and arts; and their academical senate consists of the superior graduates in these faculties.

"The hall where the public exercises are made is a great square building of free-stone, and a considerable ornament to the city. In this hall there are three spacious rooms, where lectures are read every morning in divinity, civil law, and physic, to which the scholars in every college may resort. The Dutch have a college here for the Roman Catholics, the English one of Dominican friars, the Irish one of secular priests, another of Dominican friars, and another of Franciscans."

Louvain prided itself as having never been taken by arms; in the year 1542, Martin Rossem, general of the Gueldrians, attempted it in vain; and in 1572, William, Prince of Orange, was compelled to raise the siege, by the vigorous resistance of the citizens and students. On the first Sunday of July, they have an annual fete in memory of their deliverance from the Dutch and the French, in 1635, who were compelled by famine to retire. And on the 5th of August, 1710, the French under the Partisan du Moulin, attempted to surprise the city, but were repulsed by the citizens, and obliged to retire in confusion; this bravery was rewarded by a present of a golden key, sent them by Charles III. King of Spain, as an acknowledgment of their fidelity, which

his Majesty's good-will. But nevertheless, this city was taken by the French in the year 1746, and again by the soldiers of the French republic, under Dumourier, in their hasty progress through Brabant, but was evacuated on the 22d of March, 1793; and indeed it is but ill adapted for defence, the walls being three leagues in circumference, though not a third part of the inclosed is built on; the rest being occupied for gardens and vineyards.

The houses of its numerous colleges, mostly rebuilt about the conclusion of the last century, generally afforded a gratuitous habitation to many of the students. Several of these buildings, now connected, lately formed a magnificent hotel, occupied by invalids of the French army. The Clothiers' Hall is still a fine building; this had been converted into accommodations for public schools of law, physic, and divinity, for the use of which a magnificent library had been added.

Next to the superb colleges, the Maison de Ville attracts particular attention. As a Gothic building it seems to have been one of the most expensive ever known; the numerous embossed figures, even upon the exterior, are of the most exquisite workmanship. The church of St. Peter opposite, had a fine tower upwards of 500 feet high, which fell without any apparent cause in 1606. The ci-devant college of the Jesuits, lately converted into a parish church, affords an additional proof of the costliness of all the buildings that have belonged to this suppressed order.

White beer brewed here is an article in great request; but there are three sorts in the whole: viz. the strongest, called *peterman*, the exportation of

which out of the city was long since prohibited *Caniac* is the common table beer at the colleges and other houses; but that which is called *Bierre de Louvain*, is an article of exportation to every part of the Low Countries. The canal that runs from Louvain to Malines, has been in a manner deserted, ever since Louvain ceased to be the staple for goods on transit through this part of the country.

In the year 1788, the greatest part of the university, for its opposition against the Emperor, was removed to Brussels, and only divinity was suffered to be taught there. The following year gave rise to great disturbances; the houses of the friends of government were plundered, and violent measures adopted against the Imperial troops; but tranquillity was restored before the general insurrection of the Netherlands. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, Louvain employed 150,000 hands in the cotton branch. At present the whole population does not far exceed 40,000 souls.

MALINES.

Malines, or *Mechlin*, is situated upon the river Dyle. Ortelius says that there was an inn kept by one Michael, whom the Brabanters called Machiel, which became so famous, as to give name to the place, and the city which was built afterwards, was called in the country language Machelen, or Mechelen. It has six parish churches; the metropolitan dedicated to St. Rombaut, is a very large and handsome structure, built about the year 1451.

Philip le Bel, Duke of Burgundy, held here, in the

Fleece, when he created fourteen new knights. Besides the churches, there are a great number of religious houses, both for men and women. The patron of Malines is St. Rombaut, and the patroness St. Mary Magdalene: St. Rombaut is said to have been a younger son of a petty king of Ireland, and elected to the bishopric of Dublin, but not thinking himself of age to support the dignity of the office, he quitted it, and travelled to Rome, to visit the tombs of the apostles and other martyrs. In his return he stopped at Malines, where he converted a great number of infidels. He was killed on the 24th of June in the year 75, by two assassins, one of whom was induced by avarice, in hopes of finding some treasures left behind, the other by revenge for having been reproved for adultery. An annual fete is kept at Malines, in honour of this saint, appointed by Pope Alexander IV. the first of July, the octave of his martyrdom, that it might not interfere with the fete of St. John Baptist, kept on the 24th of June. Malines was anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Liege; after that of Cambray, in which state it continued to the year 1559, when Pope Paul IV. at the solicitation of Philip II. King of Spain, erected it into an archbishopric, with the title of Primate of the Netherlands, and Abbot of Affligem; and assigned half the revenues of that abbey for the maintenance of his table.

The suffragans of this metropolitan were the bishops of Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres, Ruremond, and Bois le-Duc, the latter of which was dissolved at the revolution of the States; and its jurisdiction extends over seventeen cities and four hundred and fifty-five villages. Among the such

bishops of this see may be reckoned William Allen, an Englishmen and a cardinal, who, however, never was installed, but continued at Rome, where he died in the year 1594. Since the erection of the archbishopric, several provincial councils have been held, at which all the suffragans assisted; the first was held at Malines in the year 1570, at which the bishop of Ypres presided in the absence of the archbishop Cardinal Granvelle, who was at Madrid; the second was held in the year 1574, at Louvain, where the same bishop presided; a third was held at Malines in the year 1607, under archbishop Hovius, who published the synodal ordinances two years after.

In the latter end of the fifteenth century, a college was founded by John Standnock, for poor students, which was enlarged by archbishop Hovius: this Standnock was a native of Malines, and besides the above, founded colleges of the same kind at Louvain, at Cambray, at Valenciennes, and at Paris, at which last place he died in the year 1504, and was there interred with the following epitaph,

Pauperis mementote Standonis.

The magistracy is composed of an Escout, two burgomasters, twelve Echevins, two governors of the police, two treasurers, two pensioners, two secretaries, and two Greffiers; it has seventeen companies of trades, the chiefs of which have a seat and a voice in the large council.

On the 7th of August, 1546, a terrible accident happened at Malines: the lightning set fire to the magazine, containing two thousand quintals of gunpowder, which blew up, and destroyed three hundred houses, killed two hundred persons, and maim-

ed six hundred others. The report was so great, that it was distinctly heard at Brussels and Antwerp, the inhabitants of which cities considered it as an earthquake.

In the year 1580, a party of English and Flemings under the conduct of Sir John Norris, after having burned the fauxbourgs, entered into the city, pillaged and set fire to it in many places. In the year 1792, Malines admitted the French general Labourdonnaye without a contest.

Though the gilt leather trade of this town has entirely decayed, as well as the making of tapestry, it can still boast of a population of twenty thousand souls, chiefly employed in the tanneries and in the manufacture of rugs. Hats made here, are equal to those made at Brussels or any other part of the Low Countries. Lace made here yields in beauty to Brussels lace, but is more durable. It is not true, that all the lace known by the latter name, is manufactured at Malines: very lately there were not above ten lace makers in Malines, and their houses furnished all the employment of that kind in the town. Malines, so far from being confined to its manufactures, carries on no small trade in grain, and other produce in its environs; besides, the tide which brings the Dyle up to its walls, gives the inhabitants an opportunity of supplying themselves with plenty of river and sea-fish. The brown beer here, is not only excellent, but the meat is of the best quality; and this is imputed to a regulation adopted by the magistrates, by which the butchers are prohibited from killing cows, nor can any individual butcher kill more than one ox per week. On this account, they are always careful only to pur

chase the fattest. The pork-shops at Malines are constantly well supplied with bacon, hams, &c. so well cured, that it might be introduced to the best tables for its delicacy and flavour: even the feet and the ears of the pig, as prepared here, are well known all through Belgium as forming the dish, distinguished by the appellation *de dejeuner de Malines* A late French traveller alluded to before, on this head observes, "that it would be useless to seek for a place where there is better eating than at Malines," and that he can add, without scruple, that the low price of eatables, and that of house rent, is another recommendation, though it arises from the difficulty of letting the houses, since the town had been deprived of its grand council, and the number of advocates, pleaders, and other persons dependant upon the government. Large barracks for cavalry and infantry are still preserved, though the archiepiscopal seminary is merely the shadow of what it has been: however, the causeway that leads to Louvain, is kept in excellent preservation; but being perfectly straight, is by no means so pleasant as some others, where the scenery is of course more agreeably diversified.

MONS.

Mons, called by the Flemings *Bergen*, is seated on a hill, and watered by the river Trouille, which runs through the town, and joins the Haisne. It had an ancient castle, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar, who made it a place of arms; it is recorded also, that Ambiorix, King of the Eburons, assisted the Nervii in besieging Quintus Cicero, brother of the

in that place, and was defeated by Cæsar fifty years before Christ. This castle was demolished in the year 1618, and the materials were used to build the choir of the church of St. Elizabeth. Near it was a tower which could hardly be equalled for the beauty of its architecture.

The town is large, the streets are broad, and the great market-place very spacious, on which you see the town-house, the palace of the government, and that of the council of the province. The town-house is a venerable, large, old building, on which the States erected a fine steeple in 1716. These three palaces, which are the chief ornaments of the city, are very finely adorned with sculpture and painting. This is also a place of good trade for divers commodities, especially woollen stuffs, which are manufactured here in great quantities. The great church is a fine building, the side altars and chapel are all of marble and jasper; and there is a marble tomb finely embellished; the statues, among which are the four cardinal virtues and the resurrection, are much esteemed.

Mons has several times suffered the calamities of war. In the year 1572, Louis, comte of Nassau, brother of William Prince of Orange, surprised the city by sending in some soldiers disguised as dealers in wine, who seized the gates, and admitted the comte the 24th of May, at four o'clock in the morning. It was besieged by the Duke of Alva's son the 23d of July following, and submitted on the 19th of September, notwithstanding the vigorous defence made by the comte of Nassau, and the efforts which the Prince of Orange made to succour it.

In the year 1677, Mons was blockaded by the French army under the command of the marechal de Humieres; and the blockade was continued to the following year, when the citizens began to suffer a famine. William, Prince of Orange, advanced with an army of thirty thousand men to succour the besieged; the Duke of Luxemburg, who then commanded the French army, was so confident of the good situation he was in, that he sent word to the marechal d'Estrades, one of the French plenipotentiaries at Nimeguen, that he was so posted, that if he had but ten thousand men, and the Prince of Orange forty thousand, he was certain he could not be forced, much less while his army was superior to the enemy; however, the Prince resolved to break through all obstacles, and began his march to attack the French, who were encamped near the abbey of St. Denis, to cover the army engaged in the blockade. The attack commenced on the 14th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, while the Duke of Luxemburg, depending on the treaty then carrying on at Nimeguen, was at dinner, and had made no provision for an engagement; the battle was long and bloody, and the French were driven from the field, leaving the greater part of their wounded, and a considerable quantity of tents, baggage, and warlike stores; the siege of Mons was immediately raised, and the next day it was publicly known, that the peace had been concluded at Nimeguen, of which the prince was made acquainted the day before: this is called the battle of St. Denis. In the beginning of March, 1691, Mons was again besieged by the French King in person, accompanied by the dauphin, the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres. The

garrison consisted of about six thousand men, commanded by the Prince of Bergue; but the besiegers carried on their works with such rapidity as they could not withstand. King William no sooner understood that the place was invested, than he ordered Prince Waldeck to assemble the army, determined to march against the enemy in person. Fifty thousand men were soon collected at Halle, near Brussels; but when he went thither, he found the Spaniards had neglected to provide carriages and other necessaries for the expedition.

Meanwhile, the burghers of Mons seeing their town in danger of being utterly destroyed by the bombs and cannon of the enemy, pressed the governor to capitulate, and even threatened to introduce the besiegers; so that he was forced to comply, and obtained very honourable conditions.

In the year 1709, the allies being resolved to attempt the siege of Mons, Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough detached the hereditary Prince of Hesse with four thousand men, and the rest of the army followed; but the French army being encamped at Blangy, to obstruct their progress, the allies attacked them, and brought on the battle of Malplaquet, after which the siege commenced; the trenches were opened on the 26th, and the city surrendered by capitulation on the 20th of October. The Marquis de Ceva Grimaldi, Lieutenant-general of the army of Spain, marched out with the garrison on the 23d; the French were conducted to Maubeuge, and the Spaniards to Namur. The Dutch retained the military government of the place till the year 1716, when they resigned it to the troops of the Emperor, in virtue of the

barrier treaty concluded at the latter end of the year 1715.

In the year 1746, marechal Saxe invested Mons with a large train of artillery, and made his approaches with such impetuosity, that notwithstanding a brave defence, the garrison was obliged to capitulate on the 27th of June, after the place had been invested twenty-eight days; and while in the hands of the French, the fortifications were demolished, in which state it was restored to the emperor by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Immediately after the battle of Genappe, Dumourier summoned the city of Mons, which surrendered the succeeding morning, and was taken possession of by General Bournonville.

Mons had formerly a number of religious houses and convents, and two colleges, and was formerly a very strong place; it now contains about 18,000 inhabitants. Its chief commerce arises from the neighbouring coal-mines, and marble quarries, and also from cotton manufactures, horned cattle, and sheep.

NAMUR.

Namur is placed in a most picturesque situation in a valley at the conflux of the Meuse and the Sambre, the greater part on the right side of the Sambre between two hills. It is said to take its name from an idol called Nam, supposed to be Neptune; St. Materne, the apostle of the Namurois and disciple of St. Peter, silenced this idol, whence came the name, Nam-Mutum, which was insensibly

by a very strong castle situated on a sharp rock on the opposite side of the Sambre; this castle was defended by Fort William, and many other very considerable forts, so as to make it supposed impregnable. In the year 1692, Louis XIV. being mortified at the defeat of his fleet off La Hogue, determined to lay siege to Namur, and having reviewed his army, which amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand men, he invested it on both sides the Sambre with one half of his army, while the other covered the siege, under the command of the Duke of Luxemburg.

The Prince of Barbançon commanded the garrison, which consisted of nine thousand men. The place was well supplied, and the governor knew that King William would make strong efforts for its relief; notwithstanding which the assailants carried on their attacks with such vigour, that in seven days after the trenches were opened the town capitulated, and the garrison retired into the citadel. King William being joined by the troops of Brandenburgh and Liege, advanced to the Mehaigne at the head of one hundred thousand effective men, and encamped within cannon-shot of Luxemburg's army, which lay on the other side of the river. That general, however, had taken such precautions, that the King of England could not interrupt the siege, nor attack the French lines without great disadvantage.

The besiegers, encouraged by the presence of their monarch, and assisted by Vauban their engineer, repeated their attacks with such impetuosity that the fort Coehorn was surrendered after an obstinate defence, in which Coehorn himself had been

dangerously wounded. It was a noble spectacle to behold the two greatest engineers Europe had ever bred, Vauban and Coehorn, exhaust the whole science of attack and defence. Several sallies and assaults were made; the beseiged performed wonders, but the fortune of the besiegers prevailed, and the citadel surrendered in sight of King William's army.

Namur remained in the possession of the French till the year 1695, when King William was determined, if possible, to retake it, and having by his motions drawn the forces of the enemy towards Flanders, he directed the Baron de Heyden and the Earl of Athlone, who commanded forty squadrons from the camp of the Elector of Bavaria, to invest the city, and this service was performed on the third day of July; but as the place was not entirely surrounded, Marechal Boufflers threw himself into it with such a reinforcement of dragoons, as augmented the garrison to fifteen thousand chosen men. The king and the elector brought up the rest of the forces, which encamped on both sides the Sambre and the Meuse; and the lines of circumvallation were begun on the sixth, under the direction of the engineer General Coehorn.

The French since its last reduction had made such additional works, that united with the number of the garrison and quality of the troops commanded by a marechal of France, who was distinguished by his valour and conduct, the enterprise was deemed an undeniable proof of King William's temerity. On the 11th the trenches were opened, and the next day the batteries began to play with

incredible fury, and the garrison defended the place with equal spirit and perseverance.

On the 18th, the Major General Ramsay and the Lord Cutts, at the head of five battalions English, Scots, and Dutch, attacked the enemy's advanced works on the right of the counterscarp. They were sustained by six English battalions, commanded by Brigadier General Fitzpatrick, while eight foreign regiments, with nine thousand pioneers, advanced on the left, under Major General Salisch. The assault was desperate and bloody, the enemy maintaining their ground for two hours, with undaunted courage; but at last they were obliged to give way, and were pursued to the very gates of the town, though not before they had killed or wounded twelve hundred of the confederate army. The king was so well pleased with the behaviour of the British troops, that during the action he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the Elector of Bavaria, and exclaimed with emotion, "See my brave English!"

On the 27th, the English and Scots, under Ramsay and Hamilton, assaulted the counterscarp, where they met with prodigious opposition from the fire of the besieged. Nevertheless, being sustained by the Dutch, they made a lodgment on the foremost covered way before the gate of St. Nicholas, as also upon part of the counter-guard. The valour of the assailants on this occasion was altogether unprecedented, and almost incredible; while on the other hand the courage of the besieged was worthy of praise and admiration. Several persons were killed in the trenches at the side of the king, and among these Mr. Godfrey, deputy governor of

the Bank of England, who had come to the camp, to confer with his majesty about remitting money for the payment of the army.

On the 30th day of July, the Elector of Bavaria attacked Vauban's line that surrounded the works of the castle. General Coehorn was present in this action, which was performed with equal valour and success. They not only broke through the line, but even took possession of Coehorn's fort, in which, however, they found it impossible to effect a lodgment.

On the second day of August, Lord Cutts, with four hundred English and Dutch grenadiers, attacked the saillant-angle of a demi-bastion, and lodged himself in the second counterscarp. The breaches being now practicable, and preparations made for a general assault, Count Guiscard, the governor, capitulated for the town on the 4th of August; and the French retired into the citadel, against which twelve batteries played, upon the 13th. The trenches, meanwhile, were carried on with great expedition, notwithstanding all the efforts of the besieged, who fired without ceasing, and exerted amazing diligence and intrepidity in defending and repairing the damage they sustained. At length the annoyance became so dreadful from the unintermitting showers of bombs, and red hot bullets, that Boufflers, after having made divers furious sallies, formed a scheme for breaking through the confederate camp with his cavalry. This, however, was prevented by the extreme vigilance of King William.

On the 30th day of August, the besieged were

parley with the Comte de Lamont, general of the French infantry, gave him to understand, that the Marechal Villeroy had retired towards the Mehaigne; so that the garrison could not expect to be relieved. No immediate answer being returned to this message, the parley was broke off, and the king resolved to proceed without delay to a general assault, which he had already planned with the elector, and his other generals. Between one and two in the afternoon, Lord Cutts, who desired the command, though it was not his turn of duty, rushed out of the trenches of the second line, at the head of three hundred grenadiers, to make a lodgment in the breach of Terra Nova, supported by the regiments of Culthorp, Buchan, Hamilton, and Mackay; while Colonel Marselley, with a body of Dutch, the Bavarians, and Brandenburghers, attacked at two other places. The assailants met with so warm a reception, that the English grenadiers were repulsed, even after they had mounted the breach; Lord Cutts being for some time disabled by a shot in the head. Marselly was defeated, taken, and afterwards killed by a cannon ball from the batteries of the besiegers.

The Bavarians, by mistaking their way, were exposed to a most dreadful fire, by which their General Comte Rivera, and a great number of their officers were killed; nevertheless, they fixed themselves on the outward entrenchment on the point of the Coehorn next to the Sambre, and maintained their ground with amazing fortitude. Lord Cutts, when his wound was dressed, returned to the scene of action, and ordered two hundred chosen men of Mackay's regiment, commanded by Lieutenant

Cockle, to attack the face of the saillant-angle next to the breach, sword in hand, while the ensigns of the same regiment should advance, and plant their colours on the pallisadoes. Cockle and his detachment executed the command he had received with admirable intrepidity. They broke through the pallisadoes, drove the French from the covered way, made a lodgment in one of the batteries, and turned the cannon against the enemy. The Bavarians being thus sustained made their post good.

The Major, Generals, La Cave and Scheverin, lodged themselves at the same time on the covered-way; and although the general assault did not succeed in its full extent, the confederates remained masters of a very considerable lodgment, nearly an English mile in length. Yet this was dearly purchased with the lives of two thousand men, including many officers of great rank and reputation. During the action, the Elector of Bavaria signalized his courage in a very remarkable manner, riding from place to place through the hottest of the fire, giving his directions with perfect coolness and presence of mind, according to the emergency of circumstances, animating the officers with praise and promises of preferment, and distributing handfuls of gold among the private soldiers.

On the first day of September, the besieged having obtained a cessation of arms, that their dead might be buried, the Comte de Guiscard appearing on the breach, desired to speak with the Elector of Bavaria; his highness immediately mounting the breach, the French governor offered to surrender the fort Coehorn, but was given to understand, if he meant to capitulate, he must treat for

the whole. This reply being communicated to Boufflers, he agreed to the proposal: the cessation was prolonged, and that very evening the capitulation was finished. It was observed that the French king had so much confidence in the strength of this place, that he caused this inscription to be put up over one of the gates:

Reddi, non vinci potest.

It may be surrendered, but it cannot be conquered.

After the death of Charles II. of Spain, the French seized Namur with the rest of the Netherlands. In the year 1704, the Dutch army, under General Ouwerkercke, or Overkirk, bombarded it from the 20th of July to the 29th, and destroyed great part of the city; but the French kept possession of it till the treaty of Utrecht, when the comté, town and castle, were given up to the States-General, to serve as a barrier against France; the Elector of Bavaria being to enjoy the sovereignty and revenues, and the town to contribute its quota to the maintenance of the Dutch troops and fortifications.

In the year 1746, after the French had taken Huy, and cut off the communication of the allies with Maestricht, prince Charles of Lorraine abandoned the defence of Namur, and it was immediately invested by the enemy. The trenches were opened on the second day of September; and the garrison, consisting of seven thousand Austrians, defended themselves with equal skill and resolution; but the cannonading and bombardment were so terrible, that in a few days the place was converted into a heap of rubbish; and on the twenty-third day of

the month, the French monarch took possession of this strong fortress, which had formerly sustained such dreadful attacks. By the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, it was ceded to the emperor, and since that time the fortifications have been demolished, except the citadel, of which General Valence, with a detachment of the French army, made himself master the second of December, 1792.

From the ruined chateau of Namur, as well as from an eminence close to the city, there is a charming view, though from the latter point, the rivers Sambre and Meuse are not visible. Upon the declivity of an immense rock, which in a manner hangs over this city, there are several kitchen-gardens that have a very picturesque appearance. There are also some small habitations very near its summit. Upon this eminence, there is likewise the remains of an immense citadel; but the place was at the same time defended by a double chain of mountains, extending along both sides of the river. The bed of the Sambre being considerably higher than that of the Meuse, this inconvenience has been remedied by the construction of a sluice.

Among the delicious fish abounding here, are carp, trout, barbel, salmon, and crabs, in abundance; great numbers of the latter are an article of exportation, and are well known by the appellation of the *Ecrivisses de Namur.*

Among the churches in this city, the cathedral, and that of the ci-devant Jesuits, appear the most striking. The first, which is modern, is of the Corinthian order, and has a beautiful dome. The interior is interesting, and merits the attention of tra-

fine columns of the same order, supporting a façade, the cornice of which serves for a pedestal to several statues of white marble. The Jesuits' church is, beyond contradiction, superior to the cathedral. Its arches of white marble, sculptured in the taste of the times, at a great expence, are uncommonly rich. The nave is supported by twelve rustic columns of red marble, surmounted by Ionic capitals. The stones of the marble pavement of different colours, are curiously jointed in each other. Wood, richly sculptured, adorns the lower part of the walls, and the confession boxes are extremely beautiful, each of them presenting the appearance of three arcades, supported by spiral columns, which produce a very fine effect.

Most of the streets in Namur are large and clean, and have agreeable openings. The houses, in general, built of a darkish blue stone, exhibit a whimsical, though rather a pleasing appearance. The houses in the Grand Place, or Square, which is rather an oval, are all three stories high; but the Hotel de Ville here is scarcely worth notice.

The iron-mines in the neighbourhood of Namur, and the forests near the Meuse, supply such an abundance of charcoal, that a great portion of the population is employed in the iron-works. A lead-mine at Vedrin, a small distance from Namur, is also very profitable. The stone, or rather the marble quarries, in this neighbourhood, produce excellent lime, and stones of very large dimensions. The perfection with which they polish marble here, renders it very beautiful. The best black marble is also said to be had only here, so that the Italians

to use it. Here is also a brisk trade in cutlery and copper. The immense vein of marble that commences in the quarry called Des Malabes, extends as far as Luxemburg, but not without varying in its colour, so that at Vausore and St. Remi, the red tinge predominates over every other Entering the ci-devant Duchy of Luxemburg, by Fontaine L'Eveque, a rocky and mountainous appearance meets the eye, not to be found in any of the Belgic provinces, excepting when near the sea coast. Still activity, industry, and easy circumstances, are every where visible, even upon the rocky shores of the Meuse; and yet in the appearance of the country here, and the other parts of Belgium, there is almost as much difference as between day and night.

There cannot be a more delightful excursion, than from Namur to Liege by water. The coup-d'œil of the precipices which run along both sides of this river, is truly magnificent. It is impossible for the pen to describe the truly romantic beauty, and the delightful and imposing aspect of these views, which the Belgium artists, who study nature, come here to enjoy. These rocks, sometimes covered with wood, sometimes naked to the summit, are of different hues, white, blue, grey, or sombrous, and varied more or less at every step. From the numerous fissures in these rude unformed masses, trees, copses, and plants of different descriptions, frequently met the eye, particularly the box and the creeping ivy; the pendent wreaths of the latter have a very agreeable effect.

NIVELLES.

This is a small town, about fifteen miles S. of Brussels, containing 7,000 inhabitants, but formerly much more populous and considerable, than at present. Before the Revolution, it was rich in convents and religious houses. Its commerce is in lace, woollen stuffs, paper, horned cattle, and swine.

OSTEND.

Among the flourishing and numerous cities of the Netherlands, Ostend formerly held a distinguished rank. Its decline was rapid, though its port continued to be frequented. About the commencement of the French revolution, it appeared almost a desolate and deserted place. That event, if it did not restore it to its former opulence, at least prevented its utter decay. By the various circumstances of the revolutionary war, Ostend acquired a partial revival of its commerce and consequence; and it has become, at this very momentous period, a place of peculiar interest and importance to the British nation.

In the long line of coast from the Texel to Brest, there is not one good natural harbour; for the embouchures of the Rhine and Scheldt, though accessible at all times of the tide in fine weather, yet are so blocked up and impeded by sand-banks, and shifting sands, that the approach in bad weather, or during dark nights, is very dangerous. The other ports are factitious tide harbours, dry at low

these, Ostend (which word signifies East-port) is among the best.

The harbour of Ostend is formed by a natural inlet of the sea, which has forced a passage between two sand-hills. The south-western bank, or beach, is of a triangular shape, and possesses some degree of elevation above high-water mark, and the surrounding flat country, so that, at half tide, it is completely peninsulated; and on this bank the town is built. This inlet has been improved at different times. The ground has been scooped out, so as to form the interior harbour or bason, which terminates in the great canal of Bruges, to which it is connected by superb flood-gates, piers, and sluices. Externally, the channel is confined and deepened by two piers or jetties: their construction is simple, yet effective, being nothing more than double rows of piles driven into the sand, and connected by a flooring of strong planks. Not above one hundred yards from the end of the piers there is a bar, which runs across the harbour's mouth, upon which, in neap tides, there is not more than seven or eight feet water; at high water, in ordinary tides, there are twelve feet; and, in lunar tides, twenty-five feet and upwards on the bar. If these jetties were carried out so as to rest upon the sand-bank which forms the bar, it would deepen the water, and prevent the further accumulation of sand, which is constantly thrown by the northern current on the east side of the harbour. If Ostend were to remain ultimately in our possession, the improvement of its harbour, of which it is very susceptible at a moderate expence, would be worth the consideration

During the period of its commercial prosperity, that is, between the years 1720 and 1780, the town of Ostend became greatly enlarged. Ramparts were demolished to make room for buildings, and a new town was regularly laid out and completed. It resembles in some respests an English town, being built of brick, with flagged foot-ways, a convenience not met with any where else on the Continent. Yet the inhabitants persist in walking in the middle of the street, amidst heaps of dung, carts, horses, &c. so inveterate are prejudice and habit. The beauty of the new town consists principally in a fine quay, which borders the inner harbour, where the large and handsome hotel of the ci-devant East India Company makes, at this day, a conspicuous figure.

The old town has a shattered, and somewhat shabby appearance. It contains, however, two good squares, or, as they are more properly called, places. The Maison de Ville forms the entire side of one of them. It was formerly reckoned among the most magnificent structures of the kind in the Netherlands, being ornamented with two fine towers at each wing, and a dome in the centre; but this superb building was nearly ruined by the bombardment of 1745. The body of the town-house still subsists, but of its dome and two beautiful towers, there only remains the stump of one of them, surmounted by a wooden cupola. The church is a large heavy building of brick, without the smallest claim to architectural merit; but the inside is richly ornamented. It has a lofty octangular steeple, with a very clumsy spire; affording, however, an

distance, when nothing else on land can be discerned. The Pharos is also a striking object. It is a simple column, standing solitary, like Pompey's Pillar, on the beach. It supports a large reverberating lanthorn. Near the Pharos is a flag-staff, on which a blue flag is gradually hoisted in proportion as the tide flows into the harbour.

The fortifications of Ostend are more than two miles in circumference. They were dismantled, but had not been essentially injured. They are now undergoing repairs and additions, which will make them very formidable. As the place is situated on an elevated beach, the ramparts tower above the flat country, which being lower than high water-mark, can be speedily and extensively inundated. The only hostile approaches are along the high sand-hills to the north and south; the former is protected by a strong redoubt, built by the late French government, called Fort Napoleon; and there are at present 2000 men at work, constructing another on the south side.

By a census made six years ago, the inhabitants of Ostend were found to amount to 10,570 individuals, exclusive of the garrison. Their number must have encreased since.

The civil and military history of Ostend is interesting. Like many of the towns of modern Europe, it was indebted for its origin to ecclesiastical establishments, the signiory being invested in the abbey of Saint Bertin, at Saint Omer. Mankind owes more to saints and their relics than an incredulous world is willing to allow. If some of these never had existence, we know that their foster-fathers, the monks, had

enjoyed an instinctive perception in the choice of the most healthy, fertile, and picturesque situations for their habitations; and that to their selection we are indebted for some of the finest and most flourishing cities of Europe.

On this sanctified ground Robert le Frison, Count of Flanders, built a church, dedicated to Notre Dame, in the year 1072. This Robert was an usurper, and like all usurpers, was a man of talent and courage. He dispossessed his nephew, the true heir, who fled to Philip I. King of France. Philip marched with a great army to reinstate him; but the usurper totally defeated the French, and the nephew fell in the battle. Robert being now established in the possession of Flanders, the Pope enjoined him, as a penance, to build churches, and found abbeys. Robert did not dispute the mandate of his holiness; he was one of the first improvers of the country, and after a long reign left it in a flourishing condition. The church, like that of Dunkirk, was soon surrounded with dwellings, and became a considerable town; but on the 22d of November, 1334, both church and town were swallowed up by a sudden influx of the sea. The very next year, however, a new church, and a new town, fortified with palisadoes, were built higher up on the beach, which have braved the fury of the elements ever since. In 1445, Philip le Bon, Count of Flanders, surrounded Ostend with walls, erected the four gates, and formed the harbour.

About this period, Ostend acquired maritime importance, and became the most noted fishing station on the whole coast. Its fishermen are commemorated for catching mermaids, sea monsters, and

odd fishes. This species of fishery has of late declined; but, perhaps, if they threw their nets farther westward, it might again revive.

It was not until the year 1583, that Ostend was regularly fortified, by Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, who made it the sea-port of the great cities of Ghent and Bruges, which he had recently taken. The same year, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, attempted to carry the newly fortified town by a *coup de main*, in which he failed. But the Archduke Albert, the Spanish governor of the Netherlands, having lately espoused Isabella, Infanta of Spain, daughter of Philip II. thought that he could not better signalize the outset of his government, than by the reduction of so important a place. Ostend was therefore invested by the Spaniards, with a powerful army, in 1601. For two years the siege was prosecuted with that calm fortitude; and steady perseverance which so eminently distinguish the Spanish character; but it was defended by that obstinate valour, and that indefatigable exertion, for which the Dutch were no less remarkable. The latter, moreover, threw in succours by sea, of which they had the undisputed possession. Duke Albert, finding that no serious impression was made on the place, while the loss of the besiegers was immense, had the good sense to discover the superior talents of Ambrose Spinosa, then a junior general, to whom he intrusted the future conduct of the siege, notwithstanding the open discontents of his superiors. Spinosa soon changed the aspect of affairs. His first care was to equip a flotilla of galleys, to cut of the supplies by sea, which was

this fleet was defeated in an attempt to raise the siege of Slüys, then besieged by the Prince of Orange, in which Frederick Spinosa himself was killed, yet it partly effected its purpose. Meanwhile Spinosa pushed on its approaches through sands and marshes, which were supposed to be utterly impassable, with the utmost vigour. He succeeded at length in raising his batteries within point-blank shot, from which the works were incessantly battered by cannon of a large calibre, carrying fifty-pound balls. The fire was returned with equal spirit by the besieged, and it is reported, that the noise of the firing was heard as far as London. At last the place being totally destroyed, the remnant of the brave garrison capitulated on the 14th of September, 1604, and obtained honourable terms, after a siege, for ever memorable, of three years, three months, and three days. Ostend was commanded during the siege, by four successive governors; Charles Vandernoot and Robert de Vere (an English general) were killed, and Frederick van Dorp was dangerously wounded. Daniel de Hortain, Lord de Marquette, survived, and signed the capitulation.

The Archduke Albert, and his consort, the Infanta Isabella, made their triumphal entry into, what they expected to find, the city; instead of which, their terrified looks glanced over the horrors of an immense cemetery, where mutilated human bodies were intermingled with masses of smoking ruins. They could not contemplate such a scene without reflecting, that so much important time had been thrown away, so much blood and treasure expended, for the sorrowful conquest of a sterile bank of sand and

a mis-shapen heap of rubbish. During the siege the garrison was frequently renewed. The besieged sustained a loss of about 50,000 men, whilst that of the besiegers amounted to more than 80,000.

The employment of the enemy's best troops in this protracted siege, gave time to the Prince of Orange to recover his losses, and to make himself master of Rhenberg, Grave, and Slüys. It was followed by a truce of twelve years, in which the independence of the Dutch republic was first recognized by Spain. In consequence of such great results, the Dutch thought themselves amply indemnified for the loss of Ostend. Both sides struck medals on the occasion, to commemorate their respective triumphs. The archduke struck two, which denoted the commencement and end of the siege. They had punning mottos: *Ostende nobis pacem*, and *Ostendam initia pacis*, the Roman numerals being the chronogram. On the other hand, the Prince of Orange struck a medal with the legend of *Jehova plus dederat quam perdidimus.*

In those times, and for many years after, all remarkable events were commemorated by medals. It is much to be regretted, that this classical custom has been discontinued. Medals are historical epigrams—

'The brief abstract and chronicle of the times,'

—and what a rich and varied collection might not the present times have afforded? and would not a series of medals collected from every source, give a juster and more lively account of events, than could be gathered from the party publications of the day

never impartial? Of the swords of the Xenophons and Cæsars we may proudly boast, but where shall we find their pens?

Ostend being a convenient seaport, soon rose from its ashes. The Netherlands having passed to the house of Austria, it remained under its government till the French revolution. In 1648, the French attempted to carry the place by a *coup de main.* They embarked in batteaux for that purpose a select corps of 2000 men; but the flotilla was intercepted, and most of the troops killed or taken prisoners. The town was compelled to sustain another siege in the year 1706. The allies, commanded by the Field-Marshal Nassau de Overkerke, sat down before it on the 23d of June, whilst it was blockaded by an English squadron under Admiral Fairborn. After undergoing a furious bombardment, which again reduced the place to ruins, it surrendered, on capitulation, the 6th of July following. Ostend then received a Dutch garrison; but it was restored to the Emperor by virtue of the Barrier treaty, concluded in 1715. From this date, Ostend began greatly to prosper. The Emperor Charles VI. established an East India Company there, which had so much success, that it excited the commercial jealousy of the Dutch, English, and French. The court of Vienna was induced to abandon this fertile source of wealth, from political and diplomatic intrigue. It is even affirmed, that a *douceur* of ten millions of florins, caused the India Company of Ostend, with all its rights and charters, to be transferred to Amsterdam. After which the place soon began to decline; two thousand of its richest and most commercial citizens transport-

ed themselves, their wealth, experience, and industry, to other places; and though various attempts were made to revive its trade, for which purpose, in 1781, it was declared a free port, yet it never could recover itself.

Before its absolute decay, Ostend was fated once more to suffer a destructive siege. When the battle of Fontenoy had laid open all Flanders to the French, Ostend was besieged by Count de Lowendhal. He sat down before the place on the 23d of August, 1745, and after thirteen days open trenches, and five days bombardment, (which dilapidated the greater part of the buildings, and among the rest, the superb Maison de Ville) it surrendered upon honourable terms. The garrison amounted to 3600 men, most of whom were English. Louis XV. made his triumphal entry into Ostend on the 3d of the following September; but it was finally restored to Austria by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. When the Emperor Joseph II. caused all the towns of the Austrian Netherlands to be unfortified, Ostend was dismantled, but its ramparts remained entire.

On the breaking out of the French revolution, the battle of Genappe put this maritime fortress into the hands of the republicans. The subsequent reverses of Dumourier restored it to the Austrians. Become now a sort of military shuttlecock, it was again placed at the disposal of the French; when the fatal battle of Fleurus opened all the Netherlands, and Holland itself, to the enemy.

The English government having at all times appreciated the importance of Ostend, planned an expedition, in 1800, to surprise the place, or at least

render it useless to the enemy. About 3000 men, under the command of Sir Eyre Coote, disembarked without opposition near the city, and immediately proceeded to destroy the flood gates, and blow up the locks which joined the inner harbour to the canal of Bruges, and situated about a mile and a half outside the fortifications. After effecting this service, the troops attempted to re-embark; but, in the mean time, the weather had become stormy, and so great a surf broke on the beach, that no vessel, not even a boat, could approach it. The little army was therefore obliged to bivouac on the sand hills: and the next day, the wind blowing still fresher, it found itself surrounded by numerous military corps called in from all the neighbourhood. A partial action took place, in which the English had about one hundred men killed and wounded, the general being among the latter. No way of escape being open, the small force had the mortification to ground their arms and become prisoners, even within view of the fleet, which could not possibly assist them.

Napoleon meditated great improvements for Ostend, but the superior importance of Antwerp engrossed all his care. That city and Ostend were the last places which the French reluctantly evacuated, agreeably to the late treaty of Paris.

The excursion by the hoy from Ostend to Bruges is very interesting, and is thus described by a recent traveller before quoted:

"It was a beautiful summer evening, when we started from a vast lock about a mile from Ostend: and what with the fineness of the weather, the luxuriance of the surrounding vegetation, and the num-

ber and gaiety of a very respectable company, the scene formed a refreshing contrast to the previous part of our expedition, which consisted of a night and day spent at sea on board a close packet. The canal here is very broad and deep, admitting large vessels to proceed a considerable way up the country, and unload their cargoes at the place most desirable. We were drawn by three horses, and proceeded at the rate of four miles and a half an hour. We had thus the consciousness of making a pretty rapid progress, but unaccompanied with the feeling of any motion, except a pleasing sensation of gliding. The placid repose of the surface of the canal, was relieved from dulness by the rays of the setting sun, and was mildly interrupted by the advance of the boat, skimming rather than cutting her way. The opulent rest of the fields, exuberant in the fatness of their produce, and lying low under the weight of their own richness;—the frequent appearance of snug happy looking houses;—the occasional view of sturdy, simple, and well fed peasants, carrying their fishing rods and filled baskets, -united with the other circumstances to produce a sense of tranquil enjoyment. All this might be contemplated in its own quiet from the further extremity of the boat; and turning one's face towards the stern, it might be contrasted with the flutter of gaudy flags and white awnings, the nodding of women's bonnets, the sweeping of their gowns, the bustling, loud chattering, and quick movements of a laughing set of passengers.

" Below the deck where these fine entertainments were going forward, there was a suite of cabins:

son velvet curtains and cushions, where a few who were more languidly inclined than the others, or who found peculiar satisfaction in the conversation and attentions of a single companion, experienced suitable accommodation. Several of the other apartments were occupied as shops for dispensing fruit, liquors, and various refreshments."

Mr. Southey thus pleasingly describes the embarkment at Ostend, and voyage to Bruges:

Embarking there we glided on between
  Strait banks raised high above the level land,
With many a cheerful dwelling white and green
  In goodly neighbourhood on either hand.
Huge-timbered bridges o'er the passage lay,
Which wheeled aside, and gave us easy way.

Four horses, aided by the favouring breeze,
  Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek and large;
Crack goes the whip, the steersman at his ease
  Directs the way, and steady went the barge.
Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we came,—
  Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

WAVRE.

Wavre is a small town containing about 4,800 inhabitants; it was formerly much more considerable, having suffered greatly by fire in the years 1594, 1604, 1695, and 1715. Before the suppression of the clergy, Wavre had several convents and abbeys. Its chief trade is in grain, horned cattle, and swine; and the markets are well attended. It is about 12 miles from Brussels.

BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

This place, the late attack upon which, by the British army, terminated so fatally, is one of the strongest places in the Netherlands. It was regularly fortified in 1629, and esteemed nearly impregnable. Towards Antwerp is a grand half-moon, extending to a fort called *Kyck in-de-Pot*, furnished with four redoubts, and well mounted with cannon; by a canal which communicates with the Scheldt, succours may be thrown into the place during a siege: between the town and the sea are eleven forts well supplied, with a number of redoubts and pallisadoes: towards Steenberg also the outworks are very strong, with a number of redoubts and entrenchments.

Bergen-op-Zoom had its particular lords so long since as the year 1212. After the death of John de Glimes, whom the Duchess of Parma sent into Spain, and who died in prison in the year 1567, the marquisate came to Eitel Frederick, Prince of Hohenzollern, of the house of Brandenburg, by a marriage with Elizabeth de Berg, heiress of the late marquis. With their daughter it was received as a marriage portion by Maurice de la Tour d'Auvergne, governor and senechal of Limosin, &c. This Prince died in 1707, leaving his son Constantin, who quitted the service of France, and retired to Holland, where he was made lieutenant-general of the Dutch forces. In 1707, he espoused Mary Anne, daughter of Philip, Duke of Arenberg and Arschot, by whom he had one only daughter, Mary Henrietta, and

The commander Don Louis de Requesens, governor of the Netherlands, was defeated near this place, on the 29th of January, 1574.

The town of Middleburg being much pressed by the confederates, he equipped a fleet, which he divided to occupy both branches of the Scheldt, and to sail towards Zealand. One part he intrusted to John de Glimes, the vice-admiral, and Julien Romero; the other to Don Sanchez Avila. The two first were defeated by the Zealanders, under the command of Louis Boissot, admiral of Zealand, who lost an eye in the engagement. The conquerors took nine ships, and burnt the Spanish admiral; Glimes was slain; Romero swam to shore. The commander being on the bank, was witness of the unfortunate success of the enterprise; of the whole of which he was informed by Avila, who retired to Antwerp.

The Prince of Parma attempted to take it in 1588 without success; and in 1622, the Marquis of Spinola laid siege to it again, but the besieged defended themselves so valiantly, and the Prince of Orange took such measures to throw succours into the place, that the Marquis was obliged to raise the siege on the 2d of October, after having lost more than ten thousand men, from the 18th of July, when he began his approach. In the year 1746, Marechal Saxe having amused the allies with marches and counter-marches, at length detached count Lowendhal with six and thirty thousand men to besiege Bergen op Zoom. It was secured with a garrison of three thousand men, and well provided with artillery, ammunition, and magazines.

July, and summoned the governor to surrender. The Prince of Saxe-Hildburghausen was sent to its relief with twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons of the troops that could be most conveniently assembled: he entered the lines of Bergen-op-Zoom, where he remained in expectation of a strong reinforcement from the confederate army; and the old Baron Cronstrom, whom the Stadtholder had appointed Governor of Brabant, assumed the command of the garrison.

The besiegers carried on their operations with great vivacity, and the troops in the town defended it with equal valour. The eyes of all Europe were turned upon this important siege. Comte Lowendahl received divers reinforcements, and a considerable body of troops was detached from the allied army under the command of Baron Schwartzenburg, to co-operate with the Prince of Saxe-Hildburghausen. The French general lost a considerable number of men by the close and continual fire of the besieged; while he, in his turn, opened such a number of batteries, and plied them so warmly, that the defences began to give way.

From the sixteenth day of July to the 15th of September, the siege produced an unintermitting scene of horror and destruction; desperate sallies were made, and mines sprung with the most dreadful effects; the works began to be shattered, the town was laid in ashes, the trenches were filled with carnage, nothing was seen but fire and smoke, nothing heard but one continued roar of bombs and cannon. But still the damage fell chiefly upon the besiegers, who were slain in heaps, while the garrison suffered very little, and could be occasionally

relieved or reinforced from the lines. In a word, it was generally believed that Comte Lowendahl would be baffled in his endeavours; and by this belief the governor of Bergen op Zoom seems to have been lulled in a blind security.

At length some inconsiderable breaches were made in one ravelin and two bastions, and these the French general resolved to storm, though Cronstrom believed they were impracticable; and on that supposition presumed that the enemy would not attempt an assault. For this very reason Comte Lowendahl resolved to hazard the attack, before the preparations should be made for his reception. He accordingly regulated his dispositions, and at four o'clock in the morning, on the 16th day of September, the signal was made for the assault. A prodigious quantity of bombs being thrown into the ravelin, his troops threw themselves into the fosse, mounted the breaches, forced open a sally port, and entered the place almost without resistance. In a word, they had time to extend themselves along the curtains, and form in order of battle, before the garrison could be assembled. Cronstrom was asleep, and the soldiers upon duty had been surprised by the suddenness and impetuosity of the attack. Though the French had taken possession of the ramparts, they did not gain the town without opposition. Two battalions of the Scottish troops, in the pay of the States General, were assembled in the market-place, and attacked them with such fury, that they were driven from street to street, until fresh reinforcements arriving, compelled the Scots to retreat in their turn, yet they disputed every inch of

killed upon the spot. Then they brought off the old governor, abandoning the town to the enemy; the troops that were encamped in the lines retreating with great precipitation; all the forts in the neighbourhood immediately surrendered to the victors, who now became masters of the whole navigation of the Scheldt. Bergen-op Zoom was restored to the Dutch at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

Bergen-op-Zoom is thus described by a recent traveller: "Through a country as level as the surface of a lake, you jolt onward in your cabriolet, passing along a paved causeway, which, as if an inundation were apprehended, is raised upon a mound considerably higher than the champaign country which it traverses. At length, you spy the top of a poor looking spire or two, not rising proudly pre-eminent from a group of buildings, but exhibiting their slender and mean pinnacles above the surrounding glacis, as if they belonged to a subterranean city, or indicated the former situation of one which had been levelled with the ground. The truth is, that the buildings of the town, being sunk to a considerable depth beneath the sloping ramparts by which it is surrounded and protected, are completely hidden, and the defences themselves, to an inexperienced eye, present nothing but huge sloping banks of earth, cut into fanciful shapes and angles, and carefully faced with green turf. Yet the arrangement of these simple barriers, with reference to the command of each other, as well as of the neighbouring country, has been held, and I doubt not, justly, the very perfection of military science. And, upon a nearer approach, even the

is chiefly experienced upon his entrance into the town.

"Here, turning at a short angle into a deep and narrow avenue, running through these mounds, which at a distance seemed so pacific and unimportant, he finds himself still excluded by draw-bridges and ditches, while guns, placed upon the adjoining batteries, seem ready to sweep the ground which he traverses. Still moving forward, he rolls over draw-bridges, whose planks clatter under the feet of his horses, and through vaulted arches, which resound to the eternal smack of his driver's whip. He is questioned by whiskered sentinels, his passports carefully examined, and his name recorded in the orderly-book; and it is only after these precautions that a stranger, though as unwarlike as myself, is permitted to enter the town. The impression is a childish one; yet a Briton feels some degree of unpleasant restraint, not only at undergoing a scrutiny, to which he is so little accustomed, but even from the consciousness of entering a place guarded with such scrupulous minuteness.

"These formidable fortifications will soon be of little consequence, and may probably be permitted to go to decay. Bergen-op-Zoom, a frontier town of the last importance, while the Princes of Orange were only Stadtholders of the Seven United Provinces, is a central part of their dominions, since the Netherlands have been united into a single kingdom.

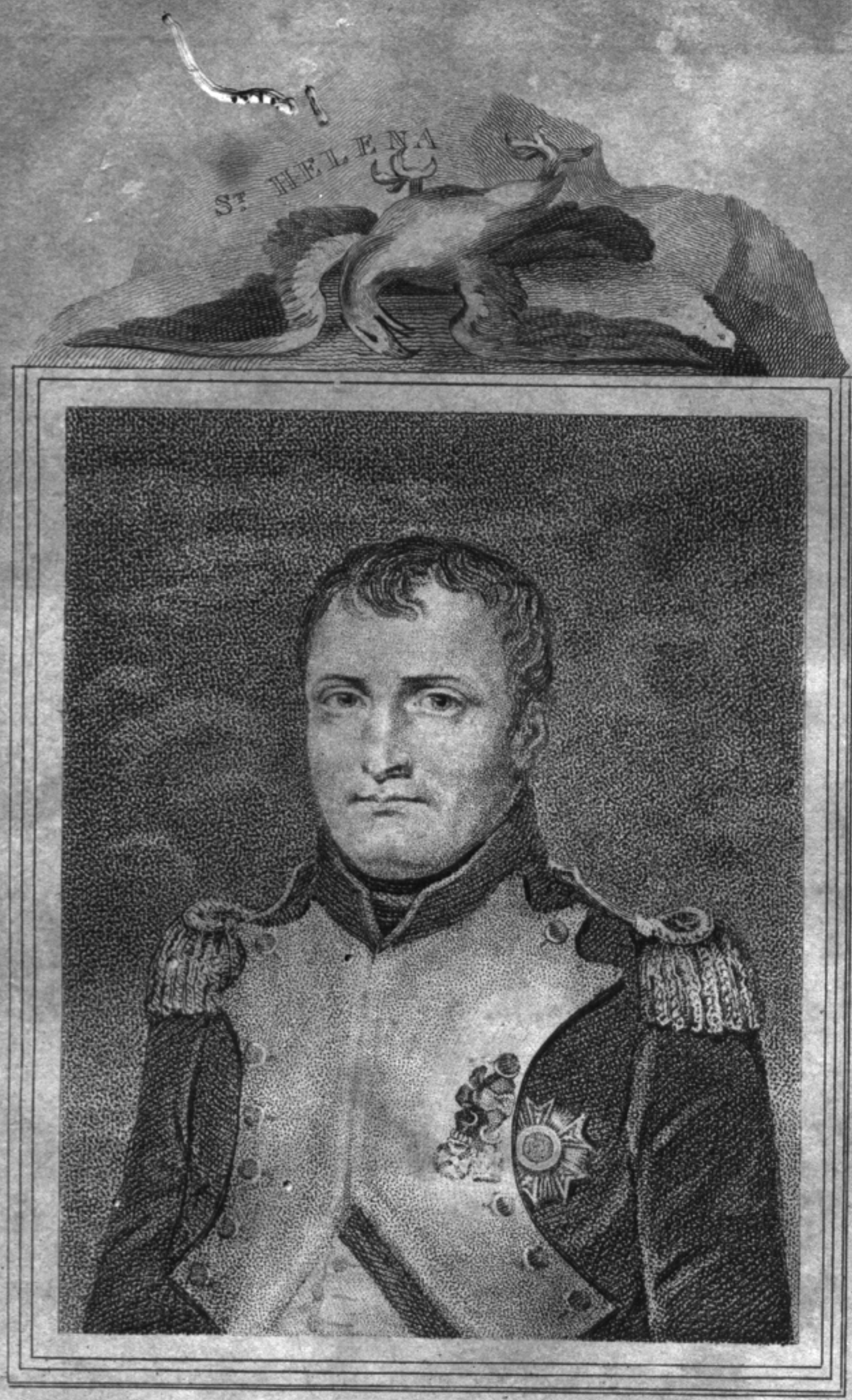
"The history of war contains no example of a bolder attempt than that made by Lord Lyndock on the fortress of Bergen-op-Zoom; and if it failed

all the difficulties which could have been foreseen, had been encountered and surmounted. In fact, (continues our tourist) the assailants, successful upon various points, were already in possession of the greater number of the bastions; and had they fortunately been in communication with each other, so as to have taken uniform measures for attacking the French in the town, they must have become masters of the place. It is even confidently said, that the French commandant sent his aid-de-camp to propose a capitulation; but the officer being killed in the confusion, other and more favourable intelligence induced the Frenchman to alter his purpose. It has been generally alleged, that some disorder was caused by the soldiers, who had entered the town, finding access to the wine-houses. My conductor obstinately denied this breach of discipline. He said, that one of the attacking columns, destined to cross the stream which forms the harbour, had unhappily attended it before the tide had ebbed, and were obliged to wade through when it was of considerable depth; and he allowed, that the severity of the cold, joined to the wetting, might give them the appearance of intoxication. But when the prisoners were put under his charge in the church, of which he was sexton, he declared solemnly, that he did not see among them one individual who seemed affected by liquor.

"The fate of a Dutch officer in our service, who led the attack upon one of the bastions, was particularly interesting. He was a native of the town, and it was supposed had been useful in furnishing hints for the attack. He led on his party with the

of them fled, or fell under a heavy fire,—for the enemy were by this time on the alert,—he descended into the main ditch, crossed it upon the ice, and forced his way, followed by a handful of men, as far as the internal defences of the place. He had already mounted the inner glacis, when he was wounded in many places, and precipitated into the ditch; and, as his followers were unable to bring him off, he remained on the ice until next morning, when, being still alive, he became a prisoner to the French. Their first purpose was to execute him as a traitor, from which they were with difficulty diverted by a letter from the British general, accompanied by documents to establish how long he had been in the English service. The unfortunate gentleman was then permitted to retire from the hospital to his own house in the town, where he did not long survive the wounds he had received."

☞ For a further description of *Belgium*, as also of *Holland* and *Germany*, we refer our readers to *Mr. Campbell's Traveller's Guide*, an excellent work, sold by Sherwood and Co. 20, Paternoster Row.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SKETCH

OF THE

MILITARY AND POLITICAL EVENTS

WHICH TOOK PLACE AFTER THE

BATTLE OF WATERLOO;

THE

ABDICATION AND SUBMISSION OF BONAPARTE

His Voyage to St. Helena,

WITH AN HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THAT ISLAND,

&c. &c.

THE arrival of Bonaparte at Paris on the 20th of June, 1815, we have already noticed at p. 102, of this work: it now remains to detail the events which took place subsequent to this period. He reached Paris at nine at night; he first saw Madame de St. Leu, (Louis Bonaparte's wife) then Maret and Regnault de St. Jean Angely. The following are the interesting details of this interview, as given in a late publication

"M. S. Didier was present. The night was far advanced. Maret sat in a corner of the room, with an alarmed countenance—Regnault stood before a table, making pencil-marks on a piece of paper before him—Bonaparte walked up and down, biting his nails, and taking snuff. He stopped all at once. "Where is the bulletin?"

Regnault.—Here it is, corrected.

Bonaparte.—Let us see. (Regnault began reading it.)

Bonaparte—(During two-thirds of it,) It was gained. When Regnault had finished, he said with a sigh—It is lost!

Bonaparte—It is lost, and—my glory with it.

Regnault.—You have fifty victories to oppose to one defeat.

Maret.—The defeat is decisive; the Emperor is in the right.

Bonaparte.—They are not accustomed to conquer. They will abuse the victory.

Maret.—Those whose cowardice Wellington's bravery has made triumphant, are more dangerous, and more your enemies, than the English and Prussians.

Regnault.—The republicans will grieve; but they will try to profit by the circumstance.

Bonaparte.—They will do well; at least the glory and liberty of the country will remain untouched. If the Royalists succeed, it will be by the support of foreigners.

Maret.—The courage of the Royalists is in the head of Wellington, and the arm of Blucher.

Regnault.—What most presses is, to stop Blucher and Wellington.

Maret.—How? The army exists no more, and the frontier is uncovered.

Regnault.—The frontier is uncovered, but the army exists; it requires only being rallied.

Bonaparte.—It will rally itself; we must re-organize and repair its losses.

Bonaparte.—Grouchy is an honest man, but feeble. Soult has given pledges.

Regnault.—The army will reorganize itself, but the corps are incomplete.

Bonaparte.—Assemble the ministers.—I will have the Chambers know all to-night,

Maret.—Parties will be agitating.

Regnault.—The parties, agitated for a long time, will know each other; measure their strength, and make efforts.

Bonaparte.—So much the better. The masks will fall off. For the public I mean. As for me, a long time has——— Summon the Ministers. We will make a report—tell the truth. If all patriotism and honour are not dead, the Chambers will not refuse men and money.

Maret.—They will speak of sparing water and engines, when the house is on fire.

Regnault.—They have stupidly reproached dictatorship. It is now that it will save all!

Bonaparte.—I have re-commenced a constitutional monarchy—convoke the ministers.

Maret.—No dictatorship. But also no indignities. If we are attacked, we will defend ourselves.

Bonaparte.—Ah! my Old Guard! will they defend themselves like thee?

They separated!—Maret remained with the Emperor, who, in spite of his fatigue, received several visits, at which I was not present. From my window, I saw among the carriages those of Cambaceres, Decres, Caulaincourt, and the two Carnots.

For two days and nights meetings and committees succeeded each other in the Elysee Palace, without

producing any result. The Emperor's anxiety seemed to increase. Much business seemed to be doing, and yet nothing was determined. The time was, however, pressing. The Chambers had assembled, and from the violence of the discussions, it was plain that the parties stood opposed to each other; the necessity of an abdication was already spoken of with much freedom.

I heard the noise of a carriage which suddenly stopped at the Palace; it was Prince Lucien's. Napoleon turned pale on seeing him; he went down, however, and met his brother in the garden. The Prince drew the Emperor aside into the closest walk in the garden. I followed at a distance by turnings which I knew, and I arrived behind a thicket of verdure which concealed me from them. It is probable I heard only the last part of their conversation.

Prince Lucien.—Where is your firmness now? abandon this irresolution. You know the consequence of not having the courage to dare.

The Emperor.—I have dared too much.

The Prince.—Yes, too much, and too little. Dare once again. You deliberate when it is proper you should act. Others are acting and not deliberating; they will pronounce your forfeiture.

The Emperor.—Forfeiture! Let us see Davoust.

They returned into the Palace, and the Prince of Eckmuhl was sent for. I am not certain what was proposed to him, nor what he replied; but it appeared that he would attempt nothing against the independence of the national representation.

Prince Lucien, much agitated, soon drove off in

"What can I say to you? The smoke of Mont St. Jean has turned his head."

The Emperor shut himself hermetically in a retired cabinet, and did not come out for an hour. He had asked for a jelly and coffee, and a valet-de-chambre sent it into him by a boy, who, during his service in the Palace, had been particularly noticed by Napoleon, and of whom he seemed very fond. The boy looked seriously at the Emperor, who was sitting motionless, with his hands over his eyes.—"Eat some," said the boy, "it will do you good." The Emperor asked—"Are you not from Gonesse?"—"No, Sire, I come from Pierre Fite."*—"And your parents have a cottage and some acres there?"—"Yes, Sire,"—"That is a happy life!" His head, which he had for a moment raised, he then sunk again upon his hands.

Napoleon soon after returned to his great Cabinet, where he found me opening a dispatch. "Is there any thing new there?" said the Emperor. "It contains a letter addressed to his Majesty himself." Bonaparte read what follows:—

"The chastisement of a hero consists in his fall. Yours is resolved on, and in order that history may consider it as legal as your cotemporaries will believe it just, the public authority is about to pronounce it. Your accomplices will not then have it in their power to describe it as the work of the bayonets of Kalmucks. You may, however, prevent this. Take to yourself the honour of descending from a throne from which you may be dragged.

This is advice of a candid enemy who has often admired you, who never feared you; and who, at the price of his blood, would have wished to have had to revere in you, the saviour of that world, of which you have been the scourge. That enemy cannot leave him whom his genius and the national will have raised to the sovereignty, without saying to him what his friends, if any yet remain to him, ought to say—*Abdicate.*"

That I should abdicate? biting his lips, and crushing the letter in his hand. What think you of it? said he to two of the Ministers, the Duke of Bassano and Regnault St. Jean d'Angley, who had just entered—the former was silent.—"I understand you," said Napoleon, affecting gaiety, "you agree with the anonymous writer. Well, Count Regnault, what is your opinion?"—"With men and money you may still repel the attacks of your assailants; but without them, what can you do but yield?"—"I am able to resist."—"Public opinion is with the Chambers, and it is the opinion of the Chambers, that a sacrifice is required."

Here General Solignac, member of the Chamber of Deputies, was announced. Solignac! exclaimed the Emperor—he has not spoke to me these five years, what can he want?—The ministers withdrew, and Solignac was immediately admitted.

I was not present at the conversation, I shall therefore quote the words in which the General has stated it himself:—

"It was settled; the Chamber had determined to exclude Napoleon from the throne; but it was wished to show regard for the army in proceedings

glory the troops had so long been accustomed to respect. There was also reason to fear, that the decree of its forfeiture might be made the pretext of an insurrection. The capital might become the scene of serious troubles, and the country be involved in a civil war. It appeared necessary, therefore, in order to avoid these evils, that the abdication of Napoleon should proceed from himself, and be considered as a voluntary act of devotedness for the country.

"To obtain this object, I employed the means of persuasion which appeared to me best calculated for success. After an hour and a half's conversation, Napoleon at last yielded to my urgent recommendations. He appeared touched with the frankness and energy with which I spoke, while at the same time I preserved the respect which was due to his rank, and still more to his misfortunes. In a word, I left the Emperor with the assurance that he would transmit his act of abdication, and I arrived at the Chamber of Representatives, before the forfeiture, which was then under consideration, became the subject of positive decree."

The Chamber of Deputies in the mean time voted itself permanent, declared the independence of the country to be threatened; and, having passed a vote of thanks to the army and national guards, invited Napoleon's ministers to arm the national guard, and repair to that assembly, to answer all questions that should be proposed to them. The Chamber of Peers also declared itself permanent, and passed similar resolutions. While the ministers of Bonaparte were canvassing the dictatorship, they received

sentatives: at the conclusion of a long message, in which the misfortunes of the army formed a prominent feature, it was stated, that Napoleon had nominated a commission of three of his ministers to treat for peace with the allies. The indignation and astonishment of the House are not to be described on receiving this message; and the tumultuary discussion that ensued, is now unnecessary to relate.

On the 22d of June, the two Houses insisted on the immediate abdication of Bonaparte, which he refused; until he learned, that if he did not tender it in one hour, the House of Representatives would vote his expulsion. The House, therefore, adjourned for one hour, to give him time for reflection: at the end of that time it resumed its sitting, and received his formal abdication, which he had reluctantly signed.

In this document he announced, that he had commenced the war for maintaining the national independence; and that, having reason to hope for success, he had braved all the declarations of the powers against him. Circumstances, however, now appeared to him to be changed; and therefore he offered himself a sacrifice to the hatred of the enemies of France. "My political life," said he, "is terminated, and I proclaim my son, under the title of Napoleon II. Emperor of the French."

His abdication was accepted; but the subterfuge in naming his son, was received with indifference: and as no affairs could be transacted without some executive authorities, a provisional government was formed, consisting of M. M. Carnot, Fouche, and

under Bonaparte, and General Grenier and M. Quinette, members of the upper House.

The first measure of this government was, the nomination of five commissioners, who were dispatched to the allied Sovereigns, to announce this change in the administration, and to demand peace: but these messengers were not permitted to pass through the lines of the victorious generals, and in a few days, they returned to the capital.

In the mean time, Fouche, the president of the new government, issued a proclamation to the French, announcing the accession of the young Napoleon, and exhorting them to rally for the defence of their independence. The national guards were every where called out; the lines, formed to defend the capital, were strengthened with new works, and each battalion of the guard was in its turn required to assist in this work of fortification: and Marshal Grouchy, being appointed commander-in-chief of the relics of the grand army, was ordered to hasten to Paris, with all the troops whom he could possibly collect by the way. The provisional government and the two Chambers loudly proclaimed their determination not to submit to Louis XVIII. The House of Representatives declared the country in danger, their sittings permanent, and their firm resolution to remain at their posts, until removed by force of arms.

Meanwhile, the victorious Wellington and Blucher, were advancing towards the metropolis of France: the former marched by Bavay, Chateau-Cambresis, and Nesle, on the right; the latter, on the left, by Beaumont, Guise, Le Fère, and Noyon. Louis quitted Ghent to follow them on the 22d

As there was no enemy in the field to oppose the allied commanders, the fortresses alone demanded their attention. Avesnes surrendered on the 22d of June; on the 24th, Cambray was taken by storm, by the fourth division of the British army, under Lieutenant General Sir Charles Colville, by whom it was given up to the King of France, who arrived there with his court and troops on the following day. Peronne was taken by storm on the 26th of June, by the third battalion of the first brigade of guards; and the citadel immediately surrendered. In this affair, Major General Maitland commanded: and here the Duke of Wellington again distinguished himself, being constantly in the midst of the fire. St. Quintin was abandoned by the enemy to the Prussians, who also captured Guise on the 24th, and Quesnoy capitulated on the 29th, to Prince Frederic of Orange. An armistice was granted to Lille; and Valenciennes was closely blockaded till its surrender on the 15th of July.

The allied commanders in chief, having thus provided for the safety of their communications, continued their march; and Blucher's advanced guard encountered Grouchy's corps at Villars Coterets, on the 28th, on its return to Paris, from the discomfiture at Waterloo. But the main body of the Prussian army coming up, they were driven back, with the loss of six pieces of cannon, and one thousand prisoners: being thus obliged to take the road to Meaux, they were attacked there by General Bulow's corps, who defeated them with some further loss. Grouchy, however, succeeded in crossing the Marne, and conducted the remnant of his

army, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, crossed the Oise on the 29th, and the whole on the 30th of June.

On the 1st of July, his Grace took up a position with his right on the height of Rochebourgh, and his left on the Bois de Bondy (or Wood of Bondy.) On the preceding day, Marshal Blucher, having seized the village of Aubervilliers, crossed the Seine at St. Germain, and fixed his right at Plessis Pique, his left at St. Cloud, and his reserve at Versailles. The heights of Montmartre, and the town of St. Denis, had been strongly fortified: the ground had been inundated by means of the little rivers of Rouillon, and La Vielle Mar; and water had likewise been introduced into the Canal de l'Oureq, the bank of which had further been formed into a parapet and batteries, altogether presenting a strong position on this side of Paris.

Strong fortifications were also thrown up on the heights of Belleville, but no defensive works were constructed on the left bank of the Seine. In and about the capital was collected, under the command in chief of Marshal Davoust, a force of nearly 50,000 regular troops, including the remnant of those who had escaped the disastrous field of Waterloo, and the depots of the whole French army which had been collected here; and to these were added the national guards, a new levy called *Les Tirailleurs de la Garde*, and the *Federes*. This force manifested a determination to defend the approach to the city on the fortified lines, between Bellevilie and Montmartre; but a skilful movement rendered these works of no avail. As the British army approach-

hastened by a flank march on the 30th to the right, crossed the Seine, at St. Germain, and pursuing their route along the left bank of that river, they fixed themselves on the heights of Meudon, and in the village of Issy.

During these manœuvres, they were strongly, but ineffectually opposed, and early on the 3d of July, the enemy made a furious assault upon them, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Meanwhile, a communication had been established with the British army, by a bridge, which the Duke of Wellington had ordered to be thrown over the Seine, at Argenteuil; and a British corps was also moving upon the left of that river, towards the Pont de Neuilly. The enemy, finding that Paris was thus open on its vulnerable side, proposed an armistice, for the purpose of entering into a negociation for its surrender. Accordingly, the following military convention was agreed upon at St. Cloud, late on the 3d of July.

The Commissioners named by the Commanders in Chief of the respective armies, that is to say, the Baron Bignon, holding the Portefeuille of Foreign Affairs; the Count Guillemont, Chief of the General Staff of the French army; the Count de Bondy, Prefect of the Department of the Seine, being furnished with the full powers of his Excellency, the Marshal Prince of Echmuhl, Commander in Chief of the French army on one side; and Major General Baron Muffling, furnished with the full powers of his Highness the Field Marshal Prince Blucher, Commander in Chief of the Prussian army; and Colonel Hervey, furnished with the full powers of

mander in Chief of the English army on the other side, have agreed to the following Articles:—

ARTICLE I. There shall be a suspension of arms between the allied armies commanded by his Highness the Prince Blucher, and his Excellency the Duke of Wellington, and the French army under the walls of Paris.

II. The French army shall put itself in march to morrow, to take up its position behind the Loire. Paris shall be completely evacuated in three days; and the movement behind the Loire shall be effected within eight days

III. The French army shall take with it all its material, field artillery, military chest, horses, and property of regiments, without exception. All persons belonging to the depots shall be removed, as well as those belonging to the different branches of administration, which belong to the army

IV. The sick and wounded, and the medical officers whom it may be necessary to leave with them, are placed under the special protection of the Commanders in Chief of the English and Prussian armies.

V. The military, and those holding employments, to whom the foregoing article relates, shall be at liberty, immediately after their recovery, to rejoin the corps to which they belong.

VI. The wives and children of all individuals belonging to the French army, shall be at liberty to remain in Paris. The wives shall be allowed to quit Paris for the purpose of rejoining the army, and to carry with them their property, and that of their husbands.

VII. The officers of the line, employed with the

Federés, or with the Tirailleurs of the National Guard, may either join the army, or return to their homes, or the places of their birth.

VIII. To-morrow, the 4th of July, at mid-day, St. Denis, St. Ouen, Clichy, and Neuilly, shall be given up. The day after to-morrow, the 5th, at the same hour, Montmartre shall be given up. The third day, the 6th, all the barriers shall be given up.

IX. The duty of the city of Paris shall continue to be done by the National Guard, and by the corps of the municipal gendarmerie.

X. The Commanders in Chief of the English and Prussian armies engage to respect, and to make those under their command respect, the actual authorities, so long as they shall exist.

XI. Public property, with the exception of that which relates to war, whether it belongs to the Government, or depends upon the Municipal Authority, shall be respected, and the Allied Powers will not interfere in any manner with its administration and management.

XII. Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants, and, in general, all individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations which they hold, or may have held, or as to their conduct or political opinions.

XIII. The foreign troops shall not interpose any obstacles to the provisioning of the capital, and will protect, on the contrary, the arrival and the free circulation of the articles which are destined for it.

XIV. The present Convention shall be observed.

the conclusion of peace. In case of rupture, it must be denounced in the usual forms, at least ten days before-hand.

XV. If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present Convention, the interpretation of it shall be made in favour of the French army, and of the city of Paris.

XVI. The present Convention is declared common to all the Allied armies, provided it be ratified by the Powers on which these armies are dependent.

XVII. The ratifications shall be exchanged tomorrow, the 4th of July, at six o'clock in the morning, at the bridge of Neuilly.

XVIII. Commissioners shall be named by the respective parties in order to watch over the execution of the present Convention.

Done and signed at St. Cloud, in triplicate, by the Commissioners above named, the day and year before mentioned.

(Signed) The Baron BIGNON.
Count GUILLEMONT.
Count DE BONDY.
The Baron DE MUFFLING.
F. B. HERVEY, Colonel.

Approved and ratified, the present Suspension of Arms, at Paris, the 3d of July, 1815.

Approved (Signed) Marshal the Prince d'ECHMUHL.

This convention being duly ratified by the Allied Generals, and by Davoust, the French army accordingly retired behind the Loire. On the 6th, the allied armies took possession of the barriers of Paris, and on the following day, they entered the city. They were speedily followed by Louis XVIII.

who, on the 8th of July, made his public entry (it is said) amid the loud acclamations of the people.

The first act of the king was to dissolve the two chambers convoked by Bonaparte, which had continued to the very day of his return, engaged in the most turbulent discussions, framing a new constitution, and a bill of rights, in conformity to the example of the English nation at the glorious revolution of 1688; issuing proclamations against any infringement of French independence on the part of the Allies, to whom they denounced the Bourbons as the enemies of the French nation; and declaring that no proposition of peace, which should tend to the re-establishment of this family, would be either received or listened to, and that the French were resolved to perish, rather than submit to such a yoke.

The ninth article of the preceding military convention, it will be seen, stipulated that the national guards, and the corps of the municipal gendarmerie should continue to perform the duty of the city of Paris; but in consequence of the tumults raised by the lowest of the populace, instigated by the secret agents of Napoleon, on the 7th of July, the bridges and public places were all occupied by military of every description, not excepting artillery; and the forces that entered that day were quartered on the inhabitants of Paris.

The enmity that existed between the French and Prussians, was of the deadliest kind; and the Prussian commander was now determined to take full and deep vengeance for all the insults which his country had suffered from France. But in doing

graced the name of Prussian, by the severity of his mandates; and while the Prussian army without the walls of Paris, regardless of the interference of their generals, committed outrages on the French, which no injuries received could palliate or justify, Marshal Blucher resolved to inflict upon that capital, marks of his deepest vengeance.

His first project was that of blowing up the bridge of Jena; but from this he was diverted by the interference of the king of Prussia, who, with the emperors of Russia and Austria, had entered Paris on the 10th. Determined, nevertheless, to chastise the Parisians, the veteran next threatened to send a considerable number of the bankers and merchants of that capital to Prussian fortresses, unless they paid within seventy-four hours, the fifth part of the contribution of one hundred millions of francs, imposed on the city of Paris. The more effectually to enforce this requisition, he planted cannon on all the bridges: again the sovereigns interposed their friendly offices, and prevailed on Blucher to reduce his demand to eight millions of francs, which were subsequently paid.

But these requisitions were nothing in comparison of the storm, which shortly after broke over the heads of the devoted Parisians. It appears that the allied powers, amid those brilliant and rapid successes, which in 1814 had rendered them masters of Paris, had not overlooked the chefs-d'œuvre of art, that had been taken from their respective countries by the right of conquest. The Prussians had, in 1814, demanded the restoration of some precious paintings and pieces of sculpture, which had been

queen; and the restitution of these articles became the subject of a tedious negociation between the ministers of France, (M. Blacas) Austria, and Prussia; which ultimately failed, and Paris consequently preserved her statues and pictures.

In 1815, when the allies granted a second capitulation, and spared Paris the horrors attendant on a sack, the provisional government wished to introduce an article providing for the security of the monuments of art in the museum, and which the French had plundered from the different countries f Europe. This proposition, however, was negatived by the allied commanders, chiefly at the instigation of Blucher, who immediately on his entrance into Paris, demanded and obtained, not only the objects of the last year's negociation, but also those in the museum, which had belonged to Berlin and Potzdam, as well as to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne, places on this side the Rhine, and therefore not in his possession at that period, on the pretext that these objects belonged to the cathedral and municipality of those towns.* Other powers put in their claims, and the Louvre was at length stripped of its most valuable articles, at the point of the bayonet.

It is now time, however, to return to the chief

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* Immediately on his arrival, Marshal Blucher, by letter, demanded of M. Denon the articles in question: the latter answered that it was an affair which must be negociated with his government, and that he would not give them up. M. Denon was arrested in the course of the night by twenty men, and threatened to be sent to the fortress of Graudentz, in West Prussia: against this there was no appeal,

subject of this sketch, Napoleon Bonaparte, the Ex-Emperor. One of the first objects of the directorial government (appointed before the king's return) was the disposal of Bonaparte. Accordingly, they placed near or rather *over* him, General Becker, a member of the Chamber of Deputies. This gentleman's duties and powers were of a very mysterious nature; he was to accompany Bonaparte every where, yet he had no public character of any kind; he was to guide his movements, yet he had no personal acquaintance with, or influence over him; and he was to guard his person without having any force assigned to him for that purpose.

There can be but little doubt that Fouche was now playing, if not the king's game, at least against Bonaparte; and General Becker's orders were to see the ex-emperor soon and safely embarked, in a small squadron, which the provisional government had assigned for his conveyance to America. However General Becker contrived it, or whatever were his secret means of persuasion, he performed his mission with great success, and after several plans, and much hesitation on the part of Napoleon, drove him to the determination of surrendering to the British squadron in Aix roads.

General Becker's accounts of his mission, as he gave them in the ministerial circles of Paris, afforded no clue to discover by what invisible thread he had led this terrible creature so quietly to an ignominious end; but it was surmised that the personal fears of the ex-emperor were operated upon. What the general told was, that he had never passed a

cess more difficult than that which he had attained.

He said that Napoleon had treated him, from the first moment, not merely with civility, but even with familiarity. On the day before the journey began, while walking together in the garden of Malmaison, the general made some observation concerning Maria Louisa, and the conduct of the court of Austria towards him. Napoleon laughed, gave him a little playful slap on the cheek, and said, '*Allez, mon ami, tu ne connais pas ces gens la!*' (You don't know those people my friend.)

Before Bonaparte's departure, he sent for one of his early friends,—he wished to take leave of him. Bonaparte said, 'I would not go without seeing you; we shall never meet again.' The other, unable to speak, burst into tears. Bonaparte put his hands on his friend's shoulders with an air of affection, and said—'*Mon cher, dans les grandes crises comme celle-ci, c'est le courage et non pas la sensibilite qu'il nous faut.*' (In great events, we should always display courage, and not sensibility.) In a long conversation which ensued, this person represents Bonaparte, as calm, and somewhat melancholy, but not overcome. Bonaparte allowed that he had committed, in the late transactions, two great faults—the first was, that he had left the army; the other was the getting into a discussion with the Chambers, and, above all, with a deputation of the Chambers—the large body might have been divided or dissolved; but the committee was armed with more power than the whole, was not liable to disunion, and not subject to be put off and delayed. Accordingly, said he, when I spoke to them of the

wants of the country, *men*, *cannon*, and *money*, they answered me with the *rights of man*, and the *social contract*, and all was lost!

On the road to Rochefort, where he was to embark, and while he remained there, Bonaparte received several deputations from the army, urging him to put himself at their head, and swearing to die in his cause. 'You see,' said he to Becker, 'that the provisional government mistakes the wishes of the people with regard to me.' On these occasions he would sometimes wake up, as it were, into life and spirit, and express a resolution to return to the army, and conquer or die at its head.

At Rochefort, where he arrived on the 1st July, finding the British squadron on the alert, he bought a small vessel of the country, with the intention of escaping to sea in her, and making the best of his way to America. On his announcing this resolution, Madame Bertrand, in all the agonies of tears, entreaties, and hysterics, implored him to forego this difficult and dangerous plan; and Bonaparte acquiesced, glad, as it is said, of an excuse to abandon an enterprise, by no means suited to his present taste.

At last, pressed upon by General Becker, and his own fears,—he endeavoured, on the 10th and the subsequent days, to negociate a capitulation with the senior officer of the British squadron that blockaded him: this totally failed; the officer refused to enter into any engagement whatsoever; but offered to receive him on board, and reserve him for the ulterior disposal of his government. To those terms (if terms they may be called, which terms

of the 15th July, embarked with his suite on board His Britannic Majesty's ship Bellerophon, of seventy-four guns; saying, on his entering the ship to the captain, 'Sir, I come to claim the protection of your prince and your laws.'

Previously to his going on board, Bonaparte had sent the following letter to the Prince Regent.

"ALTESSE ROYALE,

"*En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays et à l'inimitie des plus grandes Puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carriere politique, et je viens, comme Themistocle, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois, que je reclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus génereux de mes ennemis.*

"NAPOLEON."

(Translation.)

"ROYAL HIGHNESS,

"Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the great Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people. I claim from your Royal Highness the protection of the laws, and throw myself upon the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

(Signed) "NAPOLEON."

"*Rochefort, 13th July.*

When embarked on board the Bellerophon, Na

naparte, by his constant affability, made a very favourable impression on all who approached him; and this was, as it ought to be, more than repaid by the condescensions which he received in return. Marshal Bertrand waited upon the First Lieutenant and Captain of Marines with Napoleon's compliments, requesting their company at dinner. At dinner he took his seat in the middle of the table, with the Captain on his right hand. The whole dinner was dressed in the French style, and served in silver. Nothing was carved at table, the servants removing each dish for the purpose. Some English midshipmen, of the Bellerophon, were permitted, at Bonaparte's request, to perform a play before him.

True to his old system of inquiring into, and understanding every thing, Bonaparte had scarcely been five minutes on board, before he sent his compliments, and requested that the officers of the ship might be introduced to him. This was done by Captain Maitland. He bowed severally to each, and smiling inquired how each of them ranked. When they were about to leave the cabin, he said to them in French, "Well, Gentlemen, you have the honour of belonging to the bravest and most fortunate nation in the world." Having arranged his dress, he shortly afterwards came upon deck. He asked several questions of the officers, took particular notice of the sights on the guns, begged the boatswain might be sent to him, of whom he made many inquiries respecting the ship, and his length of service. This honest fellow, surprised at the unexpectedness of the message, and his sudden

to our very great amusement, was determined to have the first word; and therefore, with cap in hand, a scrape of the foot, and a head almost bowed to the ground, in true sailor like style saluted him with "I hope your honour's well." Shortly afterward, visiting the other decks, Napoleon's inquiries were renewed, particularly respecting the marines.

At two P. M. the Bellerophon (accompanied by the Myrmidon corvette, which ship had part of his suit on board) weighed and made sail for England. Whilst this was doing, Bonaparte remained on deck, taking particular notice of the manner of making sail and tacking ship. He observed that the latter manœuvre was differently performed in French ships. He spoke much concerning the battles of the Nile and Trafalgar, frequently mentioning the name of Lord Nelson with approbation. About seven he again went on deck, asking several questions of the officers, relative to the different braces, haulyards, topsails, &c.

As soon as the arrival of the Bellerophon at Torbay was publicly announced, it became the centre of attraction; and every one manifested an anxiety to behold the first general of the age, and the most extraordinary man of modern times. In consequence numerous parties repaired in boats, but were not permitted to come alongside: notwithstanding this, their number so increased, that it was calculated not less than one thousand put off daily.

During the time neccessarily occupied by official discussions, as to the disposal of Bonaparte, and due preparation, Bonaparte continued to reside on board

very prudently established. The number and eagerness of spectators remained unabated, during the whole of this period; and as every one saw with his own eyes, and formed his own conclusions, the accounts thus furnished are interesting, though sometimes various. From these the following, selected from the daily prints, may not be unacceptable.

"Upon the arrival of the Bellerophon at Plymouth, Captain Maitland made a signal for general orders, the telegraphic answer to which was, to prohibit all communication with the shore, and to stand out three leagues to sea, and await the orders of the Admiralty. Colonels Frazer and Ponsonby, the son of Sir Archibald Macdonald, and several other officers, came passengers on board the Bellerophon.

"Bonaparte demanded all the homage due to a sovereign, in his passage to the British shores. His letter to the Prince Regent is signed "Napoleon" only—not in the character of a private individual; for he claims still to be Sovereign of Elba, though no longer Emperor of the French.

"Persons from London, and from other parts, are flocking down to Plymouth, though they know that Bonaparte is not expected to land, and that they cannot go on board the Bellerophon; but they can row in boats round the vessel, and can occasionally catch a glimpse of him. He is the greater part of the day in the stern gallery, either walking backwards and forwards, with his hands behind him, as he is represented in some of the pictures in the print-shops, or surveying the shipping and the shore through a glass. In general he keeps alone, Bertrand and L'Allemand remaining at some distance

them to point out something to him, or to make some observation; he then walks on alone. Captain Maitland is more frequently with him than any of his suite, and he pays him great attention. He is in good health. As usual, he passes but a short time at his meals, and drinks but little wine. He is said to drink regularly to the health of the Prince Regent. Coffee is frequently served up to him on the deck, and when he first came near the land, about Torbay, he is reported to have exclaimed, '*Enfin, voila ce beau pays!*' (at length, here is this fine country!) adding that he had never seen it, except from Calais and Boulogne, when the only points that could be seen, were the white and bold rocks about Dover. He is plainly dressed, in general in a green coat, without any decorations, and a cocked hat."

Another account says—" By some passengers who came in the Bellerophon, it appears, that Bonaparte was quite at his ease on board that ship; took possession of the captain's cabin, *sans ceremonie*, invited the officers of the ship to his table, talked with great freedom on the present state of things; said, it was impossible for the Bourbons to govern France, and that Napoleon II. would very soon be re-called to the throne; that Fouche was an ass, and totally unfit for the office assigned to him. He acknowledged that England alone had ruined all his grand plans, and that but for her, he had now been Emperor of the East, as well as of the West. He walked on the poop, and quarter-deck, conversed with the seamen, and affected great gaiety and unconcern. In short, such is the talent of this

they arrived in Torbay, he was considered by all on board, as a *devilish good fellow.*

Letter from Exmouth.

"This day, July 25, proved a most gratifying one indeed to me; I have seen Bonaparte! for nearly two hours. A few friends took a Pilot boat, and went into Torbay: we anchored near the Bellerophon, amidst thousands of boats, &c. Bonaparte repeatedly appeared at the cabin window, which was wide open; he appears rather stout, very full in the face, but very stern and thoughtful in his countenance. The captain of the ship was his only companion. We saw several of his generals, &c. who were very superbly dressed, and decked with medals, &c. Bonaparte wore a green coat with gold epaulets, and a white star on his left side.

"It is impossible to describe to you the bustle we are in at Exmouth; every kind of vessel is put in requisition. It now blows hard, and I fear some accidents will happen."

"*Bellerophon, Plymouth, Aug. 2d.*

"It was on Sunday, the papers announced the determination of sending Bonaparte to St. Helena; and as he regularly inquires for them, perusing, with the assistance of Madame Bertrand, almost every item, that part did not long escape his notice. Indeed it was now publicly spoken of by every person. Before this, I had heard it was his determination, never to quit the ship alive to be sent to St. Helena; and Madame Bertrand informed me on reading the above, he had again positively asserted

"On Sunday evening, he had the marks of much agitation in his countenance. On the Monday, when he officially learnt his destination, he remained on deck but a short time, and appeared as pale as death. Yesterday he was something better. I fear, on the arrival of the Northumberland, we shall witness some tragical scene. You know we are not the ship destined to convey him to St. Helena.

"A circumstance occurred last Sunday night, which seemed to be very near being a beginning to the scene I mentioned above. About nine o'clock, Marshal and Madame Bertrand were walking on the opposite side of the deck to where I was, in earnest conversation—suddenly Madame rushed into the Emperor's cabin, threw herself at his feet for about half a minute, then flying below to her own cabin, threw herself nearly out of the stern window, when she was fortunately caught by the leg by General Montholon. She continued delirious the whole night. To-day she is better.

"On the following morning, Lord Keith and Major General Sir H. Bunbury waited upon him, informing him it was the determination of the allied Sovereigns to send him to the above place, and granting permission to take with him part of his suit, with the exception of those proscribed, Savary, L'Allemand, and Bertrand. I understand he sent for Captain Maitland, and again assured the admiral and the general, it was his fixed resolution never to quit this ship alive.

"Notwithstanding the news has greatly affected him, he continues to show himself for about twenty minutes every evening, to the really astonishing

It is with great difficulty the men-of war's boats prevent the crowd approaching too near the ship. He now continues but a short time on the gang-way, and is then visible only to the inside boats. There is no truth in the account of his having taken possession in an authoritative manner of Captain Maitland's cabin.

"We are so full in the ship, and have all of us given up our cabins and ward-rooms to Bonaparte's suite, that we have been forced to sleep upon deck.

"We are all anxious to know whether it is intended to give up all the persons proscribed. L'Allemand has written a letter to the Prince Regent, stating the manner in which he treated some English prisoners, whom he afterwards liberated, and to whom he wishes a reference to be made."

Plymouth, Aug. 6th.

The last *evening* that Bonaparte made any conspicuous appearance on the *gangways* of the Bellerophon, was on Tuesday last, when he showed himself only for a short time on each side. On Wednesday he did not show himself at all. On Thursday he came on deck again, and twice looked out at the starboard gangway (but not once at the larboard one) and that was only momentary. On Friday, the Bellerophon got under weigh about one o'clock; and not having had a satisfactory view of him, I went in a boat with a few other gentlemen, and followed the ship till she was some distance outside the breakwater. All this time he did not show himself; and, as the ship was working out, I take it for granted he was not on the quarter deck.

a-stern, the others being employed in towing the ship, there being but a light air, we frequently ran up pretty near to her, and in consequence of two ladies, who had embarked on board a shore-boat under the idea, that having no gentlemen with them, they would be suffered to approach nearer the vessel, and who seemed most anxious to see the renowned prisoner she had on board; they frequently standing on the thwarts of the boat, and waving their handkerchiefs, he at last made his appearance at the stern window of the cabin, evidently for the purpose of satisfying their curiosity. He held his head out of the window, and inclined it downwards, as if he was resting on his elbows, without his hat being on, which gave us a complete view of his face and head, which is very bald on the top, but the hair on the sides being suffered to grow long, we could perceive it was combed across. He staid about a minute, and then retired. We followed him till he got within a short distance of Penlee Point; but he did not show again. Indeed, I did not expect it; for in a short time after he looked out at the window, he drew the curtains of the cabin windows, when I remarked, that it was decidedly done to let us know, that *the lion* was no more to be seen. There appeared to be rather a bustle in the cabin, as if they were packing up for the intended removal into the Northumberland, to meet which ship they were standing out to sea.

It is asserted, and we believe with truth, that Bonaparte possesses the art of pleasing, in a high degree, and is a perfect master in flattery, the kinds of which he adapts with the greatest skill to the

quently fascinating, and he is said, by his attentions in a single week, to have gained the good-will of the whole ship's company, on board which he had embarked. From whatever motive, the government determined that *another* vessel should convey him to the place of his destination, and accordingly the Northumberland received orders to prepare for that service. Every possible precaution was deemed necessary to prevent the recurrence of those crafty contrivances which have so frequently been exhibited. The vessels employed were therefore instructed to sail off the Start, and to transfer the person of Bonaparte from one ship to the other, at a distance from the shore.

On the 6th, Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by the Honourable Mr. Bathurst, charged with the communication of the result of the government to Bonaparte, were conveyed on board the Bellerophon by Lord Keith's yacht. Sir Henry was introduced to the Ex-Emperor, and after mutual salutation, he read to him the resolution of the cabinet, by which he was informed of his intended transportation to the Island of St. Helena, with four of his friends, to be chosen by himself, and twelve domestics. He received this intimation without any mark of surprise, as he said he had been apprized of the determination, but he protested against it in the most emphatic manner; and in a speech of three quarters of an hour, delivered with great coolness, self-possession, and ability, reasoned against the proceeding.—He recapitulated the circumstances under which he had been forced, he said, by the breach of the treaty made with him by the Sove-

he had exerted himself to prevent the renewal of hostilities—but that when they became unavoidable, and that the fortune of war decided against him, he yielded to the voice of his enemies, as they had declared in the face of the world that it was against him only that they had taken up arms, he abdicated the imperial crown of France, in the full confidence that the allies would be faithful to their solemn declaration, and leave his country to the settlement of their own affairs; then unarmed, and with a view of seeking an asylum as a private individual in England, he had first sought to be received under the King's allegiance, and under the protection of our laws, and had finally voluntarily put himself into the British power. In this predicament, he felt himself entitled to protest against the measure now announced to him: and in a long argument, in which he showed himself to be well versed in our laws, he reasoned against the act.

Sir Henry Bonbury and Mr. Bathurst, say that his manner was temperate, his language eloquent, and that he conducted himself throughout in the most pre-possessing way. The account they give of his persuasive manner is, we understand, highly interesting. Sir Henry answered to his discourse, that he had no commission, but to make known to him the resolution of his Majesty's ministers; but said that he should faithfully report the reasons that he had stated against the proceeding.

The Bellerophon and Tonnant put to sea from Plymouth Sound on Friday—and here we must explain the statement, that they sailed to avoid the service of a writ of *Habeas Corpus.*

boats in Plymouth Sound, and the loss of some lives which had already taken place, induced the government to remove the Bellerophon to a greater distance; and the writ which is spoken of was a subpæna from the Court of King's Bench, obtained by Mr. Mackenrot, who had a cause pending in that Court, in which he wanted the evidence of Napoleon and Jerome Bonaparte, and Admiral Villaumez. The officer arrived with his subpæna at the house of Sir John Duckworth, a few minutes after the Bellerophon had sailed.

The Northumberland sailed from Portsmouth on the Friday, and on nearing Torbay on Sunday, perceived two line of battle ships approaching her, which proved to be the Bellerophon, with Bonaparte on board, and the Tonnant, with Lord Keith. In a few hours the Northumberland hailed them, and asked after Bonaparte, who, she was informed, had not come out of his cabin for some days. The ships came to an anchor off Torbay.

General Bertrand went first on board the Tonnant, where he dined with Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburne. He is a man of about fifty years of age, and extremely well behaved. At dinner Sir George gave him a general explanation of his instructions with respect to Bonaparte; one of which was, that his baggage must be inspected before it was received on board the Northumberland. Bertrand expressed his opinion strongly against the measure of sending the Emperor (as he and all his suite constantly styled him) to St. Helena, when his wish and expectation were to live quietly in England, under the protection of the English laws.

After dinner Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburne, accompanied by Bertrand, went in the Admiral's yacht toward the Bellerophon. Previously to their arrival, Bonaparte's arms and pistols had been taken away from him—not without considerable altercation and objections on the part of the French officers.

Those who were not to accompany him, were sent on board the Eurotas frigate. They expressed great reluctance at the separation, particularly the Polish officers. Bonaparte took leave of them individually. A Colonel Pistowski, a Pole, was peculiarly desirous of accompanying him. He had received seventeen wounds in the service of Bonaparte, and said he would serve in any capacity, however menial, if he could be allowed to go with him to St. Helena. The orders for sending off the Polish officers were peremptory, and he was removed to the Eurotas. Savary and L'Allemand, however, were not amongst those sent on board the frigate—they were left in the Bellerophon.

When Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburne went on board the Bellerophon on Sunday afternoon, Bonaparte was upon deck to receive them, dressed in a green coat with red facings, two epaulets, white waiscoat and breeches, silk stockings, the star of the Legion of Honour, and a *chapeau bras*, with the three-coloured cockade. His face is remarkably plump, and his head rather bald on the top. After the usual salutations, Lord Leith, addressing himself to Bonaparte, acquainted him with his intended transfer from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland.

Bonaparte immediately protested with great vehemence against this act of the British government;

any possible objection could be made to his residing in England quietly for the rest of his life.

No answer was returned by either Lord Keith or Sir George Cockburne. A British officer who stood near him observed to him, that if he had not been sent to St. Helena, he would have been delivered up to the Emperor of Russia.

Bonaparte.—"*Dieu me garde des Russes !*"—(God keep me from the Russians !) In making this reply he looked at General Bertrand, and shrugged up his shoulders.

Sir George Cockburne.—" At what hour to-morrow morning shall I come, General, and receive you on board the Northumberland ?"

Bonaparte, with some surprise at being styled merely General—" At ten o'clock."

Bertrand, Madame Bertrand, Savary, L'Allemand, Count and Countess Montholon were standing near Bonaparte.

Sir George Cockburne asked him if he wanted any thing more before they put to sea. Bertrand replied, fifty packs of cards, a backgammon, and a domino table, and Madame Bertrand desired to have some necessary articles of furniture, which, it was said, should be furnished forthwith.

One of Bonaparte's officers, the nephew of Josephine Beauharnois, his first wife, complained that faith had not been kept with the Emperor, who expected to reside with his suite in Great Britain.

Bonaparte asked Lord Keith's advice. His Lordship merely replied, that he had to obey the orders he had received from his government. Bonaparte then desired another interview with his Lordship. Lord Keith declined it, alleging that it would

but be unsatisfactory—he had no discretion—his fate could not be altered.

An officer who stood near him, said—"You would have been taken if you had remained at Rochefort another hour, and sent off to Paris." Bonaparte turned his eye upon the speaker, but did not speak a word. He next addressed himself to Sir George Cockburne, and asked several questions about St. Helena.

"Is there any hunting or shooting there—Where am I to reside?"

He then abruptly changed the subject, and burst into more invectives against the government, to which no answer was returned.

Whether he had any idea of a writ of *Habeas Corpus* or no, we know not, but he was very solicitous to go ashore..

He then expressed some indignation at being styled General—saying, "You have sent ambassadors to me as a Sovereign Potentate—you have acknowledged me as first consul."—He took a great deal of snuff whilst speaking.

After reminding him that the Northumberland's barge would come for him at ten on Monday morning, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburne retired.

Early on Monday morning, Sir George Gockburne went on board the Bellerophon, to superintend the inspection of Bonaparte's baggage; it consisted of two services of plate, several articles in gold, a superb toilet of plate, books, beds, &c. They found but 4000 gold napoleons, and these were sealed up and detained. They were all sent on board the Northumberland about eleven o'clock.

Bonaparte had brought with him from France

about forty servants, amongst whom were a groom, postillion, and lamplighter Two-thirds of these were sent on board the Eurotas.

At half past eleven o'clock, Lord Keith, in the barge of the Tonnant, went on board the Bellerophon to receive Bonaparte, and those who were to accompany him. Bonaparte, before their arrival and afterwards, addressed himself to Captain Maitland and the officers of the Bellerophon. After descending the ladder into the barge, he pulled off his hat to them again. Lord Keith received in the barge the following personages:

Bonaparte,

General Bertrand and Madame Bertrand, with their children,

Count and Countess Montholon, and child,

Count Las Cassas,

General Gorgaud,

Nine men and three women servants.

Bonaparte's surgeon refused to accompany him; upon which the surgeon of the Bellerophon offered to supply his place.

Bonaparte was this day dressed in a cocked hat, much worn, with a tri-coloured cockade; his coat was buttoned close round him—a plain green one with a red collar; he had three orders—two crosses, and a large silver star, with the inscription *Honneur et Patrie;* white breeches, silk stockings, gold buckles.

Savary and L'Allemand were left behind in the Bellerophon.

Savary seemed in great dread of being given up to the French government, repeatedly asserting that

the honour of England would not allow him to be landed again on the shores of France.

About twelve o'clock, the Tonnant's barge reached the Northumberland. Bertrand stepped first upon deck. Bonaparte next, mounting the side of the ship with the activity of a seaman. The marines were drawn out, and received him, but merely as a general, presenting arms to him. He pulled off his hat. As soon as he was upon deck, he said to Sir George Cockburne—"*Je suis a vos ordres.*" He bowed to Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttleton, who were near the Admiral, and spoke to them a few words, to which they replied. To an officer he said, "*Dans quel corps servez vous?*"—(In what corps do you serve?) The officer replied, "in the artillery." Bonaparte immediately rejoined, "*Je sors de cette service-moi-meme.*"—(I was originally in that service myself.) After taking leave of the officers who had accompanied him from the Bellerophon, and embracing the nephew of Josephine, who was not going to St. Helena, he went into the after-cabin, where, besides his principal companions, were assembled, Lord Keith, Sir George Cockburne, Lord Lowther, the Hon. Mr. Lyttleton, &c.

Bertrand—I never gave in my adhesion to Louis XVIII. It is therefore palpably unjust to proscribe me. However, I shall return in a year or two to superintend the education of my children.

Madame Bertrand appeared much distressed; and said she was obliged to leave Paris in a hurry, without clothes or any necessary. She had lived in the house now occupied by the Duke of Berri. She spoke most flatteringly of her husband—said the

Emperor was too great a man to be depressed by circumstances, and concluded by expressing a wish for some Paris papers.

Count Montholon spoke of the improvements made by Bonaparte in Paris; alluded to his bilious complaint which required much exercise.

The Countess Montholon is a very interesting woman—she said little.

Bertrand asked what we should have done had we taken Bonaparte at sea?

As we are doing now, was the reply.

Lord Keith took leave in the afternoon of Bonaparte, and returned on board the Tonnant.

Lord Lowther and the Honourable Mr. Lyttleton now entered into very earnest conversation with him, which continued for two hours. As he was very communicative, and seemed desirous of a very free conversation with these two young gentlemen, they availed themselves of the opportunity, and entered into a review of much of his conduct. We understand that they asked him how he came to commit the impolicy of attacking Spain—the motives for the Berlin and Milan decrees—the war against Russia—the refusal of the terms of peace offered him before the first capture of Paris, &c. To all these questions we hear he gave full answers, not avoiding, but rather encouraging the discussion.

At the expiration of two hours, Lord Lowther and Mr. Lyttleton took leave of him, and went ashore.

On the 17th of October, Bonaparte was safely landed at St. Helena. On his arrival, it was found that the heirs of [illegible]

ready to receive him, and he placed himself in a little summer lodge belonging to the Briars, the seat of a Mr. Balcombe. From this lodge the distance to the Briars is very short; and Bonaparte sometimes invited himself to spend the evening with the family. On those occasions, he would *drop in*, accompanied by Las Cassas, quite in the family way, to play a rubber. On the first of these visits, Mr. Balcombe was ill with the gout, and lay on the sofa. The Emperor, two young ladies, Mr. Balcombe's daughters, and an occasional guest, made up the party. Las Cassas and the other persons present looked on.

When Las Cassas put down four gold napoleons for markers, the youngest of the ladies, who had never seen any of that coin before, took up one, and asked what it was. Bonaparte instantly, with more haste than was consistent with politeness, snatched it out of her hand; and exclaimed with a tone half of vexation and half of triumph, "*Ne voyez-vous pas que c'est moi?*" (don't you see that it is I?) pointing to the impression with his finger.

When the cards were opened, the cover was, as usual, thrown away, and was picked up by a little boy, a son of Mr. Balcombe's about six years old. The print on the case was *the Great Mogul*; and the little fellow, in the pride of his heart, would display it to the Emperor, who, however, was in no humour to relish what he seemed to consider as a joke upon himself; he snatched the paper from the child with a great deal of impatience, tore the *Great Mogul* in pieces, and terrified the young wit to an awful distance.

Bonaparte's turn to deal. He happened to make some mistake, and as he expressed much impatience at losing the deal, the whole party requested he would try again—he did so, and a second time missed, and "then," (says the relator of this anecdote) "if I had not seen it, I could not have conceived that so trifling an accident could have affected any human creature so seriously—his whole countenance was lighted up with fury, and he made a violent contortion of his features, and drew his mouth down on one side, like one suffering an inward pang." He, however, recovered himself enough to ask to have the house searched for some old cards, and to send Las Cassas to sit at a table in the corner, to play alone with the offending cards, till he should make them run smoothly; and at this solitary game of patience, the count obsequiously played the rest of the evening.

Bonaparte asked the youngest of the ladies, whether she had ever been in England; she said, yes, she had been educated there.—Of course then she knew geography?—A little.—What is the capital of Russia?—Moscow was the ancient capital.—Then said he, with a look of gay expectation and pride, Who burned it? The girl, to his utter disappointment, instead of saying—"*you*," or "the Russians, to escape you," said quietly, she did not know. Bonaparte's countenance fell at once, and he relapsed from a kind of theatrical attitude in which he had waited her reply. Thus he seemed inclined to play over again his old games, with two little girls at a card-table.

In all these trifles will be seen "the picture in little" of this once master of the world, and in all

the details of his life at St. Helena, we find traces of exactly the same kind of that spirit and temper, which ever actuated him. The same restlessness, though he can no longer move; the same activity, though he has nothing to do; the same flow of talk, though he has nothing to say; and the same despotic arrogance, though he has no longer a subject. In short, it is one of the many miracles with which Bonaparte has astonished the moral world, that neither his rise nor his fall seems to have operated in any considerable degree on his feelings or conduct; —at all times, and in all conjunctures, he has preserved all the peculiar traits of his individual character.

DESCRIPTION OF ST. HELENA.

This island was discovered by the Portuguese in 1501, on St. Helen's day, after whom it was named; and is said to have been the voluntary abode of a Portuguese nobleman, who had disgraced himself in India so early as the year 1513. This gentleman, Fernandez Lopez, being left here with a few servants and various useful animals, cultivated the resources of the island to a very considerable extent in a few years; until, recalled to his country, he communicated the valuable secret of its advantages to their East India trade.

St. Helena is situated in the heart of the Atlantic Ocean, about 1200 miles from the coast of Africa, and 2400 from that of South America (lat. 15° 58′ S. and W. lon. from Greenwich 5° 50′.) It rises, to the first appearance, a vast and rugged rock, pro-

Engraved by Thos. Crabb.

ST HELENA.

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tor, or comfort to the resident, which has been afforded to them for centuries under British management. Its greatest length is about ten miles three furlongs; its breadth, six miles two furlongs; containing about thirty thousand acres of pasturage and garden ground. Its circumference is twenty-eight miles.

The general appearance of the country, on a nearer approach, is fine and cheering. The mountains, as the eye gradually distinguishes them, being verdant to the top; and even the immense cliffs, having been made subservient to the security of the island, by fortifications pretty extensively disposed on them, contribute to the interest and respect excited by the plainer view. The anchorage presented is remarkably safe and commodious;—from the south-east the approach is particularly smooth; and though the surfs have sometimes been dangerous in the immediate neighbourhood of so steep a shore, yet the inconvenience has been greatly remedied by the construction of a secure and extended landing-place. Rupert's Hill (part of which forms Munden's Point) is the name of the eastern ridge of mountains—Ladder Hill, the western, that surround the town. On the sides of these run the roads into the country, and branches of these ridges of hills divide the island. The highest part of them is said to rise two thousand six hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea. The whole country bears marks of volcanic origin, though with one slight exception in the middle of the last century, the inhabitants have been undisturbed by any remarkable convulsions of nature ever since the discovery of the island in 1501.

St. James's Valley, in which the town is situated, lies on the N. W. or leeward side of the island. The stranger feels on landing a continuation of the respect inspired by the military appearance of the place; being conducted between a line of heavy guns, and through an arched way into the town; the rampart or terrace of which is edged by a double row of evergreens, and the whole forms a fine parade. A handsome residence for the governor and officers, called the castle, now meets the eye, and is surrounded with a strong wall. The church is in front, and three streets of decent and commodious looking houses form the town.

Upwards of one hundred and fifty ships upon an average were accustomed to make annually for this port, which of course produced great fluctuations in the consumption and price of provisions. Salt meat from England is constantly supplied to the island, and constitutes with the Indian rice the principal support of the garrison; the fresh productions of the island, though very judiciously managed and economized, being by no means equal to the various demands upon it. The population of the island has been pretty stationary at two thousand for the last ten years, exclusive of the new establishment there civil and military. Of this population eleven hundred are slaves, about three hundred free blacks, and the rest settlers, principally from England. Since the prohibition of any further importation of slaves, and their kinder treatment, their numbers have been slowly increasing.

A rich mould, to nearly ten inches deep, forms the general soil of the country, and nourishes a va-

cabbage-tree, gum-tree, and red wood, are said to be peculiar to the island. The first of these plants is a species of palm, and generally crowns the interior up-lands; it is found very useful as an article of fuel, and has lately been applied to the purposes of building, being very durable. The red wood also, (a kind of ebony) is used in building, but is not so valuable as the cabbage-tree, for rafters, and other larger purposes. The gum-wood is almost exhausted. Vegetation increases, as you remove from the shore, to perfect luxuriance in the heart of the island.

The lands are almost wholly devoted to pasturage, (as connected with the large demand for live stock) and the gardens to culinary roots and vegetables. Utility has here taken the universal precedence of mere taste; and though various experiments have been made, and with some success, upon the capabilities of the soil, the sugar-cane, the cotton-tree, indigo, &c. being occasionally introduced, the great purpose of rearing cattle and useful herbs of every sort, has always been first and closely regarded. Not even the cultivation of corn has been much promoted. The vegetables and climate have been said to be peculiarly adapted to scorbutic complaints.

The country was found in the first instance one entire wood. Gradually some of its peculiar productions have given place to more useful ones. The wire-grass of India; samphire, and a wild celery abounded here; the wire-grass is now found principally in the low lands, and our English vernal grass upon the heights. The British oak has also made its appearance here during the last forty years. It

grows remarkably quick, but has never attained any great promise of perfection. Figs, oranges, and pines, are found in the valley by the shore, and but few English fruits have failed here. The apple-trees are very abundant. The potatoe has been successfully introduced; as also a useful species of yam from Madagascar.

Large yam plantations, indeed, abound, but were much more exclusively the object of the farmer's care formerly than at present, our potatoe having become a very powerful rival, and meeting so much readier a sale. The yam, like the potatoe, is a watery root, (it is frequently called the water-parsnip) and was once extensively used as the only substitute for bread. Our English kitchen garden is almost entirely to be found around the town, with its pease, and beans, and cabbages. The myrtle flourishes particularly well on the island, and the fern-tree to an unusual size.

The hills abound with springs, which are so widely apart, however, as to furnish no large stream of any kind to the island, and many of them dry up in the long absence of rain. Two of them are said to be a happy exception to this, and rather to enlarge than diminish in the dry season; that at the Briars and Fisher's Valley. A botanical garden at the country house of the governor is watered by one of the richest of these springs.

The water thus yielded, becomes more valuable at times, than a literal stream of silver would be; for once in about seven or eight years, severe drought has visited the island. In 1760, 1, and 2, an extensive mortality ensued amongst the cattle from this cause preceded by the most dreadful madness. Every

expedient that the skill or anxiety of the inhabitants could suggest, to arrest the progress of this fearful malady, was in vain—nearly all the cattle perished. Great apprehensions were entertained some years ago in the extensive diminution of the woods, that the welcome visitation of clouds, attracted by them, would be also diminished; this seems, however, by no means an established theory. Rising heights, woody or barren, appear more uniformly to attract the clouds than the lowlands, but beyond this no certain experience appears to lead us respecting the point. The rain descends here more in the regular method of the temperate climates than of the tropical ones.

The climate of this island is so unusually mild and free from storms. that the most common thunder-clouds are rarely seen. Perhaps there is not a spot upon the earth more nearly suited to the ordinary feelings of our nature, nor a sky at once so serene and temperate. The thermometer is seldom higher than 80°; and in the remarks of Sir Joseph Banks, before alluded to, he observes, "From this it appears, that the summer is not so hot as in England; 72° being the highest point at which the thermometer was observed in 1788, while 76° is marked as the point of our summer heat. The winter is also much milder than ours, ranging between 55° and 56° of Fahrenheit's scale; a temperature in which the vegetation of leaves proceeds with more equability, perhaps, than any other." The neighbourhood of the sea always furnishes a refreshing breeze to the island, nor are we to suppose the characteristic mildness and shelter of its harbour render its numerous visitants likely to be becalmed

here. One instance only has occurred of any ship being weather-bound; the wind was at N. N. W. for three weeks early in the last century, and being accompanied with great drought, produced much disease amongst the inhabitants, particularly the blacks. Fogs and damps are found in the mountainous parts of the islands, it is but fair to add, and have become the apology for a considerable consumption of spirituous liquors, particularly in wet seasons. Small quantities of the ore of various metals have occasionally been discovered at St. Helena; but none have yet been worked to any success.

Excellent fish, to the extent of upwards of seventy different species, are taken on the coast. The lobster, mackarel, oyster, a fish called the coal-fish, and much like the salmon in flavour, are found in different quantities. The last is said, indeed, to possess the very superior relish of being exceedingly scarce. The others abound. Sea-fowl deposit immense quantities of eggs around the island, which are collected in the fall of the year, and form an agreeable article of food. There is said to be a fantastic assemblage of them, generally, on a rock at some distance from the shore, that has been mistaken for a ship under sail.

The cattle, of course, are of English origin, and complete the epitome of English productions to be found here. Sheep and beasts are seen grazing in every direction, and in no respect degenerated by their change of climate. Their increase has sometimes been too abundant; and the sheep, in particular, were once ordered to be destroyed for a pe-

years for the reduction of the flocks. Goats also had at this time (1730) so increased upon the island, as to become wild animals, and a sort of common property.

The origin of the Island of St. Helena, has been the subject of occasional speculation among philosophical visitants, and of apprehension to its inhabitants. Practically, we have seen that little fear can be entertained for the future fate of this interesting spot, from its past experience. But various productions and appearances every where found on it, certainly afford strong reason to suppose, that some eruption of a volcanic character gave it birth.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE CURIOUS

MILITARY CARRIAGE OF BONAPARTE,

AS EXHIBITED AT THE

LONDON MUSEUM, PICCADILLY,

IN THE YEARS 1815, AND 1816:

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING ITS CAPTURE.

The exterior of the carriage is, in many respects, very like the modern English travelling chariots. The colour is a dark blue, with a handsome bordure ornament in gold; but the Imperial arms are emblazoned on the pannels of the doors. It has a lamp at each corner of the roof, and there is one lamp fixed at the back, which can throw a strong light into the interior.

In the front there is a great projection; the utility of which is very considerable. Beyond this projection, and nearer to the horses, is a seat for the coachman. This is ingeniously contrived so as to prevent the driver from viewing the interior of the carriage; and it is also placed so as to afford to those who are within, a clear sight of the horses, and of the surrounding country: there are two sabre cuts, which were aimed at the coachman when the car-

The pannels of the carriage are bullet proof: at the hinder part is a projecting sword case, and the pannel at the lower part of the back is so contrived, that it may be let down, and thereby facilitate the addition or removal of conveniences, without disturbing the traveller.

The under-carriage, which has swan-neck iron cranes, is of prodigious strength; the springs are semi-circular, and each of them seems capable of bearing half a ton; the wheels, and more particularly the tire, are also of great strength. The pole is contrived to act as a lever, by which the carriage is kept on a level in every kind of road. The under-carriage and wheels are painted in vermilion, edged with the colour of the body, and heightened with gold. The harness is very little worthy an Imperial equipage; it bears strong marks of its service in the Russian campaign, and its former uses are to be recognized only by the bees, which are to be seen in several places.

The interior deserves particular attention; for it is adapted to the various purposes of a kitchen, a bed-room, a dressing-room, an office, and an eating-room.

The seat has a separation; but whether for pride or convenience can only be conjectured.

In the front of the seat are compartments for every utensil of probable utility: of some there are two sets, one of gold, the other of silver. Among the gold articles, are a tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar-bason, cream-ewer, coffee-cup and saucer, slop-bason, candlesticks, wash-hand-bason, plates for breakfast, &c. Each article is superbly embossed with the Imperial arms, and engraved with his fa-

vourite N: and by the aid of the lamp, any thing could be heated in the carriage.

Beneath the coachman's seat is a small box about two feet and a half long, and about four inches square: this contains a bedstead of polished steel, which could be fitted up within one or two minutes: the carriage contained mattresses, and the other requisites for bedding, of very exquisite quality; all of them commodiously arranged. There are also articles for strict personal convenience, made of silver, fitted into the carriage.

A small mahogany case, about ten inches square by eighteen long, contains the peculiar *necessaire* of the ex-emperor. It is somewhat, in appearance, like an English writing-desk; having the imperial arms most beautifully engraved on the cover. It contains nearly one hundred articles, almost all of them of solid gold.

The liquor-case, like the necessaire, is made of mahogany; it contains two bottles; one of them still has the rum which was found in it at the time; the other contains some extremely fine old Malagar wine. Various articles of perfumery are among the luxuries which remain; and notwithstanding Napoleon's wish to discourage British manufactures, there are nevertheless some Windsor-soap, and some English court-plaister; of eau de Cologne, eau de lavande, salt spirit, &c. there are sufficient to show that perfumeries were not disregarded.

There is a writing-desk, which may be drawn out so as to write while the carriage is proceeding; an inkstand, pens, &c. were found in it: and here was found the ex-emperor's celebrated port-folio.

In the front there are also many smaller compart-

ments, for maps and telescopes; on the ceiling of the carriage is a net-work for carrying small travelling requisites.

On one of the doors of the carriage are two pistol holsters, in which were found pistols, that had been manufactured at Versailles; and in a holster, close to the seat, a double barrelled pistol also was found: all the pistols were found loaded. On the side there hung a large silver chronometer with a silver chain: it is of the most elaborate workmanship.

The doors of the carriage have locks and bolts: the blinds, behind the windows, shut and open by means of a spring, and may be closed so as to form a barrier almost impenetrable.

On the outside of the front windows, is a roller-blind made of strong painted canvass: when pulled down, this will exclude rain or snow, and therefore secure the windows and blinds from being blocked up, as well as prevent the damp from penetrating.

All the articles which have been enumerated, still remain with the carriage: but when it was taken, there were a great number of diamonds, and treasure in money, &c. of immense value.

Four of the horses which drew the ex-emperor, are shown with this carriage; they are supposed to be of Norman breed: they are of a brown colour; of good size; and each appears to combine more strength, speed, and spirit, than are generally found together in one animal. The coachman also, Jean Horn, attends this exhibition.

It was after British intrepidity had for ever decided the fortune of Bonaparte, that he went to this

and danger that pressed upon him on every side. The veteran and illustrious Blucher was foremost in the pursuit. Various commands were deputed to different officers, so that no retreat should be left for the convenient escape of the enemy. Among these was a small corps, which was placed under the direction of Major Von Keller. This excellent and able officer, in pursuance of his instructions, arrived at the town of Genappe, at eleven o'clock, on the night of the eighteenth of June. The town was blocked up and barricadoed, to prevent the intrusion of the pursuing victors. It was slso filled with French military, who maintained a constant firing of artillery and musketry against the Prussian soldiers. The troops were not to be intimidated; but immediately took the place by storm. Near to the entrance they met with the travelling carriage of Bonaparte, (that is now under exhibition) having six horses, and the coachman and postillion ready mounted. The Major, full of expectation that the flying Bonaparte was now in his possession, ordered the coachman and postillion to stop; but as they did not obey, the latter was immediately killed, together with the two foremost horses: and the coachman was cut down by the Major himself. The marks of the sabre still remain upon one of the carriage springs.

His Grace
the
DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE PRINCIPAL

HEROES OF WATERLOO;

WHO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES

IN THE

BRITISH, ALLIED, AND FRENCH ARMIES.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, PRINCE OF WATERLOO, &c. &c.

IRELAND has the honour of giving birth to Lord Wellington, a general who has maintained the glory of the English name with a degree of lustre, unparalleled even by the achievements of a Marlborough. He is the third surviving son of the late Earl of Mornington, and was born May 1st, 1769. After completing his education at Eton College, he spent some time at the military academy of Angers in France, where he acquired a perfect knowledge of those tactics which laid the foundation of his future fame.

So various and so eminent have been the services of this illustrious man, that to detail his various achievements, would require a volume of no small bulk; we shall confine ourselves therefore to a simple enumeration of the dates of his various promotions, and most brilliant exploits—the best commen-

1802, April 29, obtained the rank of Major General.—1803, April 21, after a forced march of sixty miles entered Poonah, possession of which had been taken by Holkar. Sept. 25, Major General Wellesley, with an army consisting only of 4500 men, of whom about 2000 were Europeans, attacked and defeated at Assaye, Scindeah's army consisting of 38,500 cavalry, 10,500 regular infantry, 500 match-locks, 500 rocket men, and 90 pieces of ordnance. He next turned his attention to the Rajah of Berar's army, which he defeated on the plains of Agra. Dec. 14, carried by storm the almost impregnable fortress of Gawilghar. Dec. 16, signed a Treaty of Peace with the Rajah of Berar. Dec. 30, ditto with Scindeah.—1804, appointed a Knight of the Military Order of the Bath.—1805. Early in this year he returned to England: a sword, valued at 1000l. was presented to him by the inhabitants of Calcutta: thanks were voted to him by both Houses of Parliament; and his companions in arms presented him with a gold vase, valued at 2000 guineas. In the autumn, Sir A. Wellesley accompanied Lord Cathcart to Hanover, and on the return of the army was appointed to a district.—1806, Jan. 30, received the rank of Colonelcy of the 33d regiment. April 10, married the Hon. Catharine Pakenham, sister of Thomas, Earl of Longford. —1808, April 25, attained the rank of Lieutenant General. August 17, fought the battle of Roleia; 21, that of Vimeira, and shortly afterwards returned to England.—1809, March 22, returned to Portugal, and appointed by the Prince Regent of Portugal, Marshal General of the Portuguese troops. May 12, passed the Douro, defeated Soult, and captured

Oporto. July 23, fought the battle of Talavera. August 26, created Viscount Wellington, Baron of Douro, &c.—1810, Sept. 27, fought the battle of Busaco.—1811, May 8, that of Fuentes de Honore, or Almeida. This year his Lordship was created, by the Prince Regent of Portugal, Conde de Vimeira, and on the 31st of July, received the local rank of General in Spain and Portugal.—1812, Jan. 19, Ciudad Rodrigo carried by storm. April 7, Badajoz also carried by storm. July 22, fought the battle of Salamanca. This year his Lordship was created Marquis of Wellington.—1813, Jan. 1. appointed Colonel of the Horse Guards, Blue. June 21, fought the battle of Vittoria, was appointed Field Marshal, and the same year a Knight of the Garter. August 11, the battle of the Pyrenees. —1814, May 3, he was created Marquis Douro and Duke of Wellington. April 10, battle of Thoulouse.—1815, June 18, BATTLE OF WATERLOO. July 3, the city of Paris capitulated to the Duke and Prince Blucher; the British and Prussian forces took possession on the 7th. July 18, created Prince of Waterloo, by the King of the Netherlands.

Titles of the Duke of Wellington.

The most high, mighty, and most noble Prince Arthur, Duke, Marquis, and Earl of WELLINGTON. Marquis of Douro. Viscount Wellington of Talavera and of Wellington, and Baron Douro of Wellesley. One of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. Field Marshal of His Majesty's Forces. Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, Blue. Knight of the Most Noble Order of

the Garter. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath. Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands. Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a Grandee of Spain of the First Class. Duke of Vittoria. Marquis of Torres Vedras, and Count of Vimeira in Portugal. Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Golden Fleece. Of the Spanish Military Order of St. Fernando. Knight of the Most Illustrious Order of the Holy Ghost in France. Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of Maria Theresa. Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Military Order of St. George of Russia. Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia. Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Portuguese Military Order of the Tower and Sword. Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Military Order of the Sword of Sweden. Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Elephant of Denmark: of William of the Low Countries: of the Annunciade of Sardinia: of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria. Of the Crown of Rue, the Family Order of the King of Saxony. The Order of Fidelity of the First Class of the Grand Duke of Baden, and of several others. And Commander of the Forces of his Britannic Majesty in France, and of the Army of his Majesty the King of the Low Countries, &c.

Count Bertrand, while a young man comparatively, served under Napoleon with great dictinction, and by his activity and talents, enabled the latter to reap the full benefit of the victories of

WAHLSTADT.

Field Marshal

BLUCHER.

Prince of Wahlstadt.

with which Bonaparte repaid his services, increased the attachment of Count Bertrand towards his master. During the campaign of Dresden, Bertrand was Major General of the army, a distinguished office, which excited the jealousy of the other lieutenants of Napoleon, who thought him too young for such an important post. On the death of the Duke of Triuli (Duroc,) Napoleon transferred to him the unlimited confidence which he had reposed in the latter, and also the situation of grand-master of the palace. After Bonaparte's first abdication, he followed his master and his friend to the isle of Elba, returned with him to paris, and is now gone with him to St. Helena, whither his family accompanied him.

Bertrand is well skilled in the mathematical sciences: he is also an elegant scholar, and writes with much precision, purity, and taste. He is said to have by him several treatises on military architecture, composed by him at intervals of leisure; and is exemplary in the discharging of the conjugal and parental duties.

Field Marshal Blucher, Prince of Wahlstadt.—This veteran hero was born at Rostock, in the year 1742, of a family of considerable antiquity, and at the early age of fifteen, entered into the Swedish army; being taken prisoner by a division of Prussian cavalry; he was taken before the commanding officer, Colonel Von Belling; who, delighted with his young captive, procured his dismission from the Swedish service, and gave him a

commission in his own regiment. Here he continued for twenty years; until, disgusted at the promotion of a junior officer over him through court influence, Captain Blucher solicited and obtained his discharge. Fifteen years were passed in retirement, but he re-entered the army 1786, with the rank of major, and shortly after received the commissions of lieutenant colonel and colonel. His talents were first called into action in the campaign against the French in 1793, and during the various wars in which Prussia was subsequently engaged with France, General Blucher eminently displayed his enteprising and entrepid character. In the disastrous campaign of 1806, after the battle of Jena, Blucher was obliged to yield to a superior force, but he would not, and did not surrender, until, driven from province to province, he reached at Lubeck the utmost verge of the German territory, and occupied a French force of four times his own numbers. He was afterwards exchanged for Marshal Victor; and, when his country had at last a prospect of avenging her wrongs, Blucher was called forth, and placed at the head of her army. The campaigns of 1813, and 1814, fully justified the enthusiastic confidence reposed in him; and, when brought once more into action in 1815, he displayed the same activity and intrepidity, which he had so often before evinced. Though defeated at the battle of Ligny, on the 16th of June, he reformed his army at a very short distance from the scene of conflict, and by his active co-operation on the evening of the 18th of June, he contributed most essentially to the securing of that victory, which had been obtained after nine hours of fighting against

British army, under the Duke of Wellington, at the immortal FIELD OF WATERLOO.

FREDERICK WILLIAM, DUKE OF BRUNSWICK, WOLFENBUTTLE, OELS, AND BERNSTADT, was the fourth and youngest son of Charles William Ferdinand, the late reigning Duke of Wolfenbuttle, who died in the vicinity of Altona, Nov. 10th, 1806, of a wound, which he had received in the unfortunate battle of Jena. At this time, Frederic William was in the Prussian service, from which he withdrew; but was shortly after dispossessed of his paternal dominions in consequence of their being incorporated with the kingdom of Westphalia. On the rupture between Austria and France, the Duke raised a regiment of Black Hussars, in April 1809; and with a very inferior but determined force of brave men, who were deeply attached to him, he harassed the French and their Saxon ally in various parts of Germany, between that month, and August following. Compelled, however, to retreat before a superior force, he dexterously eluded their pursuit, and crossing the Hunta, a small stream that discharges itself into the Weser at Huntebruck, he seized the corn-ships, which for many years had been lying inactive at Elsfleth. In these he embarked his men on the night of the 6th of August. On the following morning, having procured by force the necessary hands to navigate the vessels, he proceeded to the island of Heligoland, whence he set sail for England on the 11th, with his gallant followers. They were received into pay by the British

selves at the sanguinary battle of Les Quatre Bras, where the Duke of Brunswick fell by a case shot, beloved and lamented by his troops and subjects.

General Bulow.—Of the early services of this officer, little is known with certainty: but the important share he had in the campaign of 1815, justly entitles him to a niche in our temple of heroes and statesmen. The fourth corps of the Prussian army was placed under his command: but though Bulow could not come in time to participate in the battle of Ligny, fought on the 16th of June, he had the distinguished honour of having contributed to secure the victory of Waterloo. Having with difficulty passed through the defiles of St. Lambert, Bulow, with a corps of cavalry, and two of his brigades that had come up, commenced a most furious attack upon Napoleon's flank; the French fought with desperation, but were ultimately compelled to retire. This operation of Bulow's was a most decisive one; and, even if the Duke of Wellington had not found himself in a situation to make the attack which produced the final result, it would have compelled the enemy to retire in case his attacks had failed, and would have prevented him from taking any advantage of them, if they had unfortunately succeeded.

Lieutenant Colonel Charles Fox Canning.—Towards the close of the action of the 18th, he received orders from the Duke to carry a message

delivered it, and was returning, when a grape-shot struck him in the stomach. He fell, and his friend Lord March rode up to his assistance. As he approached him, the Colonel raised himself up, and with eagerness demanded if the Duke was safe? Being assured that he was, he seemed satisfied, and said—"God bless him!" Then taking the hand of the nobleman who had so kindly come to his assistance, he had just strength enough to say—"God bless you!" and expired.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL CURRIE, Assistant Adjutant General on Lord Hill's Staff, received his commission at the early age of thirteen, from the Duke of York, in consequence of the meritorious conduct of his father in the army, and, for a period of above twenty years, had been constantly distinguishing himself in actual service. He fought bravely, and was severely wounded, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt; and served for several years in the West Indies, by which his health was greatly impaired. He was also actively employed as an aid-de-camp to Lord Hill, the whole of the war in the Peninsula, and in France; where he conducted himself with such ability and bravery, as repeatedly on the field of battle to receive the thanks of the commander-in-chief; and particularly at Talavera, at the passage of the Douro, Almarez, and Aroyo de Molinos. Lieutenant Colonel Currie was the tenth of this gallant and amiable family who have nobly sacrificed their lives in defence of their king and country, six of whom have died on the field of battle.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIR FRANCIS D'OYLY, K. C. B. of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards, entered into his Majesty's service, in the 1st regiment of Guards, in the year 1794; and since that period has been engaged in most of the principal military enterprises which have taken place in the late wars. During the whole of the battles on the 16th and 18th of June, 1815, he was closely engaged with the enemy, and for a long time escaped unhurt. At last, towards the close of the action of the 18th, in the very last charge to which his regiment was led against the broken and yielding enemy, he received a wound from a musket-ball in a vital part of his body, and fell dead from his horse. He was a brave and active officer, ardently and zealously attached to his profession, diligent in the pursuit of the knowledge that belongs to it, anxious to bear a part in its more active services, and to share its dangers and its glories.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL RICHARD FITZGERALD, Captain in the 2d regiment of Life Guards.—The distinguished share which the brigade of Life Guards had in contributing, by their irresistible charges, to the glorious result of that ever-memorable day, is a matter of general notoriety as it was of admiration, to the armies that witnessed its achievements. Among those whose gallantry was crowned with a death of glory, none was more conspicuous than Colonel Fitzgerald: he was the only officer of his regiment who was killed; he did not however fall, till he had the satisfaction of witnessing the triumph of the British army. Towards the close of the action, being advanced in front of his regiment, leading

it in pursuit of the flying enemy, he was killed by a cannon-shot.

MAJOR GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PONSONBY, owed his appointment solely to his merit, as he was selected by the illustrious Duke of Wellington for no other reason, as both himself and his family have always held opposite politics to his Grace. His conduct justified his choice, for probably a more timely, a more brilliant, and a more successful charge was never made than by General Ponsonby on the 18th, who, with his brigade, succeeded in making 2000 prisoners, and in taking two eagles. It is said (but we hope untruly) that he lost his life in consequence of the indiscreet valour of two of his regiments, who, contrary to his orders, continued the pursuit until they had advanced nearly two miles beyond the infantry; and that while in the act of restraining their rashness he fell, covered with wounds and with glory, in the forty-third year of his age. Most of those who thus led to the death of their commander, it is understood, shared his fate, as many of them were at the same moment cut to pieces; but so long as discipline is the first duty of a soldier, so long will the want of it (from whatever motive it may proceed) remain alike to be lamented and reproved.

GENERAL GROUCHY served with much distinction under Napoleon, and by military men is considered as a good general of division; he is descended from an ancient Roman family, and his education corresponded with his birth. He was succes-

General of division. In this last mentioned rank, he rendered essential services in Italy, under Eugene Beauharnois, and in Germany under General Moreau. He commanded a division, in the right wing of the French army, at the memorable victory of Hohenlinden, which he had the honour of announcing to the French government. This General took an active part in the campaign of 1815; and after the battle of Waterloo, with great skill and success conducted the retreat of his corps from the banks of the Meuse to the Seine, without its being broken during the whole of that long march. Grouchy subsequently emigrated to America.

Capt. Hobhouse, 69th regiment of foot, second son of Sir B. Hobhouse, Bart. M. P.—He had volunteered, with his accustomed spirit, to act as Sir Colin Halket's orderly, in conveying commands to the different regiments of the brigades. Whilst on horseback, and riding about in a very hot fire, he displayed a *sang-froid* and courage, which was remarkable to all. At a most critical period of this sanguinary day, when the regiment was closely engaged with a strong body of the Imperial guard of infantry, being a very conspicuous mark, he was struck by a ball on the cheek, and spoke no more. Thus fell, in his 25th year, a highly estimable man, and one of his country's most promising soldiers.

Lieutenant General Sir Thomas Picton.—The military career of this excellent officer commenced in 1771, when he obtained an ensigncy in the 12th regiment of foot. Having spent many ears in various ranks, he went out to the West In-

dies in 1794; here he remained for several years, during which time he distinguished himself on different occasions by his bravery and talents. On the capitulation of the island of Trinidad, its government was in the year 1802, put in commission, and Colonel Picton discharged the duties of Governor and Captain General with great ability and integrity: these, however, could not shield him from a long and expensive prosecution, founded on false charges; the Colonel was ultimately acquitted in the most honourable manner. During the disastrous campaign in Holland, Colonel Picton held a distinguished command; and subsequently in the war in Spain, afforded the most essential aid to the Duke of Wellington. On the renewal of the war in 1815, Sir Thomas Picton, who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General, eagerly offered his services, the value of which his Grace knew too well to refuse them. In the battle at Les Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, this gallant officer was wounded: but knowing how much was to be done, he would not mention his wound, lest he should be prevented from being present in the subsequent actions. Nor was it until after his death on the 18th, (when a musket-ball penetrated through his right temple into the brain) that this wound was discovered, which he had so heroically concealed, and dressed only with a piece of torn handkerchief. A public monument has been unanimously voted by parliament, in memory of his great merit.

Lieut. William L. Robe, of the Royal Artillery, son of Colonel Sir William Robe, K. C. B. was one of the most distinguished members of his

corps, and the profession terminated his bright career in the battle of Waterloo, near La Haye Sainte. This gallant officer entered the army, the 3d of October, 1806, as a second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was promoted to a first Lieutenancy, the 28th of June, 1808. During eight years of service, he was thirty-three times in presence of the enemy in action, frequently at the side of his father, or in the same field. He had the singular honour, as a subaltern officer, to be distinguished for his conduct by the Duke of Wellington; and in consequence, a medal and clasp, for the battles of the Nivellé and the Nivé have been transmitted to his family. With his latest breath, he sent a message to his father to assure him he died like a soldier.

Lieut. Squires, of the 4th regiment of foot, was desperately wounded in the battle of Waterloo, and died at Brûssels about three weeks afterwards. He had served with his regiment during the Peninsular campaign, and after in the battle of Thoulouse, the success of the allied army having changed the political aspect in that quarter. This was scarcely over, when the subject of this memoir found it his duty to embark for North America, where he took part in the most serious conflict we had in those distant regions, and in which he was wounded; he however recovered, and sailed with his regiment, which had been arrived three days, when he entered the glorious field of Waterloo. When he received his death wound, he was acting as the Captain of his company.

WATERLOO HONOURS.

Thanks of both Houses of Parliament, given to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Prince Blucher, and the Allied Armies, Officers, and Soldiers.—June 23d.

Resolved, Nemine Contradicente, That the thanks of this House be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, for the consummate ability, unexampled exertion, and irresistible ardour, displayed by him on the 18th of June, on which day the decisive victory over the enemy, commanded by Bonaparte in person, was obtained by his Grace, with the allied troops under his command, and in conjunction with the troops under the command of Marshal Prince Blucher, whereby the military glory of the British nation has been exalted, and the territory of his Majesty's Ally, the King of the Netherlands, has been protected from invasion and spoil.

Resolved, Nem. Con. That the thanks of this House be given to General His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath; Lieut. Generals the Earl of Uxbridge, K. G. C. B.; Lord Hill, K. G. C. B.; Sir Henry Clinton, K. G. C. B.; Charles Baron Alten, Knight, Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath: Major Generals Sir Henry Hinuber, K. C. B.; Sir John Ormsby Vandeleur, K. C. B.; George Cooke, Sir James Kempt, K. C. B.; Sir William Dornbeg, K. C. B.; Sir Edward Barnes, K. C. B.; Sir John

Edward Somerset, K. C. B.; Sir John Lambert, K. C. B.; Sir Colquhoun Grant, K. C. B.; Peregrine Maitland, Sir Colin Halkett, K. C. B.; Frederick Adam, Sir R. H. Vivian, K. C. B.; and to the several Officers under their command, for their indefatigable zeal and exertions upon the 18th of June.

Resolved, Nem. Con. That this House doth acknowledge, and highly approve, the distinguished valour and discipline displayed by the Non-commissioned Officers and Private Soldiers of his Majesty's Forces, serving under the command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, in the glorious victory obtained upon the 18th of June: and that the same be signified to them by the commanding Officers of the several corps, who are desired to thank them for their gallant and exemplary behaviour.

Resolved, Nem. Con. That the thanks of this House be given to the General Officers, Officers, and Men, of the Allied Forces, serving under the immediate command of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, for the distinguished valour and intrepidity displayed by them on the 18th of June, and that his Grace the Duke of Wellington be desired to signify the same to them accordingly.

Resolved, Nem. Con. That the thanks of this House be given to Marshal Prince Blucher, and the Prussian Army, for the cordial and timely assistance afforded by them on the 18th of June, to which the successful result of that arduous day is so mainly to be attributed; and that his Grace the Duke of Wellington be desired to convey to them the Reso-

Whitehall, June 23.—The Prince Regent has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Marquis of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Lieutenant General Henry William, Earl of Uxbridge, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable and Military Order of the Bath, and the heirs male of his body, lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Marquis of Anglesey.

Address for a National Monument and Monuments to Officers, who fell in the Battle of Waterloo.—June 29th, 1815.

Resolved. Nemine Contradicente, That an humble Address be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, that he will be graciously pleased to give directions, that a national monument be erected in honour of the splendid victory of Waterloo, and to commemorate the fame of the Officers and Men of the British Army, who fell gloriously upon the 16th and 18th of the present month; and more particularly of Lieut. General Sir Thomas Picton, and Major General the Honourable Sir William Ponsonby; and that Funeral Monuments be also erected in memory of each of those two Officers, in the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, London; and to assure his Royal Highness, that this House will make good the expense attending the same.*

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* Two monuments, the cost of which will be 300,000l. are to be erected to commemorate the victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo; the former in Greenwich Park, and the latter in the Regent's Park, Mary-le-bone.

War Office, July 24th, 1815.

The Prince Regent, as a mark of his high approbation of the distinguished bravery and good conduct of the 1st and 2d Life Guards at the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th ultimo, is pleased to declare himself Colonel in Chief of both the regiments of Life Guards.

War Office, July 25th, 1815.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased, in the name, and on the behalf of his Majesty, to approve of all the British regiments of cavalry and infantry which were engaged in the battle of Waterloo, being permitted to bear on their colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices that may have heretofore been granted to those regiments, the word "Waterloo," in commemoration of their distinguished services, on the 18th of June, 1815.

War Office, July 29th, 1815.

The Prince Regent, as a mark of his Royal approbation of the distinguished gallantry of Brigade of Foot Guards in the victory of Waterloo, has been pleased, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty, to approve of all the Ensigns of the three regiments of Foot Guards having the rank of Lieutenants, and that such rank shall be attached to all the future appointments to Ensignciies in the Foot Guards, in the same manner as the Lieutenants of those regiments obtain the rank of Captain.

His Royal Highness has been pleased to approve of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards being made a regiment of Grenadiers, and styled "The 1st or Grenadier regiment of Foot Guards," in commemoration of their having defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards upon this memorable occasion.

War Office, July 31st, 1815.

Sir,—The Prince Regent having taken into his most gracious consideration, the distinguished gallantry manifested upon all occasions by the Orders of the British army, and having more particularly adverted to the conspicuous valour displayed by them in the late glorious victory, gained near Waterloo, by the army under the command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; and His Royal Highness being desirous of testifying the strong sense entertained by him of their devotion to His Ma-

jesty's service, I have the honour to acquaint you that his Royal Highness has been pleased to order—

First,—That the regulation under which pensions are granted to wounded Officers, shall be revised, and that the pensions which have been, or may be granted to Officers, for the actual loss of eye or limb, or for wounds certified to be equally injurious with the loss of limb, shall not be confined to the amount attached by the scale to the rank which the Officer held at the time when he was wounded, but shall progressively increase, according to the rank to which such Officer may, from time to time, be promoted; the augmentation, with regard to the pensions of such Officers, now upon the list, being to take the date from the 18th of June, 1815, inclusive.

Secondly,—That every Subaltern Officer of infantry of the line, who served in the battle of Waterloo, or in any of the actions which immediately preceded it, shall be allowed to account two years' service in virtue of that victory, in reckoning his services for increase of pay given to Lieutenants of seven years' standing; and every such Subaltern will therefore be entitled to the additional 1s a day, whenever he shall have served five years as a Lieutenant.

And, thirdly,—That this regulation shall be extended to every Subaltern of cavalry, and to every Ensign of the Foot Guards who served in the above-mentioned actions; and every such Subaltern and Ensign will, therefore, be entitled to an additional shilling a day, after five years' service as a Lieutenant in the cavalry, or as Ensign in the Guards.

His Royal Highness being also desirous of marking his sense of the distinguished bravery displayed by the non-commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the British forces, in the victory of Waterloo, has been most graciously pleased to order, that henceforth every non-commissioned officer, trumpeter, drummer, and private man, who served in the battle of Waterloo, or in any of the actions which immediately preceded it, shall be borne upon the muster-rolls, and pay-lists of their respective corps, as "Waterloo Men;" and that every "Waterloo Man" shall be allowed to count two years' service in virtue of that victory, in reckoning his services for increase of pay, or for pension when discharged.

It is, however, to be distinctly understood, that this indul-

gence is not intended in any other manner to affect the conditions of that original enlistment, or to give them any right to their discharge before the expiration of the period for which they have engaged to serve.

The Duke of Wellington has been requested to transmit returns of the Subaltern Officers, to whom these orders may be considered by his Grace to apply; together with accurate muster rolls containing the names of all the "Waterloo Men" in each corps; such muster-rolls being to be preserved in this Office as a record honourable to the individuals themselves, and as documents by which they will at any future time be enabled to establish their claims to the benefits of this regulation.

I have great pleasure in communicating these instances of the Prince Regent's gracious consideration for the army; and I request that you will be pleased to take the earliest opportunity of announcing the same to the Officers and Men of the corps under your command.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient and humble servant,
(Signed) PALMERSTON.

THE END.

R. Edwards, Printer,
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